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BY CHELSEA REACH

REGINALD BLUNT

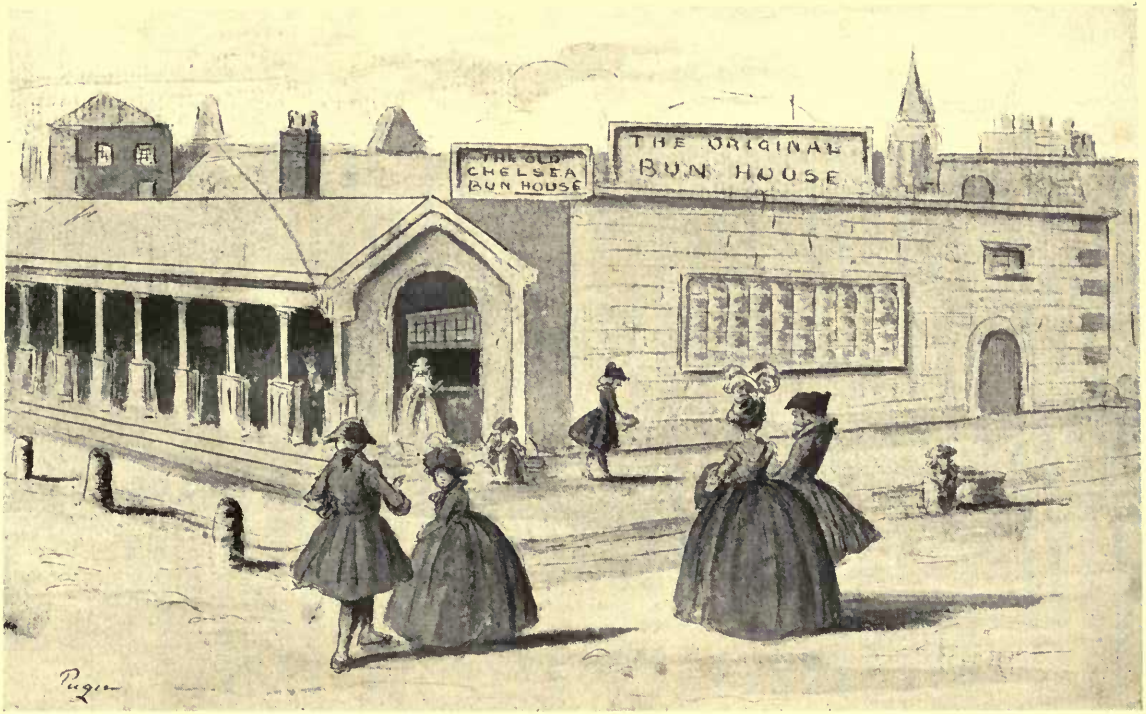
BY CHELSEA REACH

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

PARADISE ROW, OR A BROKEN PIECE OF OLD CHELSEA

IN CHEYNE WALK AND THEREABOUT

THE WONDERFUL VILLAGE


THE OLD CHELSEA BUN HOUSE
THE ORIGINAL BUN HOUSE
Pugin

The Old Chelsea Bun House

BY CHELSEA REACH

SOME RIVERSIDE RECORDS

BY

REGINALD BLUNT

ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHS
ENGRAVINGS AND DRAWINGS

> For out of the olde fieldes as men saithe
> Cometh all this new corn from yere to yere,
> And out of olde bookes in good faithe
> Cometh all this new science that men lere.
>
> *Chaucer.*

MILLS & BOON, LIMITED
49 RUPERT STREET
LONDON, W.1

Published 1921

LIBRARY
MAR
1
1977
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

DA
685
C5B48
1921

Printed in Great Britain
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh

INTRODUCTORY

OF the half-dozen papers dealing with Chelsea people and places which this volume comprises, it can only be said that they follow, more or less, the lines—discursive and reminiscent—of those in my previous Chelsea books, *Paradise Row, In Cheyne Walk,* and *The Wonderful Village,* readers of which will therefore know what—and equally what not—to expect from them.

With the exception of the story of Cremorne Gardens, which may perhaps recall the days (or rather nights) of their youth to some for whom those days and nights are getting dreadfully distant, these pages deal with people more than with places, and especially with literary folk, of whom Chelsea has housed such a remarkable galaxy, as the list I have included in an Appendix will bear witness.

But whether these rambling visitations be to More's study or Donne's seclusion in Danvers House, to Swift's poor lodging or Smollett's Sunday garden parties, to Leigh Hunt's tinkerdom or Carlyle's ill-starred garret, to Fanny Burney's attic or Sir Hans Sloane's Manor House Museum, to Rossetti's studio or Henry James' flat, it is always from the angle of their immediate surroundings and the local association of their work that the attempt has been made to visualise and to recall them.

And if, here and there, such Chelsea happenings as Vanessa's visit to Swift, or Donne's to his beloved Mistress Magdalen Herbert, or Buchanan's attack upon Rossetti's poetry, have raised the forgotten ghosts of old controversies once again, excuse must be pleaded in the perennial fascination of the unsolved and the enigmatic.

The verses "By Chelsea Reach" are a reminiscence of the Chelsea Historical Pageant of 1908, in the book of words of which they made their first appearance. They are reprinted here in the hope that they, too, may help to recall, for many lovers of Chelsea, that delightful and memorable achievement at Old Ranelagh Gardens, which was crowned by a week of glorious sunshine and success, and has left among its participants such a host of happy memories.

R. B.

CHELSEA, *June* 1921

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BY CHELSEA REACH

THE PAGEANT PASSES

In the dear old times that are dead and gone,
The ancient days that, alas, are done
(Though they're pleasant still to think upon
With praise always to the Giver.)
There was once a strand with a fisherman's cot,
And a ferry perhaps, and an orchard plot,
And the name of this old-world little spot
Was Chealchyth, by the River.

Here, they tell us, Great Cæsar crossed
To the field where the Briton's realm was lost,
(And from any such invading host
May our good fleet us deliver,
Unless they are armed with Guide books red,
And come by Cook discreetly led
In a chario-banc at so much a head
To Chelsea by the River !)

Here was the Garden More held dear
Here his King's Manor House, and near
Was the " Magpie " Inn and the " Swan," and here—
Stern moralists, forgive her,—
The lovely Mazarin held her Court,
Whose ways were naughty and means were nought,
And whose smiles and dinners were dearly bought
At Chelsea by the River.

Dacre and Danvers, Steele and Sloane,
Swift for its air, and Mead for its tone,

Bishop and Duchess, Wit and drone
With one consent came hither;
Holbein, Erasmus, Gorges and Bray,
Walpole and Smollett, Johnson, Gay,
Cheyne and Newton, each in his day
Loved Chelsea by the River.

Here in her heyday Charles' Nell
Lived, as our Veterans love to tell;
And here (though it's all, as we know full well,
A myth to the unbeliever,)
She cornered her King by the College wall,
And charmed so wisely that, after all,
He founded the Royal Hospital
At Chelsea by the River.

Life is a lottery, so say all;
Some draw a big prize, some a small,
And whether it's worth while living at all
Largely depends on the liver.
But this advice is beyond all strife
To bachelor, Benedick, maid or wife:—
If you must live somewhere, live your life
In Chelsea by the River.

Motors have marred her King's old Road,
Time has effaced her relics old,
Still shall her children not withhold
The love they used to give her.
Old folks who here were lad and lass
Proudly, across old Ranelagh grass
They'll watch the storied Pageant pass
Of Chelsea by the River.

From far and wide where her sons have spread,
From distant shores where her maids have wed,
Homeward their thoughts have often sped
Straight as the dart from the quiver:

From veldt and bush and lonely track,
From parching sheeprun and frozen pack,
Eyes that the years have dimmed, look back
    Toward Chelsea by the River.

Dawn then, Day of our high emprise,
Shine, brave Sun, in the June blue skies
While our Pageant passes, whose memories
    Shall live and flourish ever,
For the children gazing to-day in glee
Shall tell their grandsons in times to be
How Chelsea held high Pageantry—
    Sweet Chelsea by the River.

Old River, flowing out of the West,
A thousand ships shall lie on your breast,
And then at last you shall reach your rest
    In the depths of the sea for ever.
O fleeting shadows, O Midsummer Dream,
When the last word's said in the last gay scene,
Shall all be as if it had never been
    At Chelsea by the River ?

The Pageant passes, for you and me ;
A sight and a happy memory.
But what of the children, the race to be
    Watching it here by the River ?
Shall there perchance be some there, thrilled
Toward the lone high paths they climb who build
An empire, spurred to the fame that shall gild
    Their Chelsea page for ever ?

NOTE

GRATEFUL acknowledgment is due to Mr Edward Huth for the fine portrait of Sir Thomas More, which was photographed by Mr Emery Walker from Holbein's painting, then in his possession; to Mrs Chambers for the portraits of her grandfather, Dr Barnes, and his daughter, Mrs Carlyle's "Carina"; and to the Committee of the Chelsea Public Library for permission to reproduce the drawing of Tudor House by Shepherd.

The portraits of Walpole, Sloane, Miss Welsh, Leigh Hunt, and Rossetti are copyright reproductions from the original pictures.

The little engraving on the cover wrapper is by James Egan, who used to lay Samuel Reynolds' mezzotint grounds. It gives a rather tempestuous impression of Chelsea Reach, but may be thought worth cutting out and pasting inside, by way of a bookplate.

DANVERS HOUSE

(I)

> This day I came to town and to the best part of it, your House. *John Donne to Magdalen Herbert.*

CHELSEA, whose historical funds are so richly and variously endowed, claims more than one conspicuous instance of the compound Household, by which unmannerly expression I mean no reference to rateable or taxable values, but a household which includes more than the family, and embraces guests who are more than visitors, and for whom it is to some extent a home.

The classic example is the household of Sir Thomas More at Chelsea, which contained, besides his wife and children, the husbands of his three married daughters, eleven grandchildren, the accomplished little scholar Margaret Giggs, Anne Cresacre, his son's betrothed, John Harris, and Henry Pattenson, the fool,—not to mention the Secretary, or the pet ape which saved the tame rabbits from the weasel; whilst for Hans Holbein, Erasmus, Cuthbert Tunstal, Pace, and other artists and scholars of his choice, the Chelsea House was in large measure also a home.

Another and a strangely contrasting example of the Household composite at Chelsea might be pictured from the records of Henry VIII.'s Manor

House, in its occupation by the turbulent Seymour, the widowed Queen Catherine, and that pitiable plaything of fate, Lady Jane Grey.

Other and more modern instances might be cited—including a dangerous but short-lived concatenation of fireworks at 16 Cheyne Walk—but I wanted no more than a text upon which to resuscitate the story of another Chelsea home which has a rather remarkable composite interest, including, as it does, the contrasting personalities of Sir John Danvers the Regicide, Magdalen Herbert, and her sons Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury and George Herbert, the poet and divine, and Donne, her devoted admirer and friend.

We know from Roper's *Life* of his father-in-law that Sir Thomas More erected on his land by the river, but at some distance from his mansion, a building which contained a chapel, a library and a gallery, in which he spent much time (clad doubtless in the hair shirt which Meg knew so well) in prayer and spiritual exercises; and it seems more than probable that this was the piece of his estate given by More to Roper as the dowry of his favourite daughter Margaret. In the forfeiture of his property after his attainder the house and one pightel, or close of land, passed to Pawlet, and subsequently to the second and third earls of Lincoln, the latter of whom sold it in 1622-3 to Sir John Danvers. It was known as "Moorhouse," and from this may, in part, have arisen the misapprehension of Aubrey and others that it was "the very place where was the house of Sir Thomas More."

From the plans and elevation of Danvers House in the Thorpe MSS., it seems improbable that much, or indeed anything of More's "New Building" of a century earlier was incorporated in it; but Aubrey records that More's one marble chimney-piece ("very good, if it be not touch") remained in the chamber which was his Lordship's.

Danvers House stood on the site of the southern end of the present Danvers Street, extending westward under the present re-erected Crosby Hall, and eastward to the area occupied by Messrs Gray's and adjoining houses. In plan, if one may accept Thorpe's drawings as having been substantially carried out, which is not certain, it was a square house of nearly seventy feet frontage, with a large central hall and staircase projecting north and south, and smaller side projections forming additional east and west stairways. There were two main floors with attic rooms above, and cellars, including the kitchen and offices, covering the whole basement; oriel windows east and west, a parapetted roof above the great hall, and some other features, from which we gather that Danvers' tastes were, as Aubrey says, "very elegant and ingeniose."

On the east side of the Hall was "a neat little chappele or oratorie finely painted," whilst the drawing-room above had a chequered floor, like a chessboard, of six-inch boxwood and yew panels.

Above the oriels were fastigiated turrets, which carried weather vanes with the family crest, a golden wyvern volant, and indicating the direction of the wind on dials below. Over the great hall was a stately music room of the same dimensions, containing an excellent organ, with "stoppes of cedar."

Of the interesting and delightful Italian garden which Sir John laid out behind his ingeniose house, with its oval bowling green, its broad gravelled walks and its celebrated coloured statuary by Nicholas Stone, I propose to give John Aubrey's own written account in full, as an Appendix, together with the plan he was at pains to draw of it.

(2)

Such, from the scattered glimpses gleaned through contemporary chronicles, was the home of which, on its completion in or about 1623, the household already mentioned took possession; interesting people, each one of them, individually, but each gaining, as I see them, a fresh and added interest from the influences and interactions of their characters which their association in this house produced.

Let us first look at its owner.

Sir John Danvers, who was born about 1587, was the third son of John Danvers of Dauntsey and of Elizabeth Nevill, daughter and co-heiress of John, the last Lord Latimer.

He came of a handsome and a fighting family.

> "What makes a Danvers Would you find?
> In a fayre bodie A fayre mind"

wrote George Herbert on the father's portait.

Sir John's eldest brother Charles, who had greatly distinguished himself in the French wars, was outlawed, with his next brother, for the killing of Henry Long in a duel (if duel it was), and was executed on Tower Hill in 1601 for participation in the Essex rebellion, to which he appears to have been instigated by his intimate friend, Shakespeare's patron, Henry Wriothesley. The second brother Henry, who had been Sir Philip Sidney's page in the low countries, was pardoned after the escape to France with Charles, became Sergeant-Major General of the army in Ireland, and was eventually created baron Danvers and then earl of Danby, lord president of Munster, privy councillor and commissioner of the Regency, a prominent figure in the reigns of James and Charles I.

Our Sir John was educated at Brasenose, Oxford, 1601, knighted at Royston in 1608, and admitted at Lincoln's Inn, 1611. He entered Parliament in 1609, and was successively member for Arundel, Montgomery, Oxford University (four times), Newport, and finally for Malmesbury in the Long Parliament, 1645-53. He is described as a man of scholarly tastes, well read, and possessing "a harmonicall mind in a faire bodie." In his youth, his personality must have been extremely attractive, and Aubrey (who was a kinsman) tells us that when he was in France and Italy the people, according to the report of Bond, his travelling companion, would come after him in the street to admire him, his complexion was so exceedingly beautiful and fine. His taste—perhaps a little extravagant and artificial—lay primarily in the direction of gardening and of architecture, and in both these arts he indulged it fully both at Chelsea and afterwards at Lavington. Lord Bacon was a frequent visitor to the Chelsea House; and Danvers was proud to recount that the manuscript of his Henry VII. had been submitted to him before publication, and that when he protested that he was no scholar, Bacon had replied, "I know what a scholar can say. I would know what *you* can say"; and in adopting an emendation, which Sir John hazarded, he added: "Why, a scholar would never have told me this!" Bacon delighted in the Chelsea garden, though on one occasion he swooned after a long perambulation, and being restored by Lady Danvers with cordial water, apologised for being "no good Footman." Handsome, attractive, dilettante, Danvers in his early manhood is figured for us as a charming young fellow, "acceptable wherever he directed his affection"; proud of his great hall and his not unpretentious house; proud of its beautiful mistress; of his elaborate garden with its ingeniously screened vistas, its columns and statues and boscage (now all buried under Paulton's Square); proud of his stately music room and his Coprario quintets; proud of his beaver hat, perfumed with the hyssop and thyme of his herb borders; proud to be "a patron of distressed and cashiered cavaliers"; proud, in fact, and pleased in general to be Sir John Danvers of Chelsea and his very good self. Such, in brief outline was the man, now about five and thirty, who brought to Danvers House the lady whom, as a very charming and beautiful widow, he had married some fourteen years previously, and to whom we must now be introduced.

(3)

It is a pity indeed that we have not a fuller record of a woman so inspiring, so remarkable.

Magdalen Newport was granddaughter of the Sir Thomas Bromley who was King's Sergeant and a Judge under Henry VIII., and Chief Justice to his successor; her father, Sir Richard Newport of Arcol, or High Ercall, was one of the great Shropshire squires; but of her girlhood and life up to the death of her first husband, I have found scarcely any chronicle. The dates are somewhat confusing, and Walton's *Lives* of Donne and of Herbert make them worse confounded; but I think her birth must have been in 1565-6, and her marriage ("transplanted young," says Donne, "from thence by marriage into another family of honour") to Sir Richard Herbert of Blackhall in Montgomery, in 1582. These Montgomery Herberts were soldiers rather than scholars, a tall, dark, handsome race, rough, quarrelsome, touchy and masterful in their dealings, something akin to the great families of the northern Border. Yet Sir Richard's learning, as his eldest son testified, included a good knowledge of Latin and history, so that Magdalen's home in the Welsh border fortress, though hardly cultured, was not illiterate.

To Sir Richard, in the fifteen years which ensued before his death in 1597, she bore seven sons and three daughters, "Job's number and

Job's distribution"; and in the year following her husband's death she removed, with this substantial family, to Oxford, where Edward, the eldest son, who was afterwards to earn distinction as a soldier, statesman and historian, had already entered the university. It was an adventurous and memorable migration which the widowed Lady Herbert thus undertook in the interest of her children's education: bold in the uprooting from the old stronghold of her adopted family; memorable, because it was at Oxford that, according to Walton, she was first to meet John Donne; whilst it is also possible that it was here that she may have first set eyes upon the beautiful young Danvers, who was at Brasenose during her last two years at Oxford.

Lady Herbert was now just over thirty years of age, and unquestionably a very notable and attractive woman. As the American author of a very interesting study of George Herbert's life and work has written, "she combined in herself beauty, piety, intellect, passion, artistic and literary tastes, business ability, social charm."

Donne's verses addressed to her, his splendid eulogy preached after her funeral at Chelsea, and the passages referring to her in Walton's exquisite memorial of her son, give us the vivid impression of a many-sided character. In the young widow, watchfully superintending her sons' education at Oxford and in London, there is evidence of a severity which was almost stern. Edward, though provided with a tutor, and a girl wife, who went to Oxford with him, was still kept "in a moderate awe of herself, and as much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily." George, who ever had more dread than understanding of women, evidently lived in great awe and holy terror of his mother, of whom he speaks as "severa parens" and "firmissima mater," and to whom he addressed letters of artificial piety and respect rather than of any affection or intimacy. Donne, for contrast, who was ever a great lover, and by whom, surely, no phase of the mysteries of womankind had been left unprobed, spoke of her as having "that perplexing eye which equally claims love and reverence," and asks "who ever saw or heard her countenance a profane speech, how sharp soever, or take part with wit to the prejudice of godliness?" Her constant piety, her religious alacrity, her benevolence, her love of doing good, these and other related virtues are all extolled in that tremendous sermon of commemoration which Izaac Walton heard the Dean of St Paul's "weep and preach" in Chelsea Church on July 1st, 1627; and we doubt neither their essential truth nor his warm sincerity.

Yet one likes to feel that it was not quite the whole and only truth that could be told of her; that alongside of these inestimable virtues and admirable qualities there was another and more human,—if one may say so, an even more loveable aspect of her character. She was to marry the beautiful young dilettante Danvers as truly as the bluff and masterful Sir Richard Herbert of Montgomery; she was the mother, not only of the Priest of the Temple and the author of Sacred

Poems and Private Ejaculations, but also of the Platonist writer of the De Veritate and the apologist of Henry VIII.; she was beloved, not only by the Dean of St Paul's, but also, and not less ardently, by an earlier and less disciplined Jack Donne.

"I walke to finde a true love ; and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is shee
But must, or more, or lesse than woman bee.

Yet know I not which flower
I wish ; a sixe, or foure ;
For should my true-Love lesse than woman bee
She were scarce anything ; and then, should she
Be more than woman, shee would get above
All thought of sexe and thinke to move
My heart to study her, and not to love ;
Both these were monsters ; since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide
She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Donne, as Mr Gosse has convincingly explained him, was, in his writings, as his actions, faulty, violent, a little morbid even, and abnormal, but he was, above all things, sincere. And that being so, and with all due allowance for the fanciful imagery of contemporary verse, and the Petrarchan conventional sentiment of the time, we cannot read these lines from "The Primrose," nor the final stanza of that most characteristic sonnet, "The Relique," which follows it—both of which were almost undoubtedly addressed to Magdalen Herbert—without a feeling that their subject had awakened in that strange chameleon of emotions, their writer, a love that was pure indeed, yet not platonic, and that would scarcely have been exacted by the awesome mother or even the pious communicant, had she not possessed also a warmer and more humanly adorable side that drew this "harmlesse lover" to her feet, and to "her warme redeeming hand which is a miracle"; and promoted those "sacred endearments" to which Walton testified; "an amitie made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues."

(4)

Of the children of Lady Herbert, Edward, their eldest brother, has given certain succinct records in his Autobiography. All the brothers except George, the Divine, and Charles, who died at College, went to the wars in France and the Low Countries, and distinguished themselves as good fighters both in the army and at sea, whilst their three sisters married men of good family and estate; but only of Edward and of George need anything further be written here; and of them only—since their lives are public property—in regard to their relationship to this Chelsea household.

And first of Edward.

Lord Herbert's autobiography is a fascinating document, but it is obvious that it cannot be accepted as a complete or sufficient record either of his family or of his own career. Herbert, who had ever an extremely good conceit of himself and his fine qualities, roundly protests: "I can affirm to all the world truly that from my first infancy to this hour I told not willingly anything that was false, my soul naturally having an antipathy to lying and deceit." Horace Walpole, who printed the autobiography at Strawberry Hill, and of whom no one would use the epithet "credulous," affirmed his belief in Herbert's truthfulness.[1] Without venturing to impugn the veracity of the author of the "De Veritate"—or even of his publisher—one may perhaps suggest that there is much virtue in that "willingly," which has just been quoted. For there is undoubtedly in the "Life" so much of the *suppressio veri,* to say nothing of the *suggestio falsi,* that one must certainly otherwise hesitate to endorse any such general certificate of accuracy. The personal narrative stops short with the year 1624, though some of the family chronology is carried to a period at least sixteen years later. As Lord Herbert survived till 1648, it will be seen that we must look elsewhere for the story of the last twenty-four years of his life, a story which has been happily continued by Sir Sidney Lee, though unfortunately the sequel goes far to tarnish the radiance of the earlier picture. But Lord Herbert's reticences are sometimes as curious as his asseverations, and amongst them it may be noted that, in speaking of his mother, he says, "after she lived most virtuously and lovingly with her husband for many years she, after his death, erected a fair monument for him in Montgomery church, brought up her children carefully, and put them in good courses for making their fortunes, and briefly, was that woman Dr Donne hath described in his funeral sermon of her printed"; thus entirely ignoring her second marriage to Danvers, an omission for which one might conjecture various grounds likely to have appealed to one who became an astute trimmer of politic sails. Herbert was recalled from his ambassadorship in Paris in 1624, and was doubtless a good deal in London during the following years, when he served (in 1626) on a commission to enquire into the state of the Navy; but I have found no record of his visiting his mother at Chelsea, where she died in the following year, unless indeed this brief memorandum in the "Life" might be taken as evidence of such a visit: "I weighed myself often with men lower than myself by the head, and in their bodies slenderer, and yet was found lighter than they, as Sir John Davers[1] Knight, and Richard Griffiths now living can witness, with bothe whom I have been weighed." Aubrey notes: "I have seen him (Lord Cherbury) several times with Sir John Danvers. He was a black (dark complexioned) man"; and he seems to have been at Lady Danvers' house at Charing Cross in June, 1615, where Thomas Lucy addresses a letter to him and speaks of his return.

---

[1] See Appendix III.

One letter from Lady Danvers to her son Edward survives in the Powis Castle Collection, which is worthy of transcription here:

"It is strange to me to hear you complain of want of care in your absence. Your abode is so short in any place that our letters come not to your hands. Sir John Danvers is so careful to keep you from lack of money while you are abroad that, when your bailiffs fail payment, he goes to your merchant and offers himself. There never was a tenderer heart or a lovinger minde in any man than is in him towards you. Your bailiffs have not yet paid your brothers all their annuities due at Midsummer last, and only half of those due at Christmas. It is very ill that you have such officers. I hope it will bring you home. Your sister Jones has brought a boy. Lady Vachell lies dying. The bell has twice gone for her. Your wife and children are well. I send you the letter of little Florence. Let your dear children draw you home. I desire more to see you than anything else in the world. I have received the patent for your brother William. Sir John has been with the Ambassador. *May* 12, 1615."

---

[1] Danvers' name was often spelt thus.

(5)

George Herbert, the poet, Lord Edward's younger brother, was in his thirtieth year when his mother came to live at Danvers House in 1623, the year in which he received from the King the lay rectorship of Whitford, and his brother Henry was knighted and made Master of the Revels—the year, too, of the publication of the First Folio of Shakespeare. From Westminister School (1605-9) he had passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1612, and became a Fellow two years later, and Orator in 1619, in which post his official letters and orations show us little beyond the audacious adulation which was the manner of the day. But half a dozen of his letters to his step-father, Sir John Danvers, written during these Cambridge years, have survived, from which we can glean something a little more genuine of his life and their relationship. From these it seems evident that Sir John was a generous and helpful vice-parent. He sent him a horse, "in every way fit for me"; he augmented his allowance; he procured him books—"those infinite volumes of Divinity which yet every day swell and grow bigger"; he did what he could to promote George's candidature for the Oratorship; indeed, as the latter admits, he loaded him "with infinite favours, for the reckoning of which I shall never find time and paper enough."

Lady Danvers herself appears to have passed through a period of prolonged sickness and depression in 1622, to which Donne alludes in the sermon:

"And for her some sicknesses, in the declination of her years, had opened her to an overflowing of melancholy; not that she ever lay under that water, but yet had sometimes some high tides of it; and though this distemper would sometimes cast a cloud, and some half damps, upon her natural cheerfulness and sociableness, and sometimes induce dark and sad apprehensions, *nevertheless* who ever heard or saw in her any such effect of melancholy as to murmur or repine, or dispute upon any of God's proceedings, or to lodge a jealousy or suspicion of his mercy and goodness towards her and all hers? The wit of our time is profaneness; *nevertheless* she that loved that, hated this. Occasional melancholy had taken some hold in her, *nevertheless* [this was the first word of his text, hence the emphasis] that never eclipsed, never interrupted her cheerful confidence and assurance in God." It was in this sickness that George addressed to his mother—possibly in Chelsea—one of those letters which have been already referred to: a letter of consolation which doubtless contains many admirable reflections, beautifully expressed, but which, to my thinking, lacks painfully, and is barren for the lack of, the one touch of nature which the occasion so cryingly called for, and which one feels so certainly that Donne would have given to it.

And that last thought leads one inevitably, for a moment, to compare—perhaps rather to contrast—the characters of these two men who are brought into the near relationship of this Chelsea home and this remarkable woman. In their spiritual development, as in their careers, there was much that was common to both. Both were scholars, both poets and both divines. Both in the heyday of their youth led lives of a very different tenour from those which their later manhood achieved. George Herbert vowed himself to divinity at Cambridge, but forsook his studies for the glamour of the Oratorship and the courtly association of Newmarket and Royston. John Donne, as Mr Gosse put it, was "at all times and in all conditions a man prepared for the enthusiastic study of divinity, but that in his passionate salad-days this was combined with any practical enthusiasm for piety it is quite impossible to believe. The early writings of Donne are not those of a depraved or even of an immoral man, but they are reckless in language, sensuous in imagery, full of the pagan riot of the senses, and far indeed from any trace of the pietist or the precisian."

Both men, again, were tempted towards a court life, but did not, happily, achieve it; both, as laymen, were offered church benefices; and both, after long procrastination, eventually blossomed into their best and highest reality in the church.

It was at this very house in Chelsea of which we are writing that the great crisis in George Herbert's life was faced, and it was very largely from the influence of Donne that the decision was reached there, which altered the whole course of the younger man's life. He, too, had written early verse, "courtly and amatory," and had enjoyed "the painted pleasures of a court life"; but in or about the years 1625-6, "God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar"; and it was just at this crisis of his spiritual awakening that it happened that, through the fierce outbreak of the plague, he was shut up for a time in his mother's house at Chelsea, to which Donne had also come from St Dunstan's. "I removed," the latter writes, "for a time to Chelsea, where within a few weeks the infection multiplied so fast that it was no good manners to go to any other place, and so I have been in a secular Monastery." Here the two men were brought together in the closest intimacy of thought and converse. Here Herbert passed through "such spiritual conflicts as none can think but only those who have endured them." But the outcome was definite and decisive. The early poems were all destroyed, and, as he has himself recorded, the "ardours and tremors" of this critical sojourn were reflected in the sacred pages of "The Temple."

Both moods there find repeated and exquisite utterance:

Man cannot serve Thee: let him go
  And serve the swine—there, that is his delight:
He doth not like this virtue, no;
  Give him his dirt to wallow in all night
    "These preachers make
  His head to shoot and ache."

And then:

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back
    Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
    From my first entrance in
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
    If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here":
    Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear!
    I cannot look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply
    "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let my shame
    Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
    "My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
    So I did sit and eat.

One can scarcely, indeed, read a page of Herbert's verse without being sensible of the influence of Donne ; nor yet without feeling, it may be added, that whilst the disciple is the smoother and more accomplished poet, he never attains to that brilliance of personal vision or that strength of original expression which illuminate the best of the master's verse. And, as with poetry, so also in George Herbert's prose writing one feels that the range is narrower, and the achievement less complete. The "Country Parson" lacks simplicity and redounds with affectations ; the warmth of reality is often lost in a punctilious worship of form ; and it is sometimes the least admirable of Donne's fantastic and dazzling conceits which Herbert seems to have selected for imitation.

(6)

The seclusion at Chelsea above referred to, in that terrible time of the plague, was so complete as to lead to a widespread rumour of Donne's death. "The report of my death," he writes, "hath thus much of truth that though I be not dead yet am I buried. Within a few weeks after I immured myself in this house, the infection struck into the town into so many houses that it became ill manners to make any visits." But if Donne was buried in Danvers House by this ghastly visitation, it was also here that George Herbert's resurrection began.

An end, however, of this remarkable little Chelsea community was approaching.

George Herbert's letter "To his mother in her sickness" was written in May 1622. It would seem that the depression passed—the "overflowing of melancholy" which the ailment, whatever it may have been, had occasioned; but that the distemper, "which would sometimes cast a cloud and some half damps upon her natural cheerfulness and sociableness, and sometimes induce dark and sad apprehensions" was not cured. Yet there is no reason to suppose that Danvers House was the abode—save quite transiently—of unhappiness and depression during the four or five years of her life there. Doubtless there were sorrows and heavy anxieties. Her eldest son, over whose education she had so carefully and jealously watched, had left wife and children, family and home, first for knight errantry abroad, and later as Ambassador to France. His avowed indulgence in all the profligate frivolity of Paris must have been a grief to his mother, and her letter to him, already quoted, reveals her anxiety to get him back; but she can hardly have rejoiced in the manner of his return to England in May 1624, when he was summarily recalled and superseded, and found himself a neglected suitor for court favours, who could not even get payment for his official debts. George, too, as we have seen, was passing through the critical years of his life, which were to decide his vocation and ministry.

And, apart from family affairs, these were anxious and eventful years. The demise of King James and the accession of Charles, the failure at

Cadiz, the deaths of John Fletcher, by plague, of the Marquis of Hamilton, perhaps by poison, and of Francis Bacon, in fallen and harassed state; the impeachment of Buckingham, the reckless war with France—to these big happenings of 1625 and 1626 was added the third great outbreak of plague in London, and the worst for more than twenty years, with a death-roll of over thirty-five thousand citizens. Danvers House played its part nobly in this dreadful time, as the passage referring to it in Donne's Sermon shows:

"In which office of almoner, though she never turned her face from those who, in a strict inquisition, might be called idle and vagrant beggars, yet she ever looked first upon them who laboured, and whose labours could not overcome the difficulties, nor bring in the necessities of this life, and to the sweat of their brows she contributed even her wine and her oil, and anything that might be, if it were not, prepared for her own table. And as her house was a court in the conversation of the best, and an almshouse in feeding the poor, so was it also an hospital in ministering relief to the sick. And truly the love of doing good, in this kind, was the honey that was spread over all her bread; the air, the perfume that breathed over all her house; the disposition that dwelt in those her children, and those her kindred, which dwelt with her; so bending this way that the studies and knowledge of one, the hand of another, and purse of all, and a joint facility and openness and accessibleness to persons of the meanest quality, concurred in this blessed act of charity to minister relief to the sick; of which myself, who at that time had the favour to be admitted into that family, can and must testify this, that, when the heavy visitation fell hotly upon this town, where every door was shut up and, lest death should enter into the house, every house was made a sepulchre of them that were in it; then, then in that time of infection, divers persons visited with that infection had their relief, and relief appliable to that very infection, from this house."

(7)

There was, however, we may feel sure, a warmer and less sombre side in the picture of this diversely gifted household.

Danvers was still well under forty, dark, handsome, attractive and much younger than his still beautiful wife. On this, their difference of age, Donne is most typically Donnish:

"That second marriage turns us to the consideration of another personal circumstance, that is, the natural endowments of her person, which were such as that, though her virtues were his principal object, yet even there, her personal and natural endowments had their part in drawing and fixing the affections of such a person as by his birth and youth and interest in great favours in court, and legal proximity to great possessions in the world, might justly have promised him acceptance in what family soever, or upon what person soever he had directed and placed his affections. He placed them here, neither diverted them nor repented since; for as the well tuning of an instrument makes higher and lower strings of one sound, so the unequality of their years was thus reduced to an evenness, that she had a cheerfulness agreeable to his youth, and he a sober staidness conformable to her more years. So that I would not consider her at so much more than forty nor him at so much less than thirty at that time; but as their persons were made one, by marriage, so I would put their years into one number, and, finding a sixty between them, think them thirty apiece; for as twins of one hour they lived." Sir John, indeed, seems to have been an admirable second husband and a most generous and helpful stepfather, constantly assisting her children (she brought him none of his own); and there is no reason to doubt Lady Danvers' protest to Edward that "there never was a tenderer heart or a lovinger minde in any man than is in him toward you."

Donne makes repeated reference to Magdalen Danvers' wit and "her inclination and conversation naturally cheerful and merry, and loving facetiousness"; and one can well imagine that Danvers House, with these brilliant inmates, and with Ben Jonson and Francis Bacon, Aubrey and Donne himself for frequent guests; with its fine music room, its organ and famed little orchestra, with its statued Italian garden on one side, and the gravelly banks and salmon nets of the silver Thames on the other, was a place of distinguished attraction and delight.

Donne's verse is surely not so well known even now but that I may be forgiven for transcribing here some part of his beautiful ninth elegy, "The Autumnal," which Mr Gosse confidently attributes to the autumn of 1625, and believes it to have been written in this very house, whose mistress was certainly its subject :

No Spring nor Summer Beauty hath such grace
  As I have seen in one Autumnall face.
Young beauties force our love, and that's a Rape,
  This doth but counsaile, yet you cannot scape.
If t'were a shame to love, here t'were no shame,
  Affection here takes Reverences name.
Were her first years the Golden Age ; That's true,
  But now shee's Gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
  This is her tolerable Tropique clyme.
Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,
  He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves ; If graves they were,
  They were Love's graves ; for else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
  Vow'd to this trench, like an Anachorit.

. . . . . .

If we love things long sought, Age is a thing
  Which we are fifty years in compassing ;
If transitory things, which soon decay
  Age must be lovelyest at the latest day.

. . . . . .

I hate extreames ; yet I had rather stay
  With Tombs, then Cradles, to weare out a day.
Since such loves naturall lation is, may still
  My love descend, and journey downe the hill
Not panting after growing beauties, so,
  I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe.

Donne once wrote of " the mistress of my youth, poetry, the wife of my age, divinity " ; and in the verses to Magdalen Herbert one seems to hear the note transitional. Tennyson must surely have had those last lines in his mind when "Crossing the Bar" was written.

Professor Grierson, it should be added, is not prepared to accept Mr Gosse's dating of this poem; and would, on the whole, be inclined to assign it, with Walton, to a much earlier year. Between two such doughty antagonists it would be perilous indeed to butt in; yet, since proof is impossible, one may be allowed, on all the internal evidence (since even in 1625 Lady Danvers would have been well under sixty, whilst if we accept Walton's confused references, the lines would have been addressed to a youthful widow of about forty-two) to give one's adherence to Mr Gosse's conviction.

To Magdalen Herbert it was, also, that Donne sent that too abstrusely brilliant group of verses known as the La Corona Sonnets. "By this messenger and on this good day" (St Mary Magdalen's Day, O.S., July 11, 1607), he writes, "I commit the enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter and not the workmanship have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand." The Sonnet, "To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: Of St Mary Magdalen," refers to the early conjecture that there had been two or three of that name, and ends:

> Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
> To their Devotion add your Innocence;

Take so much of th' example as of the name;
The latter half: and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
Harbour these Hymns to his dear name addrest.

(8)

But upon the "still Evening" of that autumnal face the night was soon to fall. Except of its close, Donne tells us little of her final illness. "She expected this that she has received, God's physic and God's music, a christianly death . . . she expected till it came, and embraced it when it came. She showed no fear of his face in any change of her own, but died without any change of countenance or posture, without any struggling, any disorder; but her death-bed was as quiet as her grave."

Lady Danvers died at the beginning of June 1627; and was borne to her rest in Chelsea Old Church on the 8th. It is curious indeed that there is no monument to her memory, nor even any record of the place of her burial, which was presumably beneath the floor of the church itself, as Donne refers to "that body upon which you tread now." But Magdalen Danvers is not the only admirable woman whose unknown resting-place is in this thronged old church. Mary Astell, that remarkable pioneer of feminine emancipation and women's rights, lies also here, buried nearly a century later in some unnamed grave; and Elizabeth Blackwell, whose heroic work at the "Curious Herbal," in aid of the misguided husband she so bravely loved, has been chronicled elsewhere, is also buried there, in some unrecorded tomb.

Donne's great sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers was not preached, owing to prevention by other engagements, till the first of July following her death. The scene in the little church must have been a moving one; for the genial angler who was Donne's parishioner at St Dunstan's, his devoted admirer and delightful biographer, and who was present in the congregation on this occasion, has told us that he was "a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them:—always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none:—carrying some, as St Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace, and an inexpressible addition of comliness."

(9)

With the death of its mistress the brief early lustre of Danvers House became dimmed almost to extinction. Her end seems to mark a period of transition in the lives of those with whom she was here associated. Edward, whose "De Veritate" had already been printed in Paris in 1624, after waiting helplessly through the succeeding years for some betterment of his political fortunes, was created Baron Herbert of Cherbury in 1629, and began to turn his thoughts towards the further exercise of those mental resources which should have enabled him to accept his public disappointments more philosophically than he was ever able to do.

George, who had been summoned to his mother's death-bed from the rebuilding of his church at Leighton Bromswold, now resigned the Cambridge Oratorship, and finally withdrew from the University.

"The only human being," says Mr G. H. Palmer (perhaps with some exaggeration), "who ever perceptibly swayed his life was removed; but her remembered influence proved quite as compulsive as her imperious presence. It was she who originally chose the priesthood for him; she who maintained his purpose during periods of slackness; she who hindered his going abroad, and finally abandoning that calling. Now she was dead, her purpose unfulfilled. His own courtly hopes were ended, his health was seriously impaired. He was engaged, too, with her approval, in a work of Church building which brought him into contact with Ferrar, a man of extreme religious originality. Many influences without him, and within, co-operated, and at the end of three years produced their ripening effect. These bitter years of solitude, self-examination, search after health, and reinstatement of early resolve, are depicted in the sixth Group of his Poems. They were years spent in retirement. Sometimes he was at his mother's home in Chelsea, where he would meet Dr Donne, who had hesitated almost as long as himself about taking orders; sometimes at Woodford in Essex, his courtly brother Henry's country place; sometimes at Dauntsey in Wiltshire, the estate of the Earl of Danby." In 1629 he suddenly married Jane Danvers, a relative of the latter and of Sir John of Chelsea; and in the following year he was ordained priest and instituted at Bemerton, where, only three years afterwards, he was to die.

(10)

Of Sir John Danvers himself, unfortunately, the story subsequent to his wife's death is one of steady degeneracy and decline. A year after this bereavement he married Elizabeth, daughter of Ambrose Dauntsey, of West Lavington, in Wiltshire; and here he formed another remarkable garden, "full of irregularities both naturall and artificiall," and with a fine clear trout stream running through the length of it, of all which Aubrey has left us an engaging account. His second wife died there in 1636, and he then remained for twelve years a widower; and then married Grace Hewett, a lady of Kimerton, by whom he had one son.

Danvers, who had held various minor court appointments in earlier days, had, like many others, found the Crown a very bad paymaster; there is some evidence that he had put himself in opposition to the King as early as 1624, and the Chelsea house was at one time suspect as a centre of sedition and plots. However this may have been, it seems clear that he took up an attitude of recalcitrancy and opposition, and that his character became soured, partly by extravagance and debt, partly by real grievances and wrongs; so that it was little surprising when, on the outbreak of Civil War in 1642, he took up arms for the parliament, and received a Colonel's commission. Further embitterment was created two years later when his brother Henry, Earl of Danby, died, leaving the whole of his property, valued at £1,500 a year, to his sisters, Lady Gargrave and Lady Osborne. Danvers petitioned parliament to set aside this will, and his suit was successful as regards the sequestrable estate. Though he took but little part in the military operations of the War, he received the Dutch ambassador at Chelsea in 1644; sat for Malmesbury in the Long Parliament; and was one of the commissioners (and the only one whose face the King recognised) on the trial of Charles I., at which he was present in Westminster Hall at every sitting but two, and personally signed the death warrant.

There is no doubt but that Danvers, whose financial embarrassments were great and pressing, was bitterly aggrieved over his brother's will and the loss of an estate on which he had relied for relief; and one chronicler has suggested that it was his desire to ingratiate himself with the Protector, to whom he was appealing to annul Lord Danby's will, wnich induced him, "contrary to his owne naturall inclination," to take part in this tribunal.

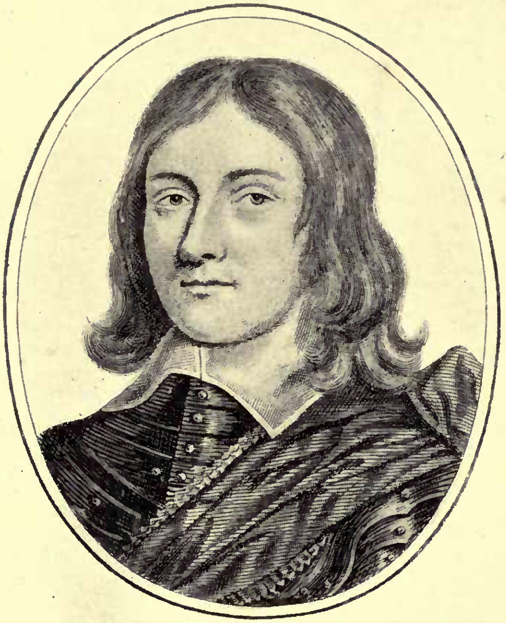
It is perhaps a little hard that this one event, which was for him a more or less inevitable sequel of the happenings of these momentous years, should survive alone to stigmatise Sir John Danvers' career. But history is a sharp and curt recorder of her minor characters, and Danvers has passed to posterity in the biographies as "regicide," almost as if the killing of kings had been his principal occupation in life. He sat on the Council of State for this one fateful year only; and then, disowned by Cromwell and in bad odour with both parties, he went abroad for a time, returning to die at Chelsea in 1655. His name (he being dead) was excepted from the Bill of Indemnity at the Restoration, and his estates forfeited to the Crown; but these were, in part, restored to his heirs in recognition of the loyalty shown by other members of his family.

Clarendon, naturally, from the bias which could find no virtues in opponents, speaks of Danvers as regarded by the party of miscreants with scorn and detestation.

Echard, on the authority of his daughter, declares him to have been "a professed papist and so continued to the day of his death"; but statements such as these can hardly be accepted in the absence of all corroboration. Bate, on the other hand, suggests that Fuller, who preached before him on several occasions at Chelsea, and notably "on the recovery of an honourable person from a long and dangerous illness," brought about his ultimate repentance for his part in the revolution; but this, too, may be merely conjectural. The main facts remain open to our individual judgment, which will probably at least be less harsh than the envenomed censure which was meted out to him by partisan contemporaries.

(II)

And lastly of Donne. For him, too, the death of the mistress of Danvers House may be said to have marked the end of a period, and the beginning of the end. It was a time of successive bereavements of his most valued friends. Lucy Russell, Countess of Bedford, "The Friend of the Muses" and Donne's adored patron, inspiration and support, died at the end of May, of this same year, 1627, only four weeks after her husband. Sir Henry Goodyear, the Dean's impoverished old friend, passed away in the following March; and Christopher Brooke, another ardent comrade, followed him in the same year; and, except in a transitory way by Mrs Cokain, their places were not filled. Ill-health and age from this time onward crept rapidly upon him, and indeed the story of his life from 1628 to 1631 is largely the record of his preparation for death. At the end of 1630 he made his will, bequeathing to his son George the annuity payable by Sir John Danvers in respect of two advances of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks made to Sir John "some years since"; and giving the latter one of the Deanery pictures at his choice. On the 12th of February following he preached before the King at Whitehall the memorable sermon which was shortly afterwards published as "Death's Duel," and called



Sir John Danvers

From a fine & curious Drawing in the Collection of Robt. Stearne Tighe Eſqr.

Yor. humble sert.

J Dauers

His Autograph from an Original in the Poſseſsion of

John Thane.

by the household "The Doctor's own funeral sermon"; and it was on March 31st, after perhaps the strangest sequence of solemn and picturesque preparations for death which have ever been chronicled, that, in Walton's quaint phrase, "his body vapoured away and melted into spirit."

Donne's is a character of extraordinary complexity, utterly baffling in its difficulties of analysis. It is as if there was in him, almost to the very last, a dual personality, of which the worse and unworthier half, though ultimately subjugated, was never wholly exorcised. Such a conviction is not based on the record of his sensuous youth and all the muddy stream of his fleshly indulgence; nor on the liaison of 1596, chronicled so unashamedly, nor the collection of licentious verse which he would not publish, yet so carefully preserved. The divergence is most marked outside the regions of the senses and of sex.

On the one side we have the Donne of degrading Court intrigue, assisting the infamous nullity suit of the Countess of Essex, bought by Rochester for legal help, and writing the Epithalamium on the hideous wedding of this "Blest pair of Swans"; the Donne of Drury House, and the extravagant eulogist of a child of fourteen whom he had never seen, paying his rent, on repeated anniversaries, by reckless absurdities of servile adulation; the Donne whose begging letters lack candour as well as dignity, and who, even in the affluence of his Deanery, could haggle over the unseemly bond which gave his daughter Constance to a grasping old widower nearly three times her age; who fought doggedly for the incomes of his various pluralities, and wrote so ungraciously of the once adored patroness who could not take upon herself the whole of his debts; the Donne whose Divine Poems, written at the very time of his dedication, are "extremely ingenious exercises in metrical theology rather than bursts of impulsive piety," and whose Essays in Divinitie read "more like notes of a theological professor than outpourings of a man trembling on the threshold of the Holy of Holies."

On the other hand, we have the Donne of Izaac Walton's beautiful and attractive picture; the Donne of so many noble and notable friendships, preserved in an exquisite series of letters and verse; the Donne of the most impressive, sincere and remarkable succession of sermons in the English tongue; the Donne of the Holy Sonnets, of the perfect "Hymn to God the Father," and of that other fascinating poem, written within a few days of his death, "To God, My God, in My Sickness."

Such a character is beyond our poor human dissection. We can but leave him, in the fine concluding words of Mr Gosse's admirable biography: "Splendid and obscure he was, in the extreme versatility and passion, the profundity, the saintliness, the mystery of his inscrutable character.

"No one in the history of English literature, as it seems to me, is so difficult to realise, so impossible to measure, in the vast curves of his extraordinary and contradictory features. Of his life, of his experiences, of his opinions, we know more now than it has been vouchsafed to us to know of any other of the great Elizabethan and Jacobean galaxy of writers, and yet how little we fathom his contradictions, how little we can account for his impulses and his limitations. Even those of us who have for years made his least adventures the subject of close and eager investigation must admit at last that he eludes us. He was not the crystal-hearted saint that Walton adored and exalted. He was not the crafty and redoubtable courtier whom the recusants suspected. He was not the prophet of the intricacies of fleshly feeling whom the young poets looked up to and worshipped. He was none of these, or all of these, or more. What was he? It is impossible to say, for, with all his superficial expansion, his secret died with him. We are tempted to declare that of all great men he is the one of whom least is essentially known. Is not this, perhaps, the secret of his perennial fascination?"

(12)

A few lines only can be spared in conclusion to the later tenants of Danvers House.

Sir John's Chelsea estate was settled on his two daughters, of whom Elizabeth, the elder, married the natural son of Buckingham's niece, Frances Cooke, and was buried at Chelsea as Viscountess Purbeck. Anne, the younger, became the wife of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, and she and her husband, dying within a few months of each other in 1659, left two infant heiresses of the

Chelsea property in the guardianship of Sir Ralph Verney, who in the following year let Danvers House, in their behalf, to Lord Robartes, afterwards Earl of Radnor.

Robartes, like Danvers—and Lord Herbert of Cherbury too—had been a parliament man in the Civil War, and was with Essex at Edgehill, but he was a more pliant and successful trimmer than his predecessors in Danvers House, and in the first year of the Restoration we find him giving " noble entertainment to his Majesty at his house at Chelsea."

Pepys brought hither, on August 30, 1660, some business for the Lord Privy Seal. " Here I saw by daylight two very fine pictures in the gallery that a little while ago I saw by night, and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life." Thirteen years later the Duke of Monmouth gave " a very sumptuous treat " here to his Royal father and the Duchess of Portsmouth, at which " all the gallants were pleased to be present. The entertainment (it was in July) was intended to be in the Bowling Green which was enlightened by lamps in an extraordinary manner, but it being too cold for the ladies, his Majesty supped within the house, so that all that preparation was to little purpose."

Radnor was a proud, jealous, cunning old Cornish man. He had married, secondly, a very lovely Letitia, much younger than himself, who must have been a bright particular star at these gallant " treats " ; and the Grammont Memoirs furnish us with a most entertaining account of the Duke of York's desperate efforts to abstract this tempting beauty, who was inclined to be grateful, but whom her troublesome old curmudgeon of a lord very tiresomely but successfully protected. She, however, buried him eventually in Cornwall and survived to become the first Lady Cheyne.

Meanwhile Sir John Danvers' infant granddaughters had grown up under the faithful Verney's care, and Anne, the younger, had married Thomas, son and heir of Philip, the fourth Lord Wharton, the famous president of the Hell Fire Club; and this misallied couple seem to have come to Danvers House soon after her tenant Lord Robartes' death in 1685.

The story of Wharton—that cynically immoral sportsman who was said to be the greatest rake and the truest Whig of his time, whom Swift mercilessly satirised, and to whom Addison (at one time his secretary) dedicated a volume of the "Spectator" and gave a very different character—must not be attempted here; but it is a strange coincidence that this Chelsea house, built by the man who signed the death warrant of one king, should have found for its final occupant the author of the famous "Lilliburlero-Bullen-a-la," which is said to have sung another king out of three kingdoms.

Danvers House was demolished in 1696, and the erection of the present Danvers Street begun upon its site by Benjamin Stallwood, as the tablet on the south-eastern corner house testifies; and thus there ends, in the lease to a bricklayer of St Giles in the Fields, the story of that ingeniose, prettiest contrived and memorable dwelling-place.

In reading over what I have set down here of that story I feel conscious of having conveyed very inadequately, if indeed at all, the vivid charm and picture of its rooms, its inmates and associations that had gradually built itself up in my own mind whilst searching all the scattered and fragmentary little records available of those who dwelt here and who knew them ; a presentment which a pen more skilled than mine might have been more successful in reproducing.

I have also the feeling that my final notes upon its earlier occupants, the Herberts, Danvers and Donne, contain so much reference to illness, despondency and death as to leave a prevailing impression of sadness and gloom about the house. If this be so, the fault, again, is mine, for in truth it was not intrinsically nor altogether so. Lady Danvers in her sickness had doubtless the high tides and overflowings of melancholy to which Donne referred ; Sir John, even in these early days, had his financial worries ; George Herbert, particularly during what are called his "Crisis" years, underwent all the spasms of hesitation and the racking of doubt. Donne was a fire that purged, a thundercloud from whose packed darkness flashed fulgent lightning, a being capable of tremendous intensity and sombre awe.

But these were not the only aspects of their characters. Sir John Danvers was a great gardener and a keen musician. He loved his Boscage of lilies and syringas and his great gravelled walks, his steps and walls and terraces and his statues (by Nicholas Stone, who was also the sculptor of Donne's extraordinary tomb), of the gardener and the gardener's wife in freestone, coloured. He greatly loved his music chamber, where his organist (in later years the King's, Christopher Gibbons, son of Orlando) used to play for them John Cooper's Masques and Fansies, with his butler as "sagbuteer." Lady Magdalen, still beautiful. compelling and inspiring, loved wit and laughter and great talk, and her love of hospitality, "sucked," as Donne puts it, "from her original extraction and birth, dwelt in her to her end." George Herbert was, at bottom, an optimist ; he tells us that "a pleasantness of disposition is of great use, men being willing to sell the interest and engagement of their discourses for no price sooner than that of mirth, whither the nature of man, loving refreshment, gladly betakes itself" ; and he it was that held :

> All things are bigge with jest. Nothing that's plain
> But may be wittie if thou hast the vein.

Dryden has repeatedly pronounced Donne as "the greatest wit of our nation," and this we must remember in the wider sense of wit, as he used it, implying the exercise of intellect. To anyone who has studied that extraordinary man, or his companions here, it is as inconceivable that their home and converse could be generally sad-textured or gloomy, as that it could ever be dull.

SOME LITERARY WORKSHOPS

I. FROM SIR THOMAS MORE TO FANNY BURNEY

> Here are we for the last time face to face
> Thou and I, Book, before I bid thee speed
> Upon that perilous journey to that place
> For which I have done on thee pilgrim's weed,
> Striving to get thee all things for thy need—
> —I love thee ; whatso time or men may say
> Of the poor singer of an empty day.
>
> *L'Envoi.* WILLIAM MORRIS.

OUT of a portfolio, through which I was hunting for something the other day, fell a roughly jotted list of Chelsea writers, which shall be reproduced as an Appendix for the benefit of the curious; and with it there chanced to be a photograph of Carlyle's so-called "sound proof" room, a sheet of his manuscript, a note about Leigh Hunt's "poetical tinkerdom" in Upper Cheyne Row, a drawing of Carlyle's writing-table, and one or two other cognate scraps.

This chance concatenation set me thinking, and suggested a little inquisition into some Chelsea literary workshops, their furnishings and tools, and the manners and the tricks of the trade practised by these craftsmen of the pen.

I found a good deal of amusement in these raids upon writing-desks, and a great deal of fresh enjoyment in the old books which they led me to pull down and blow the dust off; so much so, indeed, that I was seized with a firm conviction that if in helping myself to a few typical passages here and there, which would give colour to my picture both of the workshops and the artisans, I could send other readers on a similar quest, they would not be ungrateful, nor keen to resent so artless a production of inexpensive "copy." After all, when one comes to think of it, my publisher should have the first right to complain, if (which is improbable) he should chance to read this paper. For surely no one else could feel aggrieved if they get Swift or Sir Thomas More instead of me.

So let us start on our studies of literary technics, our inspection of workshops, our watching of bookmakers, in Chelsea.

MORE AT THE GREAT HOUSE. (BEAUFORT STREET)

One must, of course, try and begin with the great and loveable Sir Thomas More, as the father of Chelsea writers. But More is a little difficult for my purpose, because, first, very human and full of humour as he certainly was, neither Roper nor Cresacre nor even Erasmus give just the intimate touches I want, though they tell us much that is personal and altogether delightful, and we are eternally grateful to Ulrich von Hutten for eliciting from Erasmus his famous description of the Chelsea household; and also because More wrote largely in Latin, which has ceased to be a familiarly quotable tongue. But here, from Robinson's translation of the *Utopia,* we may take a glimpse of his home life and daily method of work, which may help towards this first workshop picture.

"Whiles I do daily dispose my time about law matters, some to plead, some to hear, some as arbitrator with mine award to determine, some as an umpire or judge with my sentence finally to discuss. Whiles I go one way to see and visit my friend: another way about mine own private affairs. Whiles I spend almost all the day abroad amongst others, and the residue at home among mine own: I leave to myself, I mean to my book, no time. For when I am come home, I must commune with my wife, chat with my children, and talk with my servants. All the which things I reckon and account among business, for as much as they must of necessity be done: and done they must needs be, unless a man will be a stranger in his own house. And in any wise a man must so fashion and order his conditions, and so appoint and dispose himself, that he be merry, jocund and pleasant among them whom either nature hath provided, or chance hath made, or he himself hath chosen, to be the fellows and companions of his life: so that with too much gentle behaviour and familiarity he do not mar them, and by too much sufferance of his servants make them his masters. Among these things now rehearsed stealeth away the day, the month, the year. And when do I write then? And all this while have I spoken no word of sleep, neither yet of meat, which among a great number doth waste no less time than doth sleep, wherein almost half of man creepeth away. I therefore do win and get only that time which I steal from sleep and meat."

So More filched his writing time from meal times and from his bed; and one can imagine that this absence from table and this midnight oil burning was little to the taste of Dame Alice, his portly, prosaic and irritable wife. "Tilly vally, tilly vally," we hear her breaking in upon him, "will you never to bed?" Had More, I wonder, slipped away from his writing desk from dinner on the day of which Ellis Haywood tells when Pattison, the fool, had so disgraced himself by remarking of one of the guests: "What a terrific nose that gentleman has"? The poor fool, seeing from the looks of those at the table that he had said something terrible, tried to pass the matter off by declaring that, on the faith of a gentleman, it was in reality rather a small nose. The company could now hardly suppress their laughter, when Pattison, by way of completely recovering his credit, placed himself in More's seat at the head of the table, and gravely announced: "There is one thing I would have you know—that gentleman has not the least atom of a nose."

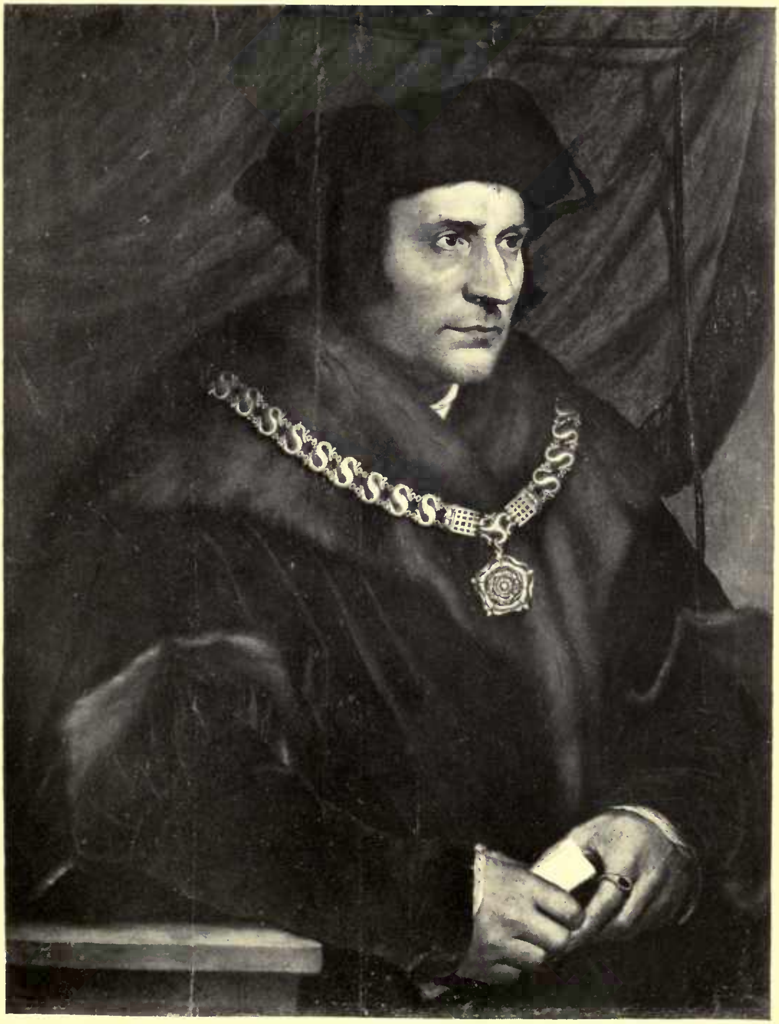
Whither did Sir Thomas steal away from his seat at table to his writing desk? The house, no doubt, was big enough for all its assemblage of sons and daughters, their wives and husbands and children, scholars, masters, step-daughter, orphan child, steward, secretary and continual guests. But I picture him making his quiet way across the grass from the big house to that New Lodging, a little way from it, where he had built for himself "a chapel, a library and a gallery," in which he could study, work and pray alone; and where on Fridays he was wont to remain for the whole day.

Those who, like myself, always want to picture in the flesh the people whose words or work have won their love and admiration, will thank me (if they are not already familiar with it) for quoting the admirable little composite portrait which Archdeacon Hutton has drawn from the various contemporary sources available to us:

" More was of middle height and well-proportioned figure, save that, through his habit of much writing, his right shoulder became higher than his left. His limbs were well formed, but his hands were a little clumsy—the pictures generally conceal them. His colour was pale, heightened only by a faint bloom, his hair dark brown. His eyes were grey and speckled, 'which,' says Erasmus, 'as a mark of genius are much admired in England.' His expression, as can be well understood from Holbein's masterly representation, was keen and inquiring, but entirely gentle and kind. 'His voice was neither boisterous nor big, nor yet too small and shrill; he spoke his words very distinctly without any manner of hastiness or stuttering; and, albeit he delighted in all kinds of melody, he seemed not of his own nature to be able to sing himself.' He was intensely humorous. Yet whatsoever jest he brought forth, he never laughed at any himself, but spoke always so sadly that few could see by his look whether he spoke in earnest or in jest. He was careless, as men of quick humour often are, about his attire. He wore his gown awry, a habit which Ascham tells us was imitated by succeeding barristers. He wore no silk or purple or chains of gold, except when he could not avoid it: he left direction of his wardrobe entirely in the hands of one of his servants, whom he would call his 'tutor.' He cared as little about his food as about his dress. He rarely ate of more than one dish, though in the time of his wealth his table was always well provided, and (though he ate meat) he preferred vegetables, milk or eggs. He generally drank water; sometimes, to please others, very small beer; and when it was necessary to drink a guest's health, a little wine. He was never a strong man, but was able to go through his work well until a short time before his imprisonment. His temperament was calm and equable; and of his remarkable presence of mind a curious anecdote has been told. One day as he was meditating on the leads of his gatehouse at Chelsea, a madman, who had managed to follow him, seized and attempted to hurl him over the battlement. More, encumbered by his gown and unable to struggle with the strong man, bethought him of a happy expedient. His little dog was with him. 'Stay,' he cried, 'let us throw the dog down first and see what sport that will be.' The madman left hold of him and tossed the dog over. 'This is fine sport,' said More; 'let us fetch him up and try it again.' Then, as the madman went down the stairs, More fastened the door and cried for help. . . . His humour was suited to all kinds of society, but especially, says Erasmus, to that of ladies. He was charitable to a remarkable degree; one of his biographers calls him the public patron of the poor. 'Not only did he invite his poor neighbours to his table, and hire a house at Chelsea for use as an hospital, where he maintained many aged, sick and indigent people at his own cost, but he would go privately among the poor and aid them by advice and liberal alms, not by the penny or halfpenny, but sometimes five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty shillings, according to everyone's necessity.' He was greatly interested in natural history, and bought every strange creature from foreign lands that he could find. There was hardly any species of bird that he had not, says Harpsfield. 'He kept an ape, a fox, a weasel, a ferret, and other beasts more rare' . . . and all this was to the contentation and pleasure of such as came to him, and himself now and then would make his recreation in beholding them. . . . Second only to More's love of animals was his passion for music. Like Erasmus, he is painted by Holbein with a glass of flowers near him, but more especially, 'Klavikordi und ander seyten Spill ufem Britz,' as the artist notes on the Basle sketch for the picture of the More family. He took care that his first wife should become an accomplished musician, and he even induced his second to learn to play on several instruments. For music, as he says in the *Utopia*, though it neither actually gives pleasure to any member of the body nor removes pain, 'nevertheless tickleth and moveth our senses with a certain secret efficacy and with a manifest motion turneth them to it.' He cared for few other amusements, hating dice, tennis and other games, and severely condemning hunting. But he loved the sea."

Such is the loveable likeness of the man whom we have watched as he passed from his great house to his secluded library; passed, under the stars he loved to study, followed, as I like to think, by his little dog, which the madman was surely not allowed to drown, and it may be through a field of wheat or a meadow of shadowy kine—for we do not forget that More was a farmer, and that perhaps the most beautiful of all his surviving letters is that one to his wife on his return from the Netherlands Embassy on hearing that their barns, with all their corn, and their neighbours' also, had been destroyed—presumably by flood or fire.

At his candle-lighted desk in the quiet study by the little oratory overlooking "the beautiful Thames with green meadows and wooded hills all around," we leave him, amid his scattered piles of dingy folios. The gown is a good deal



Holbein *Emery Walker*

SIR THOMAS MORE

awry, and beneath it is that terrible hair shirt, of whose constant torment only his beloved Meg knew, and his confessor; who has recorded that it "pained his flesh till the blood was seen on his clothes." The grey goose quill is dipped in the big ink horn, the right shoulder is hunched up to its task, the sallow page is opened, and More —Blessed in a far wider and deeper beatitude than any belated canon could confer—is perhaps writing that exquisite fragment of sincere meditation, "A Treatysse (unfynysshed) upon these wordes of Holye Scrypture, *Memorare novissima et in eternum non peccabis*": "Remember the last thynges and thou shalt never synne."

It is strange indeed that this beautiful little meditation, full of distinction and quaint humour, and written at a time when More was at the parting of the ways of literature and politics, should never to this day have been worthily reprinted. From the black letter of the "English Works" of 1557 it deserves to be appropriately transferred to the comely and more legible black letter of Mr St John Hornby's Ashendene Press.

ADDISON AT SANDY END.

It is a far cry from Thomas More to Jonathan Swift and Joseph Addison in our little pilgrimage down Chelsea's literary shades; and it is curious to find ourselves, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, and after skipping dull old Shadwell and devoted old St Evremond *en route*, among such a constellation of wits. For in 1710 to 1713 we discover Addison and Swift and Atterbury and Arbuthnot are all at Chelsea, with Steele and Sterne, Stella's ombre and picquet-playing Dean, and Gay for visitors—a regular seven-starred Charles' Wain. But the Great Bears were only transient stars here, and except for a few illuminating flashes in Swift's "Journal," they have not left us any little technic touches for our particular purpose here.

Addison's name, indeed, has long been associated with Chelsea, and it would be grievous to have to omit it from the long roll of her illustrious authors. In so far as he was a frequent guest at Lord Shaftesbury's Little Chelsea house, we certainly need not do so; but if Sandy End, from which his letters to the ten-year old Lord Warwick were written in 1708, was the Sandford Manor House of Nell Gwyn memories, we must reluctantly renounce him, by some fifty yards, to Fulham. This dear old house has, however, always been spoken of as at or near Chelsea, and the dividing rivulet was within a stone's throw of its door. Here, or at Shaftesbury House, it is said that many of the immortal papers of the *Spectator* were penned.

"The business of this," he wrote to that incipient young rake, Lord Warwick, who was to become his graceless stepson, "is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found out in a neighbouring wood" (probably that which was afterwards Lord Cremorne's). "It begins precisely at six in the evening and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin redbreast and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards falls down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has finished her song; the whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs Tofts, and something of Italian manners in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes than you ever met with at the Opera."

Another of Addison's delightful letters to the boy is all about birds' nesting, and they give us a happy sketch of the great satirist in villeggiatura.

Strange indeed it seems, as Macaulay has said, that Addison's grave in Westminster Abbey should have remained so long unmarked, even by a tablet with his name.

" It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poets' Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the 'Everlasting Club,' or the 'Loves of Hilpa and Shalum,' just finished for the next day's *Spectator*, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners."

I feel convinced that boundary rivulet has a little changed its channel, and that Sandford Manor was really once in Chelsea.

SWIFT AT DANVERS STREET.

It was in April 1711 that Swift went to lodge at Chelsea "for the air, and to put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day." He stayed there till July; and though he grumbled a good deal—but when didn't Swift grumble?—he admitted that Chelsea had been good for him. To begin with, his incorrigible servant Patrick, who had been sent from town to find him a lodging, and had probably considered it advisable to sample all the alehouses in the village before coming to a decision, chose "one silly room" towards the further end of Chelsea, so that his master (forgetting that he came for the walk) complains that he had to walk half a mile further from Mrs Vanhomrigh's in town (where he left his gown and wig) than he need have done.

Swift's Chelsea lodging, as Mr Randall Davies has convinced us, was on the west side of Danvers Street, where the rebuilt Crosby Hall now stands; and Atterbury's house was just across the road. Swift did not know that he would like the place any better for that; he had to pay six shillings for his room; the sheets were confoundedly coarse, the roads were miry, the villagers were dirty drabs, the rain was wet and the sun was hot; all for the annoyance of poor Presto. But suppose we extract from the six letters to Stella which comprise the "Chelsea Journal" a few of the personal touches that will help us best to picture their writer, some of the fond intimate "little language" in which he loved to disport his affection in this delightful diary:

"*April* 26. I got here in the Stage coach with Patrick and my portmantua for sixpence. We have had such a horrible deal of rain that there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends, and besides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford. 27. Well, I dined at Mr Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea as I always design to do when it is fair. 28. Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas, but, indeed, Stella does not jeer but reproach poor, poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the first-fruits not finished? The *Spectator* is written by Steele, with Addison's help, 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers* about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine, too. My head is better but not right, but I trust to air and walking. This goes to-night. I must now rise and walk to town."

Swift wrote his Journal chiefly in bed, either before going to sleep or before getting up, and, I suppose, in pencil.

"28. I am now a country gentleman; I walked home, as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed. I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. 30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle; it rains hard, and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me and taken up all the three stage coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town; this is your fault. I cannot walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blind side of my lodging out of a town. I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith, I'll walk in the rain." Is not the mock petulance of this delicious? "This is your fault!"

"*May* 1. I wish you a merry May-day and a thousand more; the weather mending. I walked gravely home this evening, and so I design to walk and walk till I am well. I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear M. D., contrive to have some share of the country this spring.

"2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns*? I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale and I did not like it. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies."

The famous original Chelsey Bunn House was not, as a matter of fact, quite in Chelsea, being just over the Pimlico border, east of Lower Sloane Street. It was a very picturesque old shop, with low thick-sashed windows and a long tiled and gabled arcade on pillars extending along the front. The Five Fields which stretched eastwards and northwards, and are now Belgravia, were a sort of Hampstead Heath of the eighteenth century, and were frequented by holiday makers in thousands, for whose delight drinking booths, swings, gingerbread stalls and various less reputable entertainments abounded, and fabulous stories are told of the number of buns sold on Good Friday. Indeed the rush to secure them led to such scenes of disorder that we find the proprietress announcing in the newspaper "Mrs Hand, desirous of testifying her regard and obedience to those laws by which she is happily protected," would make NO HOT CROSS BUNS for the following Good Friday, but only Chelsea Buns. Note that the true Chelsea Bun of the Hands family was by no means the darksome and dismal lump which is now sold us as a hot cross bun. On the contrary, it was specially famous for its flaky lightness and delicate flavour, "a flour of the oven, a zephyr in paste," and "as flaky and white as if baked by the light." Royalty were frequent visitors to Mr Hand's, and George III presented him with a silver half-gallon mug and five guineas in it. The bun house itself became something of a museum, with curious great leaden figures of Grenadiers presenting arms, casts, portraits, and a model of the house itself; whilst the garden, of course, boasted one of the inevitable Grottoes of the day. Mr Hand, or Captain Bun, figured in a long dressing gown and a Turkish fez, and made much of his royal arms and royal patronage; and when he ultimately elected to dispense liquid refreshment, instead of the "smoking hot, piping hot Chelsea Buns," it was naturally to "The King's Arms" that he betook himself. Other and rival bun houses sprang up, all of them, of course, "original"; but the speculative builder was rapidly absorbing Chelsea Fields, and the "perfidious vows" and "indignant cows," the booths and grottoes and Strombolo House, the bun house and the leaden grenadiers, had all to vanish under a dismal invasion of bricks and mortar.

"3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy, nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening, when I crossed the way to see Mrs Atterbury and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal and small beer and ale to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull splenetic day, for want of M. D. I often thought how happy I could have been had it rained eight thousand times more, if M. D. had been with a body. 4. I am resolved when I come over, M. D. shall be acquainted with Lady Kerry; we have struck up a mighty friendship. We are almost in love with one another, but she is most egregiously ugly, but perfectly well-bred and governable as I please. 'Tis three weeks, young woman, since I had a letter from you, and yet methinks I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffee house and I would fain have a letter and not have a letter; and I don't know what nor I don't know how, and this goes on very slow, 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to M. D.? Faith, I am very silly, but I can't help it for my life.

"5. (After dining with Mr Harley, the Lord Keeper, Lord Rivers and his Secretary) I walked here after nine, two miles and I found a parson drunk, fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea cursing him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken—a pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers; I had no money in my pocket and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr Harley shall make me take such a journey again. Smoke, how wide the lines are, but faith, I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how, methinks but it is so unfit and so awkward, never saw the like.

"15. My walk to town to-day was after ten and prodigiously hot. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church."

Mrs Vanhomrigh, who was Vanessa's mother, was at this time, I think, lodging in Park Place, St James' Street, almost next door to Swift's town lodging.

From Buckingham House Swift's road would probably have been along the side wall of its originally hexagonal garden; and then, not turning to the right by the turnpike into the King's Road, but keeping on along the line of the present Buckingham Palace Road, which was then a track leading across the Five Fields by Avery farm to the small stone bridge over the Westbourne, and the little cluster of houses north of Chelsea Hospital burying ground, afterwards known as Jews', Turks', Franklin's and Gardner's Rows. Thence a footpath led past the north front of the hospital (the carriage road went round the College—now Burton's—Court) and so into Paradise Row, by the Stable Yard; leading straight to the river and the waterside elm-lined lane which is now Cheyne Walk, where fat little Presto with his short steps and perspiring forehead was within sight of the old brick tower of the church and his silly room just beyond it.

"I set out about sunset and got there in something less than an hour; it is two good miles and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there, and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland who never walk at all. I have been now almost three weeks here and I thank God am much better in my head, if it does but continue. Everybody tells me I look better already; for faith, I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith, I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome, and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything. 17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning and I went back with him to his boat. . . . I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company; I am not of those that say, for want of company, welcome trumpery. I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt at Vauxhall to hear the nightingales: but they are almost past singing. 19. Do you know that about our town (Chelsea) we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the haymaking nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as further in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I stayed at home till five o'clock, and dined with Dean Atterbury: then went by water to Mr Harley's where the Saturday Club was met."

The Saturday Club, which was political in character, was succeeded by the social Thursday Club, known as the Brothers, and developed later into the famous Scriblerus Club " to help conversation and to aid desert," and Swift was engaged at Chelsea in formulating the rules. Among the members were the Lord Treasurer (Harley), the Duke of Ormond, St John, Lord Arran, Bathurst, Lansdowne, Masham, Swift, Arbuthnot, Lords Shrewsbury, Jersey, Dupplin, Orrery, and Beaufort, Simon Harcourt, and Freind. They met at the various eating-houses between St James' Street and St Martin's Lane, such as the Thatched House, Ozinda's, or the Star and Garter, the president of the evening entertaining his brethren. "Much drinking, little thinking" seems rather to have been the tendency, especially if Bolingbroke was there; but witty, indeed, these evenings must have been, though the Dean's efforts "to consult about doing some good" were not always fruitful, and the number of good guineas that dissolved in four dishes and uncountable burgundy, with an occasional subscription for some "poor poet in a nasty garret, very sick," was a heavy strain on exchequers that were still watching for employments.

"At ten all the company went away and from ten till twelve Mr Harley and I sat together, and then walked in a fine moonshine night to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose."

By the end of May the weather was getting very warm; Presto found it "bloody hot walking," though his forehead sweats less and he is certainly in better health. But he can't abide "this violent burning weather."

June 5. " I am cruel thirsty this hot weather—I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my nightgown, shirt and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap. So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frightened.—I have been swimming this half hour and more, and when I was coming out I dived to make my head and all wet through, like a cold bath; but as I dived the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp I could hardly get my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed and will now go sleep."

Even poor hot-headed Presto, whose labyrinthine vertigo threatened his ultimate doom, though finding much fault with Chelsea, admits that the river was clean and clear. It is sad to think that the sweet silver streaming Thames of Spenser's delight was once a great salmon river with a flourishing fishery at Chelsea. Indeed its pollution is comparatively recent; for within the memory of an old Chelsean whom I knew well, this very bend where Swift bathed was a famous place for roach and dace, and there were often boats moored against the old wooden bridge for the fishermen.

" 6. Morning. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. . . . Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. I went and drank coffee and designed to go to the Lord Treasurer, but it was too late and besides I was half broiled and broiled without butter, for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with Lady Betty Butler at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home and was here by ten, so miserably hot that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swimming; which I did, but with so much vexation that I think I have given it over; for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick standing ashore would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone, for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark. I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve.

"7. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe and your friend Sterne [Swift's predecessor in the Deanery of St Patrick's]. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower and the most grateful to me that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least and the air is so cool that a body is able to live, and I walked home to-night in comfort, and without dirt. O, this dear rain. I cannot forbear praising it. I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. 30. Morning. I am terribly sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that disposes me to sleep; faith, 'tis now striking eight and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate; it was then so hot I was not able to endure it. I was miserable every moment and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome: I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad. Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little but I always repent and resolve against it. No, no, I'll walk late no more. I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told."

This road of Swift's evening walks from town across the Five Fields was a notorious haunt of footpads and highwaymen. The news sheets of the time show that robberies and murders were of almost nightly occurrence, and there is little doubt that these Macheathen gentry had harbourage in the small taverns at one end or the other of this dark stretch of marshy meadowland.

Four years after Swift's sojourn in Chelsea the Government were driven to call on the hospital pensioners to patrol this road at night. Steele tells us that having come to dine at Chelsea he spent the night there, rather than risk the danger of the road back to town; and apart from mere robbery, Swift's warning was reasonable enough. Defoe's life was attempted more than once; Tutchin was waylaid and beaten to death for a bitter verse on the death of King James, and

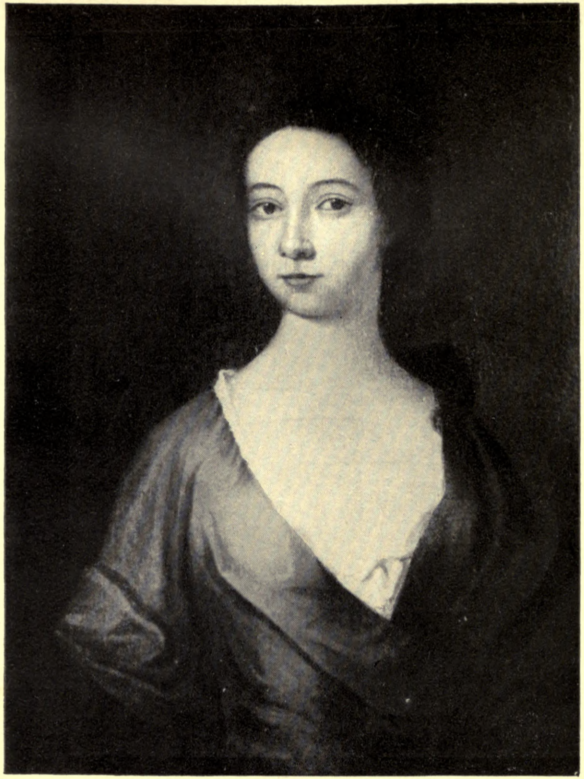
Swift had political foes in plenty, who would not have scrupled to have him similarly attacked.

" We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes and a laced hat which the hatter brought by his orders and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages.

" *July* 4. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk Street and go to it on Thursday, and design to walk the Park and the town to supply my walking here; yet I will walk here sometimes, too, in a visit now and then to the Dean. When I was almost at home Patrick told me he had two letters for me and gave them to me in the dark; yet I could see one of them was from my saucy M. D. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early and sat two hours with the Dean and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer; but first I'll go sleep and dream of M. D."

Am I forgiven for so long a transcript from these delightful pages, which are on everybody's shelves? If it tempts any reader to take the *Journal* down and spend an hour again with Presto and Dingley and M. D., assuredly I shall be; and if, through these bits of Swift's own artless jargon, scribbled

JONATHAN SWIFT



STELLA JOHNSON

with his pencil between those confoundedly coarse sheets, in the awkward bed at Chelsea, we have come close indeed to the great little hot-headed genius—to say nothing of his ineffable Patrick—I dare swear I am a pardoned plagiary.

It was of this *Journal to Stella* that Dr Johnson wrote: "Whether these diurnal trifles were properly exposed to eyes which had never received any pleasure from the presence of the Dean may be reasonably doubted; they have, however, some added attraction: the reader finding frequent mention of names which he has been used to consider as important, goes on in hope of information; and as there is nothing to fatigue attention, if he is disappointed he can hardly complain."

For me, at least, and "with respect," as when we differ from a king, this is a most unworthy criticism. No one, surely, would go to the *Journal* primarily "in hope of information"; yet it is as a matter of fact packed full of it, and "in an absolute deshabille" so perfectly artless and unconstrained as to make any idea of ultimate publicity quite unthinkable. The entries are pencilled, as Scott said, "with all the intimacy of a husband but with all the feelings of a lover"—so far, that is, as Swift was ever capable of being either. Swift's character, indeed, is so complex and difficult of analysis, and has been so diversely estimated by Craik, Johnson, Delany, Scott, Leslie Stephen, Thackeray and a host of other biographers, and the arrogance and charity, the strength and the weakness, the humour, the irony, the indecency, the wit, the passion, the savage egotism and the craving for human friendship and human sympathy, which were all parts of that character, have been so opposingly appraised or ignored, that the *Journal to Stella* seems to me a very godsend of revelation. Partial and temporary that revelation may be, but none can doubt its reality or question the charm of its intimate and infinite variety.

It seems just to have been at the very time of this little sojourn of Swift at Chelsea that his acquaintance with Miss Vanhomrigh was ripening, on her side, at any rate, into something much warmer. There is a casualness that seems studied in his references to his visits there. "I was so lazy I dined where my gown was." "Out of mere listlessness" he went for many meals at Mrs Van's. He went there because "he could be easy," because "it was such dismal weather he could not stir further"; he stayed there "all the afternoon like a fool out of perfect laziness"; "loitered all the evening," because he had a cold; "stayed till night, very dull and insipid." And so on and so on. "Her eldest daughter," he notes, in the month after leaving Chelsea, "is come of age and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands." These are almost the only references to Vanessa in the whole *Journal,* though Swift's correspondence with her began in 1711, more than a year before the *Journal* letters end; and it seems, from references in the Vanessa letters, that she visited him both at Chelsea and at Windsor.

The problem of Swift's real relationship to these two women whose lives were so tragically dominated and saddened by their intimacy with him is now beyond the possibility of solution. Of this theme of endless theory and conjecture for nearly two centuries, whilst many explanations have been put forward which are more or less plausible, and for which evidence of one sort or another has been called, none of the solutions has established itself as finally convincing. Physical incapacities, temperamental infirmity, financial embarrassment, dread of mental breakdown, lack of courage to wound the one in doing justice to the other—all these things may have played their part, yet no one of them, nor even all of them together, seem to furnish a full or satisfying answer. No one, surely, who has read the *Journal* and the lines on the Death of Stella, could doubt the genuineness of Swift's affection for her, in its degree and kind; and many of those who have studied this fascinating enigma have regarded Vanessa's passion as entirely one-sided and unrequited. Swift, indeed, can hardly be otherwise acquitted of a duplicity, at least, of which we should like to think him incapable. Is it possible to do so?

Shorn of obvious poetic allowances the "Cadenus to Vanessa" poem seems to set forth a sincere and straightforward history of the Dean's acquaintance with his pupil-lover. If that is granted—and in general it has been granted—it seems to me rather difficult to affirm that Vanessa's undoubted passion had never awakened anything but a tutorial and platonic response from her

Cadenus; or that his letters, as Delany would have us believe, contain little but gallantry, excuses and apologies. "For nature," as the Dean here says, "must be nature still."

> "Cadenus to his grief and shame
> Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
> And though her arguments were strong
> At least could hardly wish them wrong";

and then, after he has protested that "his dignity and age forbid Cadenus to engage," and Vanessa has countered by proposing that "the nymph will have her turn to be The tutor; and the pupil he," come these enigmatic lines:

> "But what success Vanessa met
> Is to the world a secret yet;
> Whether the nymph to please her swain
> Talks in a high romantic strain;
> Or whether he at last descends
> To act with less seraphic ends;
> Or, to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold."

In his letters to her we get phrases such as "you should not have come by Wantage [where she seems to have visited him unexpectedly] for a thousand pound." "These are rigorous laws that must be passed through, but 'tis probable we may meet in London in winter, or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom cares to humour our inclinations"; and in a later letter, where Cadenus suggests that he should write a second part of the poem, he says: "There would be the chapter of Madam going to Kensington; the chapter of the blister; the chapter of the Colonel's going to France; the chapter of the wedding, with the adventure of the lost key; of the strain; of the joyful return; two hundred chapters of madness; the chapter of long walks; the Berkshire surprise [referring to the Wantage visit]; fifty chapters of little times; the chapter of Chelsea; the chapter of swallow, and cluster; a hundred whole books of myself and so low; the chapter of hide and whisper; the chapter of who made it so."

Vanessa, in answer to this letter, says: "You make me happy beyond expression by your goodness. It would be too much once to hope for such a history. If you had laid a thousand pound that I should not understand your letter, you had lost it. Tell me sincerely did those circumstances crowd on you, or did you recollect them to make me happy?"

Surely if there be any meaning in words, these are memories of love-making, and not altogether one-sided? Those who believe it impossible for a man to love and to be in love with two women, on different planes, but at the same time, will say "No"; on the contrary, "Aye."

The ultimate outcome, at any rate, was tragic enough for the actors in this ill-starred triangle. Swift, if we are to adopt Dr Garnett's estimate of his character, was a being devoid of passion and incapable of love, though he could evince true friendship and tender regard.

"The spiritual realm, whether in divine or earthly things, was a region closed to him, where he never set foot. As a friend he must have greatly preferred Stella to Vanessa, and from this point of view his loyalty to the original object of his choice, we may be sure, never faltered. But Vanessa assailed him on a very weak side. The strongest of all his instincts was the thirst for imperious domination. Vanessa hugged the fetters to which Stella merely submitted. Flattered to excess by her surrender, yet conscious of his binding obligations and his real preference, he could neither discard the one beauty nor desert the other. It is humiliating to human strength, and consoling to human weakness, to find the Titan behaving like the least resolute of mortals, seeking refuge in temporizing, in evasion, in fortuitous circumstance. Unable to marry Stella without destroying Vanessa, or to openly welcome Vanessa without destroying Stella, he was thus involved in the most miserable embarrassment. . . . At length, unable to bear any more Stella's mute reproach and his own consciousness of wrong, he gave a reluctant consent to a private marriage which, as at least the weight of testimony seems to prove, though there is no documentary evidence, was accordingly performed."

This hushed up garden ceremony of 1716 (if it actually took place) was but a grudging and inadequate concession; for poor Stella, never more than a nominal wife, was pledged to inviolable secrecy, and generally regarded as Swift's mistress to the end of her life. Nor were Vanessa's jealousy and suspicions finally laid at rest either by Stella's silence or Swift's cajolery. Smouldering on for seven years, during the latter part of which the Dean visited her frequently at Celbridge, Vanessa's passion blazed out to its catastrophe in 1723, and the fatal letter to Stella, demanding to know her relationship to Swift, was sent. Stella, outraged beyond endurance, wrote back that she was his wife; sent Vanessa's letter to the Dean, and went away to a friend. Swift, with a countenance of thunder, rode straight to Celbridge, froze Vanessa with his awful frown, flung her letter on the table, and left without uttering one word. Such, at least, is the popular legend. It was Vanessa's death-blow, and within a month she died.

Five years later the unacknowledged wife followed her rival to the grave. At the very last, on her death-bed, when, as the dying Stella murmured, "It is too late," Swift offered to own their union; and on the night of Sunday, January 28, 1727–8, within two hours of her death, at which he was not present, Swift sat down "as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, to say something of her life and character," and wrote the exquisitely simple pages "On the Death of Mrs Johnson," eloquent alike in the little that is told, and the much that is withheld.

It is something surely less reprobate than mere prying curiosity that makes us search keenly for any further gleams of light upon this baffling chapter of Swift's life. Yet whenever a promising trail is struck, the scent fails with tantalising certainty.

Mrs Delany, who (as the widowed young Mrs Pendarves) corresponded more or less regularly with Swift from 1733 to 1736, and saw a good deal of him while she was in Ireland, might have been expected to offer some enlightenment in her *Autobiography*; for their correspondence reveals mutual interests and liking, and sometimes indeed a touch of the old familiarity of the *Stella Journal*; as when, in February 1735, the Dean writes to her: "Your last is dated about two months ago, since which time I never had one hour of health or spirit to acknowledge it. *It's your fault*; why did you not come sooner into the world, or let me come later? *It is your fault* for coming into Ireland at all; *it is your fault* for leaving it. I confess your case is hard, for if you return you are a great fool to come among *beggars and slaves*, if you do not return you are a *great knave* in forsaking those you have seduced to admire you."

But Mary Pendarves does not help us, though she doubtless might have done so. For when, as an old lady, she was living with the Duchess of Portland at Bulstrode, Miss Hamilton (Sir William's niece) paid them a long visit in 1783, and records in her *Diary* much of their conversation and pursuits. "Mrs Delany told me many particulars relating to Swift, Mrs Johnstone, Vanessa, etc," she writes; and then, just as our ears are pricked to full attention, slips off to something else, leaving the robbed biographer gasping for "more of the spirit of a Boswell."

In Swift's desk, at his death, a lock of Stella's hair was found, its wrapper inscribed, in his handwriting: "Only a woman's hair." There is no need to recall Thackeray's passionate indictment of those poignant words, which surely harbour something much more—or much less—than either cynicism or remorse. But what exactly lay behind them is now beyond our reach, and lies buried in that Dublin grave *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.* For in the right interpretation of those four words lies the key to much of the mystery of Swift.

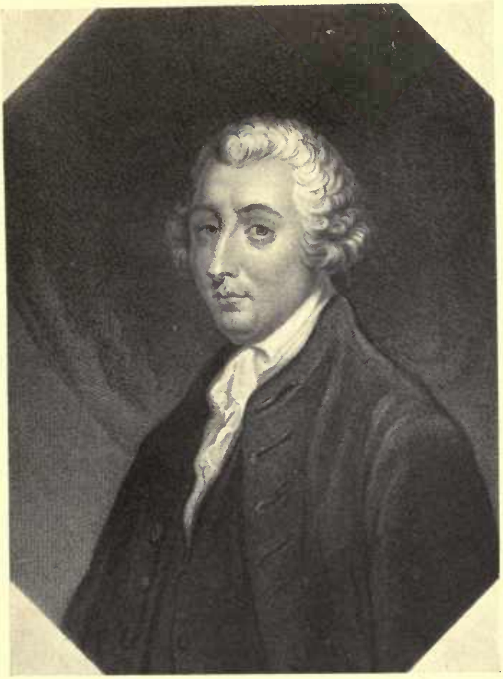
Whilst correcting the proofs of these pages I came across Mr Martin Freeman's most interesting *Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift: The Letters edited for the first time from the originals,* which were acquired by the British Museum from the sale of the Morrison Collection in 1919. To this volume, in which a praiseworthy effort is made to group the letters in their chronological sequence and their accurate text, and which is prefaced by a temperate and scholarly introduction weighing all the available facts, I would refer readers whose interest in Cadenus and Vanessa may have been reawakened to the point of wishing to hear the last word on a fascinating problem, well and worthily spoken.

Mr Freeman's review of the evidence leads him finally to banish the various sensational explanations, "one more elegant than another," which have been offered from time to time. Swift, from early middle life, threatened by disease, politically disappointed and banished to Ireland, lost zest and hope, and looked on himself as old, monkish, and splenetic. "The tragedy, then, was inevitable from the day when Vanessa attempted to arouse in him a love of which he was incapable. It might have been hastened, or its form might have been different, if he had sternly broken with Vanessa as soon as he had discovered the nature of her desires; but it could not have been averted. Age and youth, age terribly strong and youth pitifully weak, age experienced and affectionate, but youth passionate and uncompromising, these could not live together; but one, no need to ask which, must die."

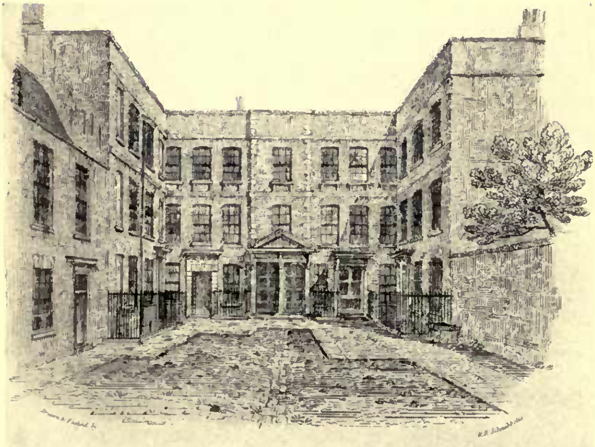
SMOLLETT AT MONMOUTH HOUSE

From Swift's Danvers Street lodging let us now traverse some forty years onward and some long stone's throw east, to the top of Lawrence Street; and pushing open the finely-porticoed door of Monmouth House, find our way to the workshop of another weaver of immortal tales, Tobias Smollett; who dwelt here for some ten years from 1749, and here wrote his *Peregrine Pickle, Launcelot Greaves*, and *Count Fathom*, as well as his *History of England* and the translation of *Don Quixote*.

Though pestered by duns and gradually undermining his health by overwork, Smollett's life in Chelsea was not, I think, altogether an unhappy one, until it was overwhelmed by a great catastrophe, "the loss," as he himself wrote, "of that which was dearer to me than health itself, my



TOBIAS SMOLLETT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MONMOUTH HOUSE, LAWRENCE STRT CHELSEA, TAKEN DOWN 1833.

darling child, whom I cannot yet remember with any degree of composure."

Smollett's affection for this little Chelsea daughter brings him into momentary association with Laurence Sterne, who was amongst his visitors at Chelsea, and whose devotion to his Lydia was the one stable sentiment of his life's sentimental journey. Both men were driven by ill-health on their travels abroad, and must, indeed, have touched hands at Montpellier in 1763; and both have given us the story of their pilgrimage. But there comparison must end; for between the acrid realistic pessimism of "Smelfungus," and the garrulous sensitive impressionism of "Yorick," there was more than antithesis, there was essential antipathy. They might travel the same roads and visit the same places, but the things they saw, and their way of seeing them, would be absolutely and eternally different. For Smollett and Swift too, at their best and their worst, were at least always men.

But there is so much of veiled autobiography in Smollett's stories, and he introduces into them so much, not only of himself, but of his personal friends and enemies of the moment, that there is the less need here to rummage his study for traces of his personality. Proud, quick-tempered, resentful, yet warm-hearted and generous, his moods and smarts and straits are revealed for us throughout the pages of *Roderick Random*, which appeared within a few months of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Smollett's personal cynicism and bitterness are reflected all too pungently in his novels.

Random was an unloveable blackguard, Pickle a savage and brutal tormentor, Fathom a vile adventurer. Their author did not scruple to vilify Garrick in a novel, and eulogize him in his History. "I thought," he wrote, "it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to make a public atonement in a work of truth for wrongs done him in a work of fiction." He wrote offensively of Fielding in one book, and imitated him in the next. He could not resist attacking Admiral Knowles in his *Critical Review*, though it cost him three months' imprisonment. One of the best examples one could cull of the way in which his personal experiences were utilized in his novels occurs in his last and perhaps greatest work, *Humphrey Clinker*, and relates to his Chelsea life. The passage is too long for quotation here, and may be read in the "Letter to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart," p. 172, where Dick Ivy takes Melford for a Sunday visit to S——. "He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding and potatoes, port, punch and Calvert's entire butt beer. . . . I was civilly received in a plain yet decent habitation which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden kept in excellent order; and indeed I saw none of the outward signs of authorship either, in the house of the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage and above dependence." There follows a long and very diverting description of each of the ten guests at the dinner table, and of their sport and practical jokes in the garden afterwards. The portraits are obviously genuine, and form a remarkable gallery of that extraordinary collection of literary hacks and quill-drivers with whom Smollett's multifarious journalistic and other ventures brought him into contact. His literary self stands thus revealed in the pages of his works; the other side of him, his coarse fun, his unconquerable energy, his quick, hot temper, his passionate love for the little daughter whom death could not spare to him, are for other than these workshop pages.

ATTERBURY, SHAFTESBURY, MARY ASTELL

But now, with the full tide of the eighteenth century, we have got to discriminate severely, even in our village purview, if we are ever to get through unexhausted. Whose of the many Chelsea writing-desks shall we try to open? Shall it be Swift's old neighbour's, Francis Atterbury? I'm afraid we should find it most discreetly locked; and full, if we should force it, of treasonable correspondence which would accord but strangely with his obsequious officiation at the crowning of King George. Tempting, indeed, it might be to unearth *Phalaris* once more, and fight again the *Battle of the Books*; but that tremendous little tempest, which so agitated "the Lady Lurewells, the Mirabells and the Millaments of the brilliant drawing-rooms of Soho Square and Covent Garden," would need an epic for its adequate portrayal, and the strange pathology of that exiled heretic must be left for other pages than these.

Shall it be that amiable and genteel philosopher Lord Shaftesbury of the *Characteristics*—and of Little Chelsea? But I am not quite clear about the sufficiency of a system based on the moral sense, nor quite convinced that this is the best of all possible worlds; so I feel myself disqualified from any rash attempts upon Anthony Ashley's æsthetic desk, of which I have no key that fits.

Shall it be Mary Astell of Paradise Row, that very remarkable protagonist of the rights and vocation of her sex, whose learning was so "offensive" that Atterbury "dreaded to engage her," and who lived through her last terrible illness with a coffin placed always by her bedside, "to keep her mind fixed on proper contemplations"? But we know, unfortunately, too little of the heroic life of this pugnacious blue-stocking to pay more than passing homage to the keen good-humoured wit of a pioneer who fought, against the grossest slander, for much that has become the veriest commonplace to-day. George Ballard, who included her amongst his *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, tried hard, as some manuscripts in the Bodleian show, to find out further particulars about her, but without much success. He tells us that though "from the very flower of her age she lived and conversed with the *Beau Monde* amidst all the gaiety, pomp and pageantry of the great city, yet in the midst of it, she had a holy, pure and even angelical life"; and ultimately, in her Chelsea seclusion, "she practised the things that are excellent to such a degree that, in her, primitive Christianity was revived, and she lived as those first Christians did, and as we should." But he adds to our comfort, that withal "her deportment and conversation was highly entertaining and innocently facetious."

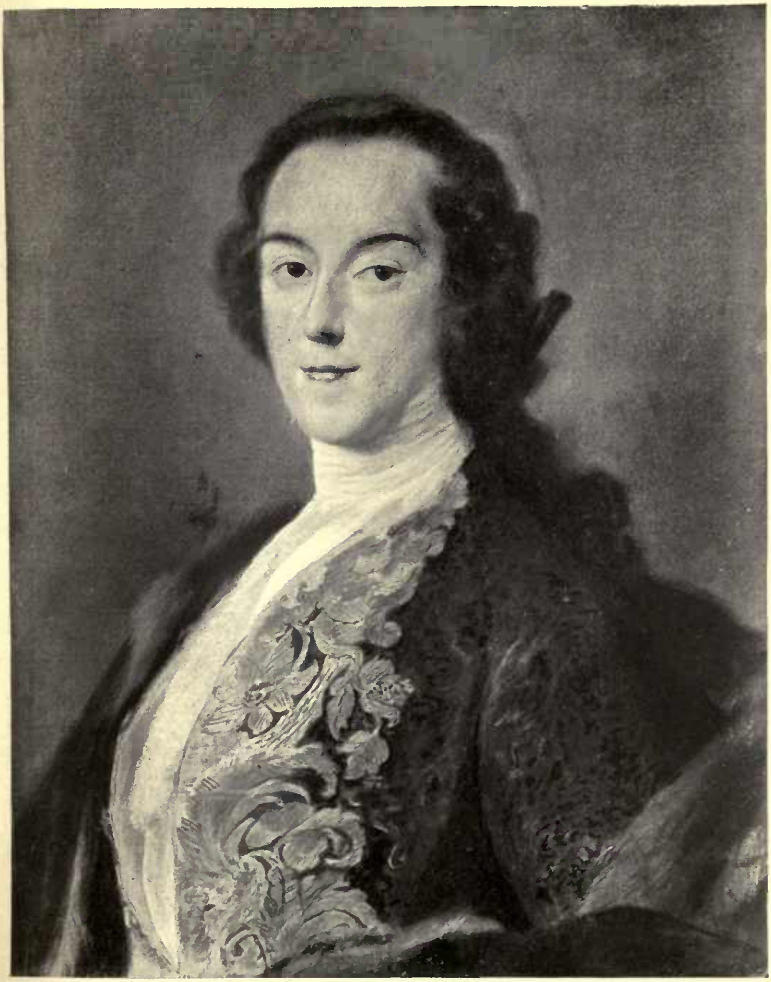
HORACE WALPOLE AT WALPOLE HOUSE

Horace Walpole, again, though part of his youth was spent in his father's (*pace* the scandalmongers) Sir Robert's home, adjoining the Royal Hospital, and though he often revisited "my poor favourite Chelsea," can hardly perhaps be cited here without robbery to "Twitnam," a larceny to which we are already too wealthy to feel tempted—even for "the best letter writer in the English language." The pen, unquestionably, was ever in the hand of that gouty and accomplished bachelor, though it was rather the politicians and the court and society of his time than its authors and its literature that were his keenest concern. One cannot but feel also that there was something typical, bitterly as it was afterwards repented, in the chill neglect which helped to send young Chatterton to his death.

A choice little private printing press there might be at Strawberry Hill, but it would be profane indeed to suggest the possibility of any literary "workshop" for Horace Walpole. The very idea sounds horribly professional and plebeian. Rather, we would picture him in his lavender suit with partridge silk stockings, gold buckles, lace ruffles and frill, seated on an ebony chair at a costly Gothic table, designed for Strawberry Hill by an unwillingly perverted Chippendale; an exquisitely mounted pen poised between his aristocratic fingers, and a secretary waiting to take a fair copy of the private letter which was in course of inditement.

Walpole's handwriting, by the way, remained wonderfully clear and legible almost to the very end, and in spite of the thousands of pages over which that pen must have travelled. I have just been looking at one of his letters written in 1796, when he was in his eightieth year; and though he says in it that "when I attempted to finish this last night, my poor fingers were so tired by all the work of the day, that it will require Sir W. Jones' 'Gift of Tongues' to interpret my pothooks," every word of it is as legible almost as double pica.

Nothing would have pained him more than the mere suggestion of struggling and laborious authorship. "He wished to be a celebrated author," as Macaulay wrote, "and yet to be a mere idle gentleman. He did not like to have anything in common with the wretches who lodged in the little courts behind St Martin's Church and stole out on Sundays to dine with their bookseller." He detested to be called a



Rosalba *Emery Walker*

HORACE WALPOLE

learned gentleman—" I who have always lived in the big busy world, who lie abed all the morning, sup in company, played faro and loo till two and three in the morning, and always loved pleasure." He was far too affected and fastidious, too artificial a gentleman ever to have become a great author. The insincerity which belittled all the great things in life was matched by a frivolity which magnified trifles and shams, and had a passion for things immaterial and obscure.

And one has always to remember that scandal, innuendo, and sneers were as the breath of his nostril, and the bread of his life; that he would disdain to allow an awkward fact to spoil a good story, and would never dream of substituting the likelier construction for the worse, if the latter were the more amusing. Of such a chronicler the facts need strict corroboration;—but even the dull historians aren't always trustworthy.

And yet, even if all this be admitted, our debt to Horace Walpole is immense, and it ill beseems any who love to ramble in eighteenth-century byways to depreciate the writer who must be their constant companion. They could scarcely find a theme which he has left untouched, or a person or a haunt to which he has made no reference; and happy would they be if in searching for his authority they could catch something of the extraordinarily even and measured ease, the endless wit and graphic vivacity of his style.

FANNY BURNEY AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL

Rather, since in our riches we have got to reject and to select, would I choose the author of *Evelina* as the eighteenth-century representative of Chelsea in the house of literature; though here again we must remember that both *Evelina* and *Cecilia* were published before Dr Burney actually came into residence as organist of Chelsea Hospital. Still, Fanny Burney was much there, loved the place, and speaks of it (not quite correctly) as her "natal home"; and it was there that she nursed her beloved father through his last illness. *Evelina; or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World,* may still rank, I suppose, for its period, and in its earliest inception, and in spite of Young Visiters and old Vixens like Croker, amongst the choice examples of literary precocity. Little Fanny began to scribble her poems and works of invention before she was eleven. At Queen's Square she used to write in a little play-room scattered with toys, up two pairs of stairs; at Lynn, during their yearly visits, in a summer-house, which the sisters called the Cabin, and in St Martin's Street, in the Newton Observatory. Here the Early Diary was written from 1768, when Fanny was sixteen. In 1773 began "the very particular correspondence with Mr Crisp," which prefigured the Rev. Mr Villars; and it seems clear that though her severely trained conscience had smitten her for the waste of her time in scribbling, to such an extent that she had burnt all her manuscripts on her fifteenth birthday, she was developing *Evelina* in her head, if not on scraps of paper, in the latter part of that year. In the spring of 1774 she enters in the Diary: " As I am less young, I grow, I fear, less wise, for I cannot any longer resist what I find to be irresistible, the pleasure of popping down my thoughts from time to time on paper."

Amongst the stories which had been immolated in the burnt-offering of the fifteenth birthday was one named *The History of Caroline Evelyn*; and this poor cremated Caroline was the mother of a young daughter Evelina, whose orphan story continued to develop itself in the brain of Miss Fanny, which was evidently at work on it, both in the St Martin's Street home and at the " Liberty Hall " at Chessington, her Daddy Crisp's abode, where also was a summer-house of suitable retirement. " Distant as you may think us from the great world," she writes to her sister, " I sometimes find myself in the midst of it, though nobody suspects the brilliancy of the company I occasionally keep." Fanny, as well as her sisters, had for years been kept busy by their father in transcribing and taking down notes for his *History of Music*, and we can imagine the hurriedly seized intervals from this and her other home work which were surreptitiously devoted to *Evelina*, from the original manuscript, which is still in existence, written in all varieties of hasty and leisured scrawl upon innumerable pieces of paper of every size and shape which the fortunate moment happened to produce. " When," as she afterwards recorded, "the little narrative began to assume a 'questionable shape,' a wish as vague as it was fantastic crossed the brain of the writer to see her work in print," and this idea was communicated to her sisters under pledge of inviolable silence.

When, in 1776, the first two volumes had not only been written, but transcribed in an upright feigned hand, lest some compositor who knew her ordinary writing from her work as her father's amanuensis might detect the mighty secret, she wrote to Dodsley the bookseller, offering the unfinished work anonymously, and promising, if it were accepted, to supply the sequel within a year. Mr Dodsley, however, rashly though not perhaps unnaturally, declined to look at anything anonymous; and "this lofty reply" having been received under cover to "Mr King at the Orange Coffee House, Haymarket," and "sat in full committee upon" by the sisters and brother, it was decided to try Mr Lowndes of Fleet Street.

The letter to Lowndes was dated December 1776.

"As an author," wrote this experienced lady of four-and-twenty, "has a kind of natural claim to a connection with a bookseller, I hope that in the character of the former you will pardon, although a stranger, for the liberty I take of requesting you to favour me with an answer to the following queries"; and she proceeds to inquire whether he would take the trouble of candidly perusing a MS. novel sent without public name or private recommendation; whether the first volume could be printed this season; and whether if after reading it was thought worth printing, Mr Lowndes would buy the copy without ever seeing or knowing the author. Lowndes was more enterprising than Dodsley, and wrote at once:

"I've not the least objection to what you propose, and if you favour me with sight of your MS. I'll lay aside other business to read it, and tell you my thoughts of it. With two Presses, I can soon make it appear in print, for now is the time for a novel." Brother Charles, decorously disguised to impersonate "Mr King," was promptly despatched amid great excitement to Fleet Street with the first volume. Lowndes was as good as his word, and must have enjoyed his Christmas holiday with *Evelina*, for within a week he writes, on December 29th: "Sir, I've read and like the manuscript, and if you'll send the rest, I'll soon run it over." Fanny's hope had been that the volumes would be published one by one, at intervals; but Lowndes, to whom the second volume was sent a fortnight later, wrote that he thought it would be to the author's interest as well as his own to finish and publish the book complete in the following summer. The young authoress, greatly elated, had therefore to work hard at the completion of volume three, which took her nine months. It was sent to Lowndes in November 1777, and his reply is, as usual, brief and business-like—though falling, perhaps, a little short of the requirements of the Society of Authors.

"Sir, I've read this third volume, and think it better than first and second. If you please, I'll give you twenty guineas for the manuscript, and without loss of time put it to press. Your obedient Servant, Thos. Lowndes."

Meantime Fanny, overburdened by the weight of her secret, had very diffidently confided to her father that she had sent Mr Lowndes a manuscript, and implored him never to divulge her authorship, or to demand a sight of her "trash" (the little humbug!), which the Doctor had, with much amusement and chaff and singular unconcern, promised to do. In the first week of January 1778 Lowndes sent a proof copy, begging immediate revision "or the Reviewers may find a flaw"; and at the end of that same month Mrs Burney innocently read out from a newspaper to the consciously blushing writer and her covertly smiling sisters at the breakfast-table: "This day was published *Evelina*; *or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World,* Printed for T. Lowndes, Fleet Street"; and passed nonchalantly to other news.

And what an entrance into the world it was for the modest, yet elated little Fanny! Few literary joys can be keener than listening to the tributes to an anonymous success, and we do not wonder that it was a "rapturous and most innocent happiness" which this Young Lady tasted to the full. One after the other we have the stories of the praises, first of her father, who pronounced it wonderful, compared it to Fielding, and confessed to "blubbering" over the scene between Evelina and Belmont; then her mother's delighted (though still ignorant) laughter; then Dr Johnson, who was full of enthusiasm, and declared it might have done honour to Richardson; and then Mrs Thrale, and Daddy Crisp, and Mrs Montagu, Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and so on in widening circles through the whole literary and fashionable world of the day, and extending, of course, ultimately to the King and Queen; though not, alas! with sufficient appreciation there to lighten those dreadful years of poor Fanny's court servitude, and the brutalities of the unspeakable Schwellenberg. Never was there a young success so lavish. Johnson was continually quoting the characters; Sir Joshua couldn't eat, Burke couldn't go to bed till he had finished the book. And never, surely, was fame so relished, so greedily gouté to the last morsel. One recalls, for parallel, that memorable March of 1760, when Laurence Sterne alighted with Stephen Croft from the York coach in London to find himself famous, and the delighted author of *Tristram Shandy* was informed by Robert Dodsley (elder brother of him who declined to look at *Evelina*), that the book, which a few weeks before had been pronounced unsaleable, was already unbuyable, every copy having been instantly disposed of, and the public clamouring impatiently for more. Sterne's excited and ecstatic letters, describing his triumph to his "dear, dear Kitty," disarm criticism in the flush of their simple vanity; but the mystery of his anonymous title page was short-lived, and he had not that additional relish which Miss Burney much longer enjoyed. For there is no doubt that little Fanny, for all her shyness and self-consciousness, delighted to be lionised and was plentifully and charmingly egotistic. It would be brutal to say that those four humiliating years of menial service at the court, during which she was permitted to attend to the Queen's toilette and snuff-box and lap-dog, and to make tea for the equerries, were in some respects a salutary though a too prolonged and too shattering antidote for all the banquet of eulogy and petting which *Evelina* brought her. Croker, in much later years, soured by her refusal to bolster up his bad Boswelling with her Johnson memories, made a vicious attack on Madame d'Arblay's veracity, which was in large measure based on mistakes and confusion of dates in the writing of her early recollections; but the shameless censure seems itself founded on a misconception, and it does not appear upon examination that she ever said that *Evelina* was the work of a girl of seventeen, which was the age of the heroine, rather than the authoress. Macaulay, in the far truer and more discriminating essay of 1843, has marshalled her, in his own inimitable way, "to the exact seat in the laws of literary precedence to which she is entitled"; and while refusing to her a place in the highest rank of art to which he was prepared to conduct Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, he was ready to admit that in the rank to which she belonged, as a character-monger and a depicter of humours, she had few equals and scarcely any superior.

It is deplorable that the sequence of Fanny Burney's literary work yields a record of progressive decline. In *Evelina* she was her simple, unaffected self. In *Cecilia* the influence of her intimacy with Doctor Johnson begins to be apparent in an adopted mannerism which is neither his nor her own; Macaulay, indeed, did not hesitate to infer his actual collaboration in certain passages of the book, though this has since been disproved. In *Camilla* she has lost most of her native simplicity and all of her mentor's support, and the result is stilted, unnatural, and sometimes disastrous. But with what appalled sensations of boredom and disappointment does one attempt to wade through the prolix pages of the three volume *Memoir* of her father, which occupied her later years; bracing oneself to extract the simplest facts from an "exuberance of verbosity" which brings no "intoxication," but is profoundly exhausting. When Daddy Crisp becomes a recluse, we have to discover it from such sentences as this:

"Firm to resist the kindness, he determined to escape the tediousness of persuasion; and however often in after life, when renovated health gave him a consciousness of renovated faculties, he might have regretted this intellectual internment, he was immovable never more to emerge from a tranquillity which now to his sickened mind made the pursuits of ambition seem as oppressively troublesome in their manœuvres as they were morbidly bitter in their disappointment." And if Dr Burney suffers from rheumatism on his return from Germany, this is how we learn of his illness: "While thus doubly overwhelmed, he was assaulted during his precipitated return by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife, through which with bad accommodation and innumerable accidents he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism, which barely suffered him to reach his home ere long and piteously it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed." Shade of Evelina! This is not quite what we expected from a Young Lady's Entrance into the World!

Fanny's filial piety, as this last extract reminds us, would certainly not permit our leaving this particular top floor workshop at Chelsea Hospital without saying anything about its widely loved and amiable tenant, her father. It is true that he said a great deal too much about himself, and one reads with amazement that even Madame d'Arblay found his *Memoirs* so prolix and discursive that she burnt hundreds of their sheets; for which we are sufficiently grateful, since quite enough have been preserved. Judging—and I hope not misjudging—from a very brief study of his activities, one gets the curious impression of these as being forms of recuperative exercise prescribed during periods of convalescence.

When greatly depressed by his wife's death in 1796 he began, at Fanny's suggestion, a poem on astronomy, which gave him long occupation, but which was ultimately destroyed. The subject is one of immeasurable vastness and unimaginable lengths, and one feels sure that it would have received adequate treatment had mortal time and type sufficed for its completion. When he had suffered from nervous and rheumatic attacks, he got better upon dry fugues and canons. A bout of fever was followed by the first attack on the *History of Music.* A family bereavement induced an Opera; his second wife's death plunged him in the *Dictionary*; the paralytic stroke of 1807 left him a victim to the *Memoirs.* In fulfilling his professional engagements he was much on horseback, and so is his literary style, which is never pedestrian, though frequently stilted. But everybody loved him, and the friend of Johnson and the Thrales, of Burke, of Sir Joshua, of Garrick, of Mesdames Montagu and Chapone and Delany, gave home opportunities of which his daughter, at least, took delightful advantage, in the début of her Evelina.

To the quietly observant, the vivacious, garrulous effusive Fanny of that *Evelina,* rather than to any later Miss Burney or Madame d'Arblay, it is that we bid affectionate farewell; to Daddy Crisp's beloved "little Devil," whose sentiments, if shallow, were always sincere, whose "vehement prejudices were corrected by flashes of humour," whose delight in compliments was so insatiable, whom Johnson loved, and for whom even the Schwellenberg was forced at last to admit some grudging admiration.

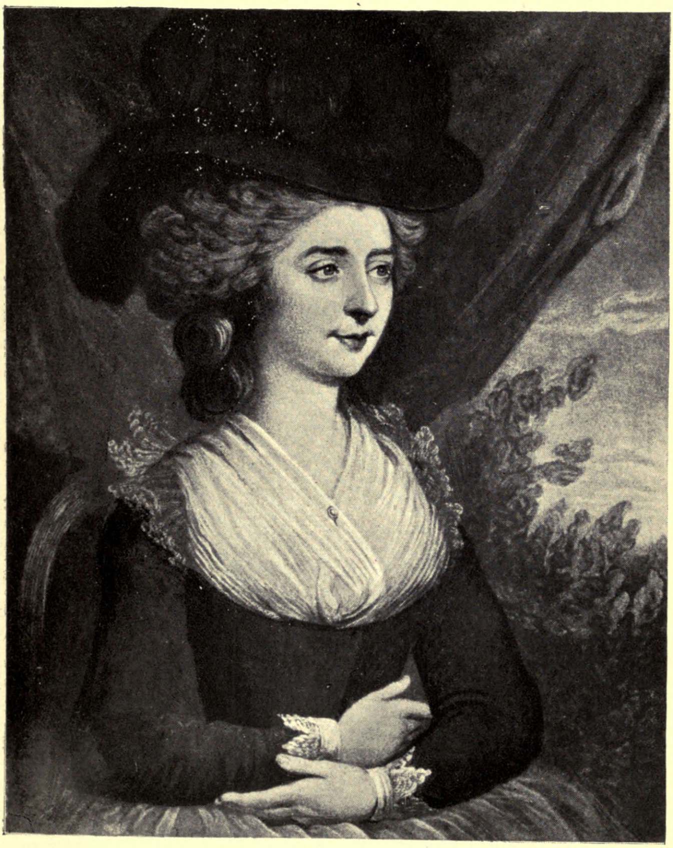
There comes, indeed, a time when one gets a kind of distilled enjoyment out of fine writing, which is a little different from that which the author intended to produce; such joy as is given

—with ever a little smile at the back of it—by the quaint precision of a primitive painter, or by some Old Testament verses, a diligent sampler, or the unexpected turn of an epitaph.

Leslie Stephen's fine taste could, it seems, savour something of this sort in Fanny Burney's magniloquence ; he found it " absurd or delicious," and avowed that, for some readers, even the fine writing of the *Memoirs* was not without its charm. Let us test our palate with a choice morsel of *Cecilia* :

" Hear me," says the aristocratic Mrs Delvile to that distracted young heiress. " Hear me then, I beg of you, with no predetermination to disregard me, but with an equitable resolution to attend to reason, and a candour that leaves an opening to conviction. Strange at once and affecting that not all these requisites for the satisfaction of prudence, nor all these allurements for the gratification of happiness can suffice to fulfil, or to silence, the claims of either ! There are yet other demands to which we must attend, demands which ancestry and blood call upon us aloud to satisfy ! Such claimants are not to be neglected with impunity ; they assert their rights with the authority of prescription, they forbid us alike either to bend to inclination or stoop to interest ; and from generation to generation their injuries will call out for redress, should their noble and long unsullied name be voluntarily consigned to oblivion."

Granted, of course, that nobody in this world, under any circumstances, can have talked quite



E. Burney

FANNY BURNEY

like that; still the great rolling sentence does convey a rather superb impression of a most superior personage.

L'ENVOI

At the outset of this paper I ventured my belief that if my raids upon old bookshelves led readers to similar excursions into the volumes of bygone days I might be more than forgiven. Now that I have come to a halt with the end of the eighteenth century (and always within the limitations of Our Village), I am not so sure of this. Apart from the scholars of literature, who are beings hors concours, for whom I could not pretend to speak, and apart from the few, the very few, compelling master works that are clearly for all time, who reads, or is likely to be tempted to read, old books to-day? The young, sometimes, by the way of education, and more or less by compulsion; the old, it may be, in the leisurely hours that begin to lose touch with the present and hark back upon the past. Form, perhaps, may have a good deal to do with it. For most of us a new book is much more attractive to pick up than an old one. Clean white paper, good black type, spaced lines and sightly margins, introductions, notes, indexes, illustrations, pretty covers—these things are all a pleasure and a help. Sometimes an old book is rejuvenated for us in a new frock, with handsome trimmings, and makes a fresh début, as Joseph Nollekens has lately done—though here I must confess to a preference for Mr Gosse's edition of 1895, where footnotes do not occupy nine-tenths of the page, and one is not perpetually distracted from the sentence by the call to a note below. The *Everyman* Library and similar series of reprints have done splendid work in this way; and so, of course, have the Oxford and other books of English verse. Three or four years ago the Cambridge University Press issued a series of *Readings in Literature* in five light and handy little volumes, edited by Mr George Sampson, which are, to my mind, the most appetising and delightful of " Bedside Books " imaginable. They are prepared, according to the Preface, " for the use of pupils of twelve and above " ; and no one, happily, who loves good reading need be excluded from the latter category. " For us," says their editor, " there should be no ' battle of the ancient and modern books ' but one continuous stream of literature, as rich in noble impulse now as ever." And anyone who gets hold of these five volumes will find himself made free of some glorious fishing in the finest pools of that delicious stream.

Still, such collections, however typical and illuminating, are only extracted tit-bits, not the whole substantial meals. Perhaps, of the past, that is as much as we ordinary much-occupied workers of to-day can be expected to assimilate. The modern book, dealing with a world we know and with events, conditions, personalities familiar to us, and with which we are ourselves more or less in contact, starts with a tremendous handicap in its favour.

I am thinking of fiction particularly, and must confess to finding the old novels extremely difficult to tackle; at least, while one is surrounded by those of to-day. Writing about Fanny Burney, for instance, I spent a difficult afternoon the other day with my five closely printed volumes of the original edition of her *Cecilia*, and I must admit that I simply could not read them; and if I were put in the confessional I should have, with shame, to say the same even of Scott.

It seems, for many of us, as if nothing short of a prohibitive stamp duty on all new fiction would ever give us a fair chance of reading even the very best of the old.

I said something of this sort lately to a keen discriminating reader of the younger generation, and was severely dealt with, as I might have expected. " But why ? " was the retort. " Sufficient unto the day, for me, are the books of to-day. I want to live, and let the dead past bury its dead. I can't even tackle Thackeray, hardly Dickens, much less Fielding and Richardson and Smollett. Jane Austen—don't shriek—puts me to sleep. I won't have your deadly stamp duty. I'd rather propose an evanescent printers' ink, so that no book should be legible after fifty years or so. Hardy, Stevenson, Meredith, Barrie, Conrad, Kipling, Wells, Frankau, Merrick, these be my gods, and good enough for me. Go to, with your ghosts of ghosts, your people in periwigs and crinolines, with all their absurd heroics and blushes and vapours. I can't believe they ever existed, and if they did, I'm thankful I wasn't there. Here and now, for my novels, please. Brooke's *1914* is classic enough for me. Do you remember the first lines ?

" Now God be thanked, Who has matched us with His hour
 And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping
With hand made sure, clear eye and sharpened power
 To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary——"

" Oh yes. But didn't Donne say something like that three hundred years ago ? " " I dare say, and I don't care. It was Rupert Brooke who said it for me." And then as she tapped another cigarette on her case, she added consolingly : " Still, I do love dear old Don Quixote, so let's shake hands on him ! "

Perhaps then, if the Paulo-post-futurists of the twentieth century to be will each snatch one favoured individual brand from the burning, there is yet hope of some salvage for our prehistoric pre-war Ancient Lights.

" For Books," as Milton wrote, " are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve, as in a viall, the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. A good Booke is the pretious lifeblood of a master spirit embalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life."

SIR HANS SLOANE

"He shows you a straw hat which I know to be made by Madge Pestad, within three miles of Bedford. It is 'Pontius Pilate's Wife's Chambermaid's Sister's Hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impose upon the world."—No. 34, *The Tatler*.

IT would be a safe wager—though, in these hurried and testy times, I do not suggest the experiment—that if you were to stop and to inquire of a hundred people in Sloane Square or Hans Crescent after whom these places were named you would be met by ninety-nine with an assurance of the profoundest ignorance; and that, if you should courteously attempt to enlighten this, you would be left in astonishment at the number of trains which people had to catch. Yet the man who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton in the presidential chair of the Royal Society, and who founded the British Museum, ought to be able to evoke some spark of interest. Let us see.

The chief authority, apart from official documents, for the biography of Hans Sloane is a manuscript (S.M. 4241) in the British Museum which has been transcribed in part in Faulkner's *History of Chelsea* and forms the basis of one or two briefer subsequent memoirs. From this contemporary manuscript it appears that Sloane's family was of Scottish descent, but settled in the north of Ireland at the time of the "new plantation" of that region in the reign of James I. His father, Alexander Sloane, was Receiver-General of Taxes for the county of Down, where his residence was at Killyleagh, on the western shore of Lough Strangford, north of Downpatrick, and about twenty miles south-eastward from Belfast. His mother was Sarah Hickes, a daughter of Dr Hickes, chaplain of Archbishop Laud and prebend of Winchester. She had gone to Ireland in the company of Lady Hamilton, wife of James, Viscount Clanboye, to whom James I. had given large grants of land in Ulster, and who was M.P. for County Down in 1613. Here she met and married Alexander Sloane, and became by him the mother of seven sons, of whom Hans, the youngest, was born in 1660.

Young Hans began, as a boy, the studies in natural history to which his life was to be devoted, but these were interrupted when he was sixteen by a severe illness accompanied by hæmorrhage, which lasted for three years, and from which his eventual recovery is curiously attributed to his giving up wine and leading an extremely careful and temperate life. As soon as he was well enough he came to England to study medicine at the Apothecaries' Hall and at their Garden at Chelsea, of which Mr Watts was then Curator. During this period of his residence in London (he was living in a house next door to the laboratory of Apothecaries' Hall, in Water Lane) Sloane made the acquaintance of the great John Ray, the father of natural history in England, and author of the *Historia Plantarum*; and also of Robert Boyle, expounder of the famous law of elasticity and pressure, and one of the founders of the Royal Society; and one can well imagine how greatly the lad's studies must have been stimulated by his intercourse with these two leading physicists of the day. After about four years' study in London, Sloane went abroad in 1683 to complete his education, and spent a year in Paris and Montpellier, during which he evidently put in a great deal of strenuous hard work. "Upon his arrival in Paris he attended the Hospital of La Charité and the lectures of the chief professors of Botany, Chemistry, and Anatomy in that City, which afforded him full employment for the day. He entered at six in the morning the Royal Garden of Plants with Monsieur Tournefort, who demonstrated the plants after the order of Gaspar Bauhin in his *Pinax*, till eight, then Monsieur Duforty explained their virtues till ten; and at two in the afternoon Monsieur du Verney read upon Anatomy till four, and was succeeded by Monsieur Parlyon, the chemical professor, who discoursed in French on the operations to be performed that day by Monsieur Favens. Mr Sloane was assiduous in his attendance on all these Professors."

From Paris he proceeded to take his degree at Orange, as Doctor of Physic, and "maintained a thesis with great applause"; and thence went on to Montpellier, where Chirac and Magout were his principal teachers.

Returning to London in the autumn of 1684, he communicated the results of his travels to Mr Boyle, and sent to Mr Ray the collection of rare specimens made in France, which were duly incorporated and acknowledged in the *Historia Plantarum*, published two years later. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1685, and of the Royal College of Physicians in 1687. On his return from France young Sloane was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Thomas Sydenham, one of the most famous and enlightened physicians of the century, who "admitted him to the greatest intimacy of friendship, recommending him in the strongest terms to his patients when he was disabled by the gout from attending them himself." But, just when the road towards successful medical practice at home seemed so auspiciously opened for him, it happened that the Duke of Albemarle was made Governor of Jamaica, and required the services of a physician to accompany him there. The post was offered to Hans Sloane on his own terms, and the opportunity of enlarging his natural history studies by a visit to the West Indies in such influential company was too good to be refused. The party set sail in September 1687, and arrived at Jamaica in December, having visited Madeira and Barbadoes *en route*. Unfortunately—or so to Sloane at the time it must have seemed—the Duke (a much less interesting figure than his father, George Monck, the great soldier and admiral of Cromwell and of Charles II.) fell ill soon after the arrival of the party in Jamaica, and died there in the following year; and his widowed Duchess determining to return to England, Sloane had to accompany her back in March 1689, having spent just fifteen months in the Island. But the young physician's industry during this sojourn must have been indefatigable, if we are to judge by the two stupendous volumes in which he subsequently recorded its results, and the great collection of its flora and fauna which he managed to bring back. His ambitions in this direction were sanguine, but not always successful. Amongst other acquisitions, he tried to bring home alive a large yellow snake seven feet long, a big lizard, and a crocodile. The lizard was frightened by a seaman and leapt overboard, and the crocodile died in a tub of salt water near the forecastle, but the snake, which was housed (very uncomfortably one must imagine) in one of the ship's large earthen water-jars, and fed on the entrails of fowls and other refuse from the galley, desired a wider sphere of interest than a water-pot; and at length, succeeding in forcing apart the wooden boards over the mouth of the jar, climbed to the top of the deckhouse. Sloane informs us that the snake seemed pleased with its new situation, being in a part of the house well filled with rats. Unluckily, however, the deckhouse was already in the occupation of "footmen and other domestics of Her Grace, who being afraid to lie down in such company, shot my snake dead."

On his return to London in July 1689, Sloane began to resume his interrupted practice; and the remaining sixty-three years of his life form a steady record of increasing eminence and success, and of sound, but by no means exciting labours; and these may be summarised here in the briefest of chronicle.

Having settled himself at Great Russell Street in Bloomsbury (after living for some time in the house of the Duchess of Albemarle, who treated him with great liberality) his practice rapidly advanced, and in 1694 he was made Physician to Christ's Hospital, a post which he held for thirty-six years, and of which he returned the whole salary to the funds of the Hospital.

In 1693 he was elected as Secretary to the Royal Society, and revived the publication of their *Transactions*, and two years later he married Elizabeth Fulke Rose, the widow of a Jamaica magnate, and daughter and co-heiress of John Langley, a wealthy London alderman. In 1697 he published his *Catalogue of the Flora of Jamaica*, dedicating it to the Royal Society and the College of Physicians, and eliciting the astonishment of Ray and other learned critics at the industry thus revealed, and the exactitude and completeness of the record achieved.

In July 1701 he received his M.D. degree at Oxford; and in 1707 was published the first volume of his *magnum opus*, *Voyage to the Islands Madeira, Barbadoes, Nieves, St Christopher, and Jamaica, with the Natural History of the . . . last of these Islands, and an Introduction on the*

Inhabitants, Air, Water, Diseases, Trade, &c., in two volumes, London, printed by B. M. for the Author, 1707, and 1725; a massive folio of 264 and 500 pages with 274 engraved plates.

In 1708, though the two countries were at war, the French Academy of Sciences elected Sloane as a Fellow, and the Royal Society of Berlin accorded him a similar honour in 1712. The Academies of St Petersburg and Madrid followed suit later on. Queen Anne appointed him as her Physician in succession to Dr Shadwell, and he attended Her Majesty during her final illness in 1714. The first volume of the great Jamaica work had been dedicated to her; and though its learned author could not save her life, her successor, George I., was pleased, in 1716, to create him the first physician Baronet in England. Three years later he became President of the College of Physicians, a post which he held for sixteen years, during which he gave the Society a benefaction of £100, and presented to them the elaborate iron gates of their forecourt. His practice was now a very large one; and though, if one may judge by the Jamaica and other medical records, they must one and all have been bled profusely and repeatedly, it does not appear that—according to twentieth-century standards at least—the procedure extended in like proportion to their pockets. Opinions, as we shall see, differed a good deal in regard to his generosity, but he appears to have been a very hospitable host, and to have inaugurated an open weekly dinner-party, at which his many friends, fellow members of the Royal Society and College of Physicians, were regularly welcomed. When Sir Isaac Newton died in 1727 Sir Hans Sloane was nominated by the Royal Society as his successor in the Presidency, a post which he held for fourteen years, retiring in 1741 against the earnest solicitations of the Committee.

It was in 1712 that Sloane's weighty and eventful association with Chelsea began by his purchase of the Manor House from William, Lord Cheyne. Ten years later he conveyed the Chelsea Botanic Garden, hitherto leased to him by Cheyne, in perpetuity to the Court of the Apothecaries Company, upon payment of an annual rental of £5, and subject to the condition of their rendering fifty specimens of dried plants (specifically different, till the number of two thousand should have been delivered) to the Royal Society annually; failing fulfilment of which condition, he or his heirs might resume possession, and hold the garden under similar conditions, in trust for the Royal Society or, if declined by them, for the College of Physicians.

This was a generous and public-spirited act; and Chelsea, at least, which may justifiably cherish a grudge against Sir Hans Sloane on other grounds, is at least grateful here to his memory for having secured to them, in spite of many struggles, difficulties and vicissitudes, this ancient, delightful, and interesting Physic Garden.

The manuscript biography which we have so far chiefly been epitomising has somewhat in the nature of stereotyped panegyric; and it may help us to a livelier understanding of this important and imposing old gentleman—he was in his sixty-eighth year when his Presidency of the Royal Society began—if we look outside these eulogia for such unofficial impressions as contemporaries may have put on record.

It is possible, it may indeed be hazarded, that there was something about Sir Hans Sloane, Baronet, some pedantic pomposity, perhaps, or some of the childish avidity of the indiscriminate collector, which occasionally incited the irreverent to jeer and the ungodly to blaspheme. Young speaks of him as "the foremost toyman of his time"; Pope sneers at his butterflies; Walpole jokes over his "spiders big as geese."

The Duchess of Portland writes to her Dearest Fidget (Mrs Elizabeth Montagu): "I am but just come from Sir Hans Sloane's, where I have beheld many odder things than himself, though none so inconsistent; however, I will not rail, for he has given me some of his trumpery to add to my collection, and till I get a better they shall remain there."

Weld, in his *History of the Royal Society*, tells us that "His greatest glory was succeeding to the chair of Newton in the Royal Society." He had previously acted as Secretary, and the sense they entertained of his services and virtues was evinced by the manner in which they resented an insult offered to him by Dr Woodward, who was expelled from the Council. Sir Hans was reading a paper of his own composition when

Woodward said something grossly insulting about it. Dr Sloane complained, and moreover stated that he had often affronted him by making grimaces at him; upon which Dr Arbuthnot got up and begged to be "informed what distortion of a man's face constituted a grimace?"

Sir Isaac Newton was in the chair when the question of expulsion was agitated; and when it was pleaded in Woodward's favour that "he was a good natural philosopher," Sir Isaac remarked, "that in order to belong to that Society a man ought to be a good moral philosopher as well as a natural one."

It was not till 1742, thirty years after his acquisition of the Manor, that Sir Hans determined to retire from active life and to transfer his collections and himself from his town house in Russell Street to Henry VIII.'s Palace in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

Of that removal, and of some other aspects of the Chelsea life of the Lord of the Manor, we get a very personal record from quite a fresh angle in the *Diary* of Edmund Howard, a young Quaker whom Sloane had put into Beaufort House as caretaker, shortly before its demolition. Howard's manuscript narrative was acquired by the Chelsea Public Library, and transcribed by Mr J. H. Quinn, its admirable librarian, for the *Friends Quarterly Examiner*, in 1905. After recounting how Sir Hans installed him alone in the huge empty house of nearly 200 feet frontage, which had been left unoccupied for twenty years, "furnished, like the Prophet Elijah, with a table, stool, and candlestick, also a bed; beside which I had very little," Howard characterises his master thus:

"This was my situation at entering into Sir Hans Sloane's service, which proved the most disagreeable and noways profitable nor elegant employment, although my master was the philosopher's king, for he was at that time President of the Royal Society, and also, I think, of the College of Physicians; but, if I have any judgment in mankind, I think I have been acquainted with many men superior to him both in natural talents and acquired accomplishments. He was, however, easy of access, very affable, and free in conversing with all who had concerns with him, and a good master to his servants, for they lived many years with him; he was also a very good landlord, and never, that I know or heard of, did but one harsh thing by any of his tenants, which was effected by the instigation of his steward."

Here is Howard's irreverent description of the migration from Bloomsbury to Chelsea:

"Before I had done with Beaufort House, Mrs Edwards, the lady to whom I had formerly been gardener, left the Great House adjoining to the Bishop of Winchester's, called the Manor House, where she had lived many years.

"This house being very large, and capable to contain his library and all his collection of gimcracks, he left his house in Little [*sic*] Russell Street near Bloomsbury Square, declined his practice of physic, and retired to the said house with all his vast collection, all which, except a few which he used to bring himself in his chariot, passed through my hands. Those he brought himself were chiefly gold and silver medals, diamond, jewels, and other precious stones; and among these I doubt not but that he had many gods of gold and gods of silver, for I one day unpacked a large case full of gods of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, &c. But to give in detail only the sorts and kinds of things would far exceed my intention. Suffice it then to say he had forty volumes in folio—catalogues of his collection—and forty-two thousand other books in his library, among which was one room full of specimens of dried plants, all which passed through my hands. He used to appoint the rooms in which the books were to be stored and I to receive them; they were sent loose in carts, and tossed from the cart to a man on a ladder, who tossed them in at a window, up one pair of stairs, to a man who caught them there as men do bricks; and I was employed, as before mentioned, doing nearly all things for him belonging to his estate at Chelsea, except collecting the rent. I continued with him till he, his family, and all his collection were duly settled and fixed."

Howard proceeds to describe how Sir Hans tried to get him to undertake the Chelsea stewardship on very inadequate terms. A bargain was at length struck between them, but it did not last long "before he did something so mean and repugnant to our last agreement which offended me very much, that I abruptly gave him back his deputation." The end is dramatic: "This for a time struck him dumb. After this pause he then in great amazement said: 'You! ——you!! to return on my hands what thousands would have leapt at! You *shall* repent it the longest day you have to live. You shall never have it, you shall *never* have it any more!' (but in this he was mistaken, for I have not yet repented of it). I replied, 'Sir Hans, I believe I shall never ask you for it!' It was some time before he settled accounts with me."

Howard, it will be seen, is a Friend who deals faithfully, and, it may be, too severely, with those with whom he has been brought into contact; and few indeed—not even by any means the Society of Friends—escape unchastened from his *Diary*; but perhaps it is just as well, after a good deal of the rather stilted eulogy of our Sir Hans which has been recounted, that the critical pendulum should swing in the other direction for a turn.

Sloane practised as a physician for half a century (1690–1740) and must have attended and corresponded with an enormous number of patients. "The Jamaica Doctor," as he was called on his return from the Albemarle voyage, was undoubtedly a very famous and successful practitioner. He is said to have "inspired the members of the court and the aristocracy with the greatest confidence in his prescriptions." Queen Anne could not bring herself to die without his assistance. Hearne, the Bodleian antiquary, declared that he saved his life; and the vast volumes of his correspondence in the British Museum show how many believed that their hope of health lay in his medicines and advice.

On the other hand he appears to have left no mark whatever upon the history of medicine. His sole treatise, if such it could be called, was *An Account of a Medicine for soreness, weakness, and distemper of the Eyes*, and this was not original, and was not published till he had retired from practice.

This precious ointment was a compound of "Tutty, Lapis Hæmatitis, best Aloes, and prepared Pearl, rubbed in a Porphyry mortar and mixed with Viper's Grease to make a liniment"; and to explain the efficacy of this last ingredient Sir Hans remarks that, "Serpents cast their skins and with them the covering of their eyes; how far, if at all, their fat is concerned in this phenomenon I leave to others"; being content to assure us that, "Not one in 500 cases missed a cure."

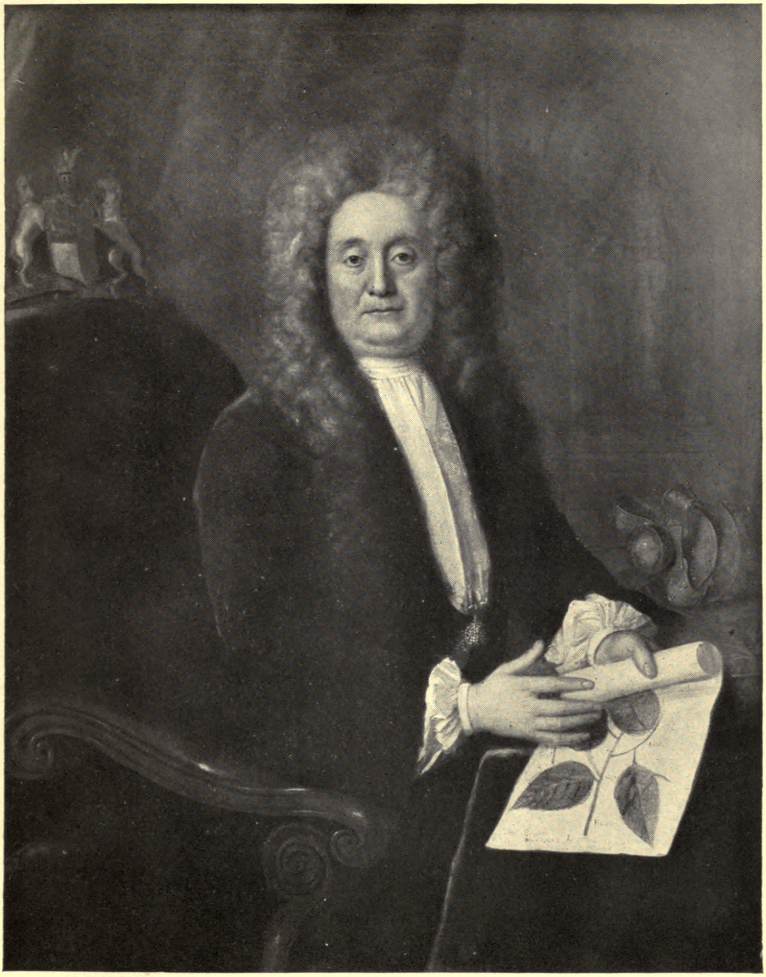
It is, indeed, evident that some of Sloane's professional colleagues and contemporaries gauged his abilities with some accuracy, and did not fail to testify his success by the inevitable evidence of the lampoon.

In this kind I came across a rare example in *The Present State of Physick in the Island of Cajamai*, addressed to members of the Royal Society by some nameless scribe. In this rather laboured skit, Sloane's didactic commonplaces are gently ridiculed, and we are called upon to admire the genius of "The White Physician," who could discover that it was advisable "to eat what was fitting; to use the Non-Naturales with moderation; to use exercise; and so to use it as to be able to resist any *unavoidable* disease." The "Cool Regimen," by which Sloane professed to cure all fevers, is playfully extolled, and the case is quoted from the Jamaica folio of "Colonel Fuller's child of twelve, with fever, convulsions, cold sweats, and pulse quick and low, who was given the Cool Regimen; he was cupp'd with scarifications in his shoulders, but in some hours, his weakness increasing, he died, '*or he was cool'd.*'" The boy's mother it appears would also have died of grief over this tragic mischance, but for "a bottle of Salarmeniack," prepared for her by the White Physician. The pamphlet contains a good deal of pungent chaff of this kind; and there is no doubt that our good doctor's writings and learned disquisitions—to say nothing of his spelling—occasionally invited irreverent comment. The scene at a meeting of the Royal Society, which has already been referred to, and which ended in the expulsion of Dr Woodward from the Council, began with a comment made by Hans Sloane upon one of the *Transactions*, to the effect that the bezoar is a gallstone; to which Woodward retorted, "No man who understands anatomy would make such an assertion. Speak sense or English, and we shall understand you." According to Sloane, Woodward went the length of declaring that "gallstones were neither a disease nor the cause of any ill symptoms, and that no authors of physic said they were" —a somewhat astonishing doctrine!

Woodward was a clever physician and geologist, who essayed to write *The Natural History of the Earth,* but he was a man of ungovernable temper. He quarrelled with the great Dr Mead over some medical argument, and the two proceeded to fight it out, first with their canes and then with swords, by the gate of Gresham College; Woodward slipped on the pavement and fell, upon which Mead disarmed him and made him beg for his life; to which Woodward is said to have replied that he would rather take that from him than his physic. He brought an action against the Council of the Royal Society for his expulsion, after the insult to Sloane, but this was unsuccessful; and Sir Hans afterwards brought about a reconciliation, Woodward protesting "that the return he made to Dr Sloane was the effect of his resentment for that scorn and contempt which not only himself but indifferent bystanders apprehended to be exprest by Dr Sloane's behaviour, but he is sorry that his mistake induced him to make that return." By such cheerful interludes and amenities were the solemn proceedings of the Royal Society occasionally enlivened.

Whether Sir Hans Sloane was a great doctor or not must evidently be left to the individual judgment of the reader, and to his personal conception of what qualities go to the making of the good physician.

When he returned from France and proposed



Slaughter

SIR HANS SLOANE

to start practice in London he was armed, as we have seen, with an introduction to Thomas Sydenham, who was then, undoubtedly, the most famous of English physicians.

The youthful Hans duly presented himself to the great doctor, who had himself in earlier years been also a student at Montpellier. The letter of recommendation was tendered and carefully read. It described young Sloane as "a ripe scholar, a good botanist, a skilful anatomist." After Sydenham had perused this eulogy, and had eyed the tyro very attentively for a while, he said: "All this is mighty fine, but it won't do. Anatomy, botany—nonsense! Sir, I know an old woman in Covent Garden who understands botany better; and as for anatomy, my butcher can dissect a joint full as well. No, young man, all this is stuff; you must go to the bedside; it is there alone you can learn disease." Sydenham, in his earlier days, it will not be forgotten, had been a soldier in the civil wars and a distinguished captain of cavalry, who had seen much hard fighting; and there is a pleasantly brisk military touch about this interview, which resulted very happily for Sloane, to whom Sydenham seems to have taken an immediate liking, and who shortly shared his house, his chariot, his counsels, and his patients.

What *is* a good doctor? To my mind there are two distinct species.

The first and greatest is a Faith Healer. He cures you by faith, because he can inspire belief, and you believe, and are made whole. If he can achieve this trust and confidence in his patient, nature becomes his potent ally, and "*tinc. aquœ distill*": or "*pil. panis*" will work miracles. His very coming, and the touch of his cool hand, make you better. He imbues you with the belief that he knows, and can cure; and half the battle is won.

The other is a more complex rarity. His *métier* is to let you cure yourself; to adopt or appear to adopt your theory of the ailment, and your idea of the remedy. He often succeeds with very intelligent patients, because they really do know more about themselves and their idiosyncrasies than he does; and, sometimes, with very obstinate ones, because, having got their own way, the whole force of their character is concerned to prove it the only right and successful way.

It is not to be supposed that Sloane was in either of these categories, neither of which would exactly have appealed to the empirical doctrine of his age. We are told that he was "remarkable for the certainty of his prognosticks" and that "he tended to lift medical practice out of the slough of quackery." Some of his prescriptions would certainly not appear to bear out this testimony, whilst items in his collections seem to suggest a credulity almost childish; but it is very difficult to set back one's comparisons for judgment, by two centuries and a half; and we may at least cite, upon the credit side, that he entertained the strongest belief in "the sovereign efficacy of the Bark for all fevers, mortifications, and even hæmorrhage," and (being by descent an extremely canny Scot) "invested therein the greater part of the fortune he had acquired in Jamaica."

So much for the celebrated Doctor Sloane. Let us now turn for a brief glance at Sloane the learned Fellow, Secretary, and, eventually, President of the Royal Society.

The special and distinctive labour of his earlier years in the Society was the revived publication of the *Philosophical Transactions,* which had for many years previously fallen in abeyance. These he edited with great energy and diligence for twenty years, producing an imposing volume (or rather a score of volumes) of extremely varied scientific and philosophic communications, many from eminent foreign correspondents.

But here again we are unfortunately confronted with an extraordinary specimen of contemporary criticism, in the shape of an obscure pamphlet of eighty-eight pages entitled, *The Transactioneer, A discourse between a Gentleman and a Virtuoso over the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society published by H. S.*

In this lengthy and ponderous satire the Editor of the *Transactions* is held up to ridicule for his too prominent personal share in these communications. It is suggested that he used his official position to invite his personal friends to discourse at large through the pages of the Society, and interlarded their efforts by such epoch-making discoveries as that "Ipecacuana is harmless and helpful; Ratsbane is not to be taken in too great quantities; swallowing pebbles is dangerous, and why; men cannot swallow when they are dead; the eyes of a tortoise bigger than its head; the generation of fleas; coffee-houses improve trade and diffuse useful knowledge," and so on.

I will here and now most frankly confess that I have not, as I should, read Hans Sloane's twenty portly volumes of the *Transactions*, in order to verify or refute these anonymous accusations. But whilst admitting, on the one side, that the learned Secretary has, on occasion, proved himself to be a master of platitudes, I must, on the other hand, record that even Woodward (whom Sloane wrongly believed to be the author of *The Transactioneer*, for it was really written, I believe, by William King) acknowledged that many of the strictures were quite unjustified, though he upheld the general criticism of the lampoon, whose writer concludes his preface with the remark:

"No; our Transactioneer should have kept to his old way of hustling, vying with Dr Salmon at Auctions, mustering up Books for a Show, and of acting by Signs, scrapes, and wriggles. Half sentences and broken phrases, with these assistances, passed pretty well upon some. But he must appear in Print, stript of them, and now all's out; the World having got at the length, the true measure of his abilities."

Sloane's writing, it must be admitted, was certainly not always elegant or even grammatical; and his correspondence shows that he allowed his personal interests a good deal of scope in his professional work; but his industry was enormous, and it was not only in Jamaica that, as his French eulogist said, he "converted his minutes into hours," whilst others slacked and scoffed.

And now, having glanced at Sloane, the successful Doctor, and Sloane, the learned Fellow, let us look for a concluding moment at Sloane, the great Collector.

For it is really as a collector, if at all, that Hans Sloane's name will live. He was that, primarily and preferably, all through his long and busy life, though how he found time to make and classify all his vast accumulations, defies comprehension, and was the marvel of his contemporaries. From his boyhood in Ireland he had been a naturalist, and cherished and exchanged specimens; and this, be it remembered, in an age when "the possession of a taste for collecting insects was thought by able men of the world to be a strong presumption of lunacy." From France he brought back a quantity of finds, which Ray valued and incorporated in his work. From Jamaica he returned with over 800 specimens of plants, together with the drawings of a large number of the fauna, made for him by the Rev. Mr Moore. And throughout his long life he continued steadily to augment and widen his collections, to which his friends and acquaintances in every part of the world were constantly being invited to contribute.

One must, of course, remember that for anyone as omnivorous as Sloane was, those were very easy days for the gathering of a big collection.

The harvest was great, and the reapers few; and, for a fairly wealthy man, there was no serious competition. And it must also not be forgotten that Sir Hans was fortunate enough, or cunning enough, to acquire, at one coup, by bequest, subject to the payment of his debts, the magnificent collection of William Courten, which John Evelyn, who paid repeated visits to it, reckoned as, "taken altogether, in all kinds doubtless one of the most perfect assemblage of rarities that can be anywhere seene. . . . It consisted of miniatures, drawings, shells, insects, medailes, natural things, animals (of which divers, I think 100, were kept in glasses of spirits of wine) minerals, precious stones, vessells, curiousities in amber, chrystal, achat, &c., all being very perfect and rare in their kind, especially his books of birds, fish, flowers, and shells, drawn and miniatur'd to the life." Evelyn's entries give us some idea of the conglomeration of exhibits which formed the basis of Sloane's Museum at Bloomsbury,[1] and which was augmented almost daily from one or other part of the world, till it amounted, at his death, to over 160,000 specimens, including 334 volumes of dried plants, 50,000 books, and 23,000 coins and medals.

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[1] I have not been able exactly to locate Sloane's Bloomsbury House. In most of the brief biographies it is spoken of as in Great Russell Street, but the *D.N.B.* places it in Bloomsbury Square, and Howard, who was an accurate writer, and who helped in moving the collection to Chelsea, says it came from Little Russell Street. My own conjecture is that the house stood on the site of the large building at the north-west corner of Bloomsbury Square, now the home of the Pharmaceutical Society. If, as would appear from Rocque's *Survey* of 1761, Little Russell Street continued across what is now Bury Street, and ended in the Stable Yard now called Galen Place, part of which forms the back of the Pharmaceutical Society's Building, this site could be correctly described as in either Great Russell Street, Little Russell Street, or Bloomsbury Square.

The quantity was, for the time, enormous. About the quality, it is less easy to speak with certainty.

There is, of course, ample evidence, in the present British Museum, that Sloane's collection contained a large number of valuable antiquities, of coins, cameos, gems, and minerals; and of books on physics, surgery, anatomy, chemistry, and natural history. This is beyond question, and the acquisition of the Museum by the nation, grudgingly and half-heartedly as it was accomplished, was an action indirectly even more than directly, of the greatest importance and value.

But it is also pretty evident that Sloane was an indiscriminate and rapacious collector, and that there must have been a considerable percentage of chaff amongst the wheat he garnered, as well as a good deal that was the subject of good humoured "chaff" of another kind.

Thus we find Hearne addressing such jocular lines as these "To Sir H—— S—— who saved his life, and desired him to send over all the rarities he could find in his Travels:

"I've got three drops of that same Shower
Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour;
The Stone whereby Goliah dy'd,
Which cures the Head Ach, well apply'd.
The snakeskin which you may believe
The Devil cast who tempted Eve;

A Fig Leaf Apron—'tis the same
Which Adam wore to hide his shame
But now wants darning. I've beside,
The Blow by which poor Abell dy'd.
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
Close cork'd, some drops of Honesty,
Which after searching Kingdoms round
At last were in a Cottage found.
But after wonderous Labour spent
I've got one Grain of rich Content.
It is my wish, it is my Glory
To furnish your Knicknackatory,
Which may your other Patients teach
To do as has done
Yours
T. H."

Amongst the Sloane manuscripts one finds many letters from applicants for assistance, and others offering all kinds of curiosities. "I understand," says one, "you give a valuable consideration for novelties of antiquity"; and it certainly seems as if Sloane acquired a full share of such "novelties."

James Salter, who had been Sloane's valet in earlier years, is reputed to have received from his late master a good many of the remarkable exhibits which adorned the famous Don Saltero Coffee House in Cheyne Walk; but we do not know whether these included such gems as A Piece of Queen Catherine's skin; An elf's arrow; A painted ribband from Jerusalem, with which our Saviour was tied to the Pillar when scourged; The Tarantula whose bite is curable only by Music; A petrified ham; Manna from Canaan; Queen Elizabeth's stirrup; and her chambermaid's Hat; The flaming sword of William the Conqueror; The Grand Polipus; A Spanish Aparatus to prevent Cuckoldom; A lignify'd Hog;—all of which appear in the Don's Catalogue of Rarities; nor the famous "Pontius Pilate's Wife's Chambermaid's Sister's Hat," which Steele has immortalised in his description of the Coffee-house. No doubt when Sloane transferred his Museum from Bloomsbury to Cheyne Walk, Salter, whose rival Museum was actually next door to the Manor House, profited by the acquisition of various curiosities which his old master's riper experience—or lack of space—persuaded him to discard.

Anxious to find out just how much truth there was in these hints as to the character of some of Sir Hans Sloane's rarities, I was kindly shown by Sir Hercules Read one of the original volumes of the *Catalogue*, which still survives in a somewhat dilapidated condition at the British Museum. It is a fat octavo volume filled with manuscript-numbered entries made by Sloane himself and by his curator Empson. It is admittedly, in part, a catalogue of "Miscellanies," and they certainly are an amusingly diversified gathering. Here are a few samples:

The singed hair of the woman killed by thunder at Mounts Mile, 1691.

One of the sluggs used by the 6th Monarchy men.

A piece of rope broke by Joye the Kentish man, 1702.

Relics which the Duke of Monmouth carried about him to preserve him from danger, and had in his pocket when he was taken prisoner.

Part of the sail of the Montagu knotted together by a storm, 1708.

A sophisticated artificial Goa stone.

A poysoned arrow which being tryd had no effect on a wounded pigeon.

A sort of china ware which is said to admit of no poyson but immediately breaks.

Newberry lozenges made there of the claws of crevices good for the heartburn, 3 a dose.

A girdle to be worn by a child to prevent the effects of thunder, at which there hangs a silver purse, a medal of our Saviour, a nutmeg, a picture of the Virgin, a cross in alabaster, a hand in jet, a bell, an ewer, a piece of Spanish gold, a comb, a fork, &c.

A substance resembling brown bread petrified.

A garter of elks' horn for curing the cramp.

Part of a hayrick burnt in France by lightening.

A bullet lodged in a spruce firtree grown over and found in a ships mast.

A piece of glass taken up on the side of the Thames where among the gravel by being tumbled about its surface was rounded and rough as ordinary pebbles.

A Highlander's garters.

A vitrefaction which fell down through the chimney one evening, from Mr Carmichael from Scotland.

Something like long pepper made of plaister of paris, starch, etc.

A muskett bullet which being shot at a mark on a door went through and killed a young man on the other side.

Britches of the runaway rebellious negros in the woods of Jamaica.

While admitting that these treasures cannot quite vie with the choicest of Don Saltero's, one imagines that one might search in vain for any of them in the British Museum of 1921.

Of the move to Chelsea in February of 1742 we have already had a realistic description from young Howard, his Quaker gardener. Sloane himself came into residence there in the following May, and there he remained in peaceful retirement till his death in January 1753. During these ten years of his advanced age—he was eighty-two when he came to Chelsea—though increasingly feeble and deaf, he remained in full possession of his faculties, and kept up his connection with the learned and scientific world, as far as was possible, by visits and entertainment. George Edwards, the Librarian of the College of Physicians and the author of a *History of Birds*, has recorded in his *Gleanings from Natural History* how he helped the old gentleman to keep touch with the world he had left.

" After his retirement to Chelsea he requested it as a favour to him (though I embraced it as an honour done to myself) that I would visit him every week, in order to divert him for an hour or two, with the common news of the town, and with everything particular that should happen amongst his acquaintance of the Royal Society, and other ingenious gentlemen, many of whom I was weekly conversant with; and I seldom missed drinking coffee with him on a Saturday, during the whole time of his retirement at Chelsea. He was so infirm as to be wholly confined to his house, except sometimes, though rarely, taking a little air in his garden in a wheeled chair; and this confinement made him very desirous to see any of his old acquaintance to amuse him. . . . During the latter part of his life he was frequently petitioned for charity by some decayed branches of families of eminent men, late of his acquaintance; which petitions he always received and considered with attention, and, provided they were not fraudulent, they were always answered by his charitable donations."

Retirement from an active and interesting life is always a delicate and difficult operation; and we gather from Edwards that old Sir Hans felt his isolation, and the loss of friends and activities, a good deal. But the rearrangement of his collection in its new home must have been a lengthy occupation, and he seems to have spent a great deal of his time with James Empson, his curator, amongst his treasures.

One purple spot was marked in 1748, when he was honoured by a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales, for whom the gems of the collection, including the bezoar, were set forth, in successive courses, on tables which were spread with relays of treasures as the royal party passed from room to room. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for July of that year gives a long and glowing account of this visit—too long and too magniloquent for transcription in these prosaic pages. Suffice it that their Royal Highnesses were dazzled by gems " with which Flora herself might wish to be decked," entranced by " noble vistas " of " the stately and instructive remains of antiquity," and " the lasting monuments of historical facts," while " the remains of the world before the Deluge excited the awful idea of that catastrophe." The Prince seems to have come through the ordeal remarkably well; " he shewed his great reading and happy memory " and " made so many judicious remarks that he appeared to be a perfect master of history and chronology " ; and there is no record of a yawn.

Thus Sir Hans Sloane's evening faded tranquilly. " At upwards of ninety, though feeble, he was perfectly free from any distemper, enjoying his rational faculties and having all his senses in good condition except the hearing, which had been impaired for several years. His decay was very gradual; ' he would one day drop like a fruit fully ripe.' There appeared in him nothing of the peevishness to which old age is subject; for, as he was free from bodily pain, his mind was always composed, calm, and serene, and the only uneasiness which he discovered was if he thought that any went from him dissatisfied, or that he had disobliged anyone."

Sloane's life had always been a careful and abstemious one, and his vitality must have been great. He had long outlived nearly all his contemporaries, and it was now nearly fifty years since John Ray, the friend and patron of his early life, had sent him the last message from Black Notley: "Dear Sir, *The best of Friends*; these are to take a final leave of you in this world; I look upon myself as a dying man. January 7, 1704." Even at the very end, which came, at length, on January 11, 1753, death had a long and painful struggle for possession—so agonised, that his faithful attendant George Edwards was obliged to retire, "being beyond what I could bear."

Sloane's funeral, in the south-eastern corner of the graveyard of old Chelsea Church, was attended by a great concourse of people. The funeral sermon was preached by Dr Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Bangor, and afterwards of Rochester, in accordance with Sloane's expressed desire "that a discourse upon the uncertainty of human life, and the advantages of a good one, might be useful to such as the solemnities of his funeral might bring together"; but he "laid a restraint on the preacher for fear that anything said should have the look and face of encomiastic flattery; they are his own words, and it is the thing which he expressly prohibited." For which forethought we are indeed indebted to Sir Hans; for Zachary Pearce, though an excellent prelate, was no John Donne; and his tempered eulogy suffices.

The hearse which took Sir Hans for his last brief journey from the Manor House to the Old Church by the riverside was preceded by a representative company of Chelsea tradesmen on horseback, which must surely have been a moving and impressive cavalcade, and appears to have arrived without casualty. The burial-place which he had himself chosen was in the south-east corner of the little yard, close to the boundary wall and overlooking the Thames; and here Joseph Wilton's conspicuous monument was erected to his memory in 1763. It is of Portland stone, and consists of a square base on which rest four square pillars supporting an arched portico, with frieze, cornice, and flat pyramidal roofstone; under which stands a large marble urn with four Æsculapian serpents entwined around it. The monument, which had suffered by the vibration of the heavy traffic of the Embankment, and the rusting of the iron clamps of the area stones, was carefully repaired in 1919 in accordance with the suggestions of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and at the cost of the Trustees of the Cadogan and Sloane Stanley Estates. Michael Rysbrach's fine marble statue of Sloane which was placed in their Physic Garden by the grateful Apothecaries in 1737, is also suffering from the effects of nearly two centuries of frosts and fogs; but its preservation is a more difficult matter, though the Curator does what he can for its winter protection.

Sir Hans looks very dignified and impressive on his pedestal, the stone of which has been made more beautiful by the wrinkles of time. But the inhabitants of the old Physick Garden have no fear of him, and have indeed got on to quite a familiar footing; for the little lichens have tried to creep about him in the friendliest way; the birds perch unhesitatingly on the mighty periwig, as they flit from tree to tree, and a wild bee made the cosiest of nests for himself a year or two ago, in a fold of the doctor's gown.

But Sloane's interest for posterity does not end with his death; indeed for, perhaps, the majority of us, it might almost be said to begin there.

His intention to offer his collections to the nation had been known for some years, and was referred to by the Prince of Wales on his visit to Chelsea; and his Will and Codicils, which form a lengthy and elaborate document, set forth in great detail how this, his wish, was to be accomplished. Briefly the purport was that the whole of his Museum, of which he estimated the intrinsic value at £80,000, should be offered by his executors to a body of Trustees, whom he nominated, to be kept together in his Manor House at Chelsea for the benefit of the nation, for the sum of £20,000. Failing acceptance of this offer by His Majesty or Parliament, the collection was to be similarly offered to the Academies of Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid; and if not so purchased, to be sold for the benefit of his estate.

The sum sounds moderate enough in these days, when double the amount is cheerfully subscribed to secure a single picture for the nation. But the financial aspect, and the general attitude of the country towards such treasures, were vastly different in 1754; and the whole story of the acquisition of Sloane's collection, and the ultimate foundation of his British Museum in which it resulted, is one of grudging parsimony and indifference. George II. pushed the offer aside, lightheartedly remarking that he didn't think there was so much money in the Treasury. Parliament grumbled and sneered with ponderous sarcasm. Fox opposed acceptance; Pelham moved that the petition should lay [note it, grammarian sticklers] on the table; and it was Arthur Onslow, the Speaker (who had helped to save the Cottonian MSS. from the flames, and who afterwards became a Trustee of the British Museum) who eventually came to the rescue of an almost lost opportunity. An independent examination of the rarities was ordered, and the report showed that they were at least worth more than the sum for which they were offered. Ultimately it was decided at Onslow's suggestion, and in spite of Pelham's opposition, to raise the sum of £300,000 by a Lottery, and to purchase with the proceeds not only the Sloane collection, but also the Cottonian Library and the Harleian manuscripts, to acquire a General Repository, for these, and to provide a fund for their upkeep.

The Lottery was characteristically British; or so at least it would have been described by the jaundiced foreign critics of hypocritic and perfidious Albion. First we held up our hands in pious horror at the thought. Then we consented with a protesting sigh, and framed the most elaborate precautions to make fraud impossible. Then we appointed a mysterious Mr Peter Leheup (a foreigner and a scamp, of course) to conduct the issue. Then we all rushed with one accord to buy up the tickets, so that the subscription list was closed within six hours. Then we discovered to our amazement that in spite of all the exemplary regulations, quantities of tickets were on sale at a substantial premium, having been allotted by the astute Leheup (for lucrative consideration) to various "Roes and Does," his particular friends and confederates. These having been duly absorbed, we proceeded to draw and award ourselves £200,000 in prizes ranging from £10,000 to £10, of which there were 4159 "Fortunate Tickets"; and, having paid substantial fees to the Managers (including, apparently, the Archbishop of Canterbury) and the various receivers and other officials, to hand over £95,000—less than a third of the money subscribed, to the purpose for which it was designed.

And finally, having either pocketed our prizes or cursed the "uninterested person" who drew us an "unfortunate ticket," our pious indignation again possessed us, and we proceeded to deal faithfully with the nefarious Mr Peter Leheup. This adroit gentleman's character must have been open to suspicion when he was appointed Commissioner, for Bolingbroke had written in 1739: "Walpole is your tyrant to-day, and any man His Majesty pleases to name—Horace or Leheup—may be so to-morrow." He had written circular letters to his clients, explaining how the precious Act could be evaded; and, besides supplying himself with a liberal share of the tickets (of which no one, under the Act, was allowed to purchase more than twenty) he had sold over 6000 to one Sampson Gideon, which were disposed of at a handsome premium.

Parliament exploded with righteous indignation, and though Henry Fox tried to extenuate Leheup's offence by *Tu quoque* arguments, the House petitioned the King to direct the Attorney-General to prosecute the Commissioner. He was found guilty and fined £1000; a sum which, as he is said to have pocketed £40,000 out of this Lottery, he could well afford to pay, though Horace Walpole was pleased to call it "torture."

Meantime the Trustees nominated under Sir Hans Sloane's Will had been called together, first at Chelsea Manor House, and afterwards at Cadogan House and the Kings Arms Tavern. The Trustees included Charles Cadogan, Hans Stanley, and William Sloane, the President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Royal Society, the Rector of Chelsea for the time being, Sir John Evelyn, John Fuller, Dean Lyttelton, John Ranby, Count Zinzendorf, and Henry 28th Count of Reuss, the Chancellor of the Unitas Fratrum, John Hampden, Sir George Lyttelton, Hon. Horatio Walpole, and James Empson, the Curator. There is at the British Museum a printed copy of the Will, bound up with blank pages at either end, in which particulars of some of these meetings have been entered in manuscript. But, though better known, I would rather be allowed to quote here Horace Walpole's letter to Sir Horace Mann, describing the first of these Committees.

"You will scarce guess," he writes on February 14, 1753, "how I employ my time; chiefly at present in the guardianship of embryos and cockle shells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees to his museum, which is to be offered for twenty thousand pounds to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid. He valued it at fourscore thousand, and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent charge to keep the fœtuses in spirits! You may believe that *those* who think money the most valuable of all curiosities, will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe that there were twenty thousand pounds in the Treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians, and mathematicians; and adjourned our first meeting because Lord Macclesfield, our chairman, was engaged to a party for finding out the longitude. One of our members is a Moravian who signs himself Henry XXVIII. Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans' neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to beg Count Henry XXVIIIth's skeleton for his museum."

By way of commenting on the above reference to the straits of His Majesty's Treasury the following sentence from a letter of Walpole's of only a few weeks' later date may be quoted. "Nobody troubles their head about the King of Prussia or anything else but Newmarket, where the Duke is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England attending him; they really say that not less than an hundred thousand pounds have been carried thither for the hazard of this single week."

So, at length, half grudgingly, half jocularly, we proceeded to devote the proceeds of a gamble to the foundation of the greatest of the world's treasure-houses. Various sites and buildings were considered for the new Museum, which, it was obvious, could not be allowed to remain at Chelsea, as its founder had desired. Buckingham House was much favoured, but £30,000 was considered too high a price, and the eventual choice fell on Montagu House, Bloomsbury. The original house was a magnificent specimen of the true French Hotel—"entre cour et jardin," which had been designed by Puget for Ralph, Duke of Montagu, our wicked ambassador to Louis XIV., but this had been burnt down and rebuilt some few years back. The new house with seven acres of land was bought for £10,250, and £12,873 spent on its repair and adaptation; and in 1756-7 the great Chelsea collection was moved back again to Montagu Place, almost within a stone's throw of its original habitat.

And so, with the beginning of the story of his great bequest, ends that of Sir Hans Sloane himself.

If one tries to summarise his career, and to appraise his character, one finds oneself confronted with a somewhat difficult task. For, in spite of voluminous records, there is, from first to last, a strange paucity of those typical personal touches, those little human sayings and doings, which stand for so much in the revelation of character. If young Sloane had run away from Killeleagh to collect butterflies—or bezoars; if he had had a fling of dissipation in Paris; if he had succumbed to rum in Jamaica, or had flirted with the widowed Duchess on the homeward voyage; if he had caned the grimacing Woodward, or bled Queen Anne, or bearded Sir Isaac Newton, or jockeyed Courten out of the coveted collection, one would have something substantial and indicative to build upon. But he did none of these things; and, except for a late moment or two in Edmund Howard's rather querulous reminiscences, we seldom seem to rub shoulders with the man himself. In his person, we are told, "he was tall and graceful, his behaviour free, open and engaging, and his conversation cheerful, obliging and communicative. He was easy of access to strangers, and always ready at proper notice to admit the curious to a sight of his Museum." But this does not carry us very far; and his portrait, long-nosed, double-chinned and in full-bottomed wig, is much like fifty others of the period.

Was he, for instance, a generous man? His biographers record various substantial donations to hospitals and learned bodies, and tell us that he was constantly assisting private petitioners.

On the other hand, Edwards speaks of him as possessing " a very keen relish for the good gifts of fortune " ; and one recalls that he was by descent a Scotsman, and surrounded, in the house of his upbringing, by a race of Ulstermen at least equally close and canny in their business prosperity. The investment of his Jamaica fortune in quinine was a very shrewd stroke of business, and his advocacy of the bark, throughout his subsequent medical career, was also commercially as well as medically sound. His purchase of the Chelsea Estate was another excellent piece of business, and Howard's picture of him reveals, on the whole, a fair, but certainly not an easy-going landlord and master, who spared no pains to extract the uttermost both from his employees and contractors. He died a wealthy man ; and one cannot resist the feeling that, his heirs being amply provided for, it would have been an act of nobler and not unfitting generosity if he had bequeathed his Museum to the nation outright, instead of insisting on obtaining for it a quarter of its estimated value.

Was he, again, a great scientist or a great doctor ? That he was unanimously nominated as the successor of Sir Isaac Newton in the chair of the Royal Society, and was the first physician of his country to be created a Baronet, that his practice was immense and distinguished, and that he was honoured by all the leading European Academies, would seem to assume this, at least in the verdict of his contemporaries. Yet he has left no mark on the history of medicine, and scarcely any in the annals of science or philosophy.

His writings, with the exception of the Jamaica record, which is certainly a monument of industry of a sort, are absolutely negligible. He confirmed the efficacy of inoculation for the smallpox; he advocated the use of a *lichen terrestris* for the bite of a mad dog, and of serpent's fat for sore eyes; he swore by Peruvian bark; he inventoried "patatas" as a "species of Solanum on which I have heard they live in the Island of Potosi, and in Ireland"; but none of these are epoch-making discoveries; and it is evident, from the *Proceedings* and *Transactions* of the Royal Society and the College of Physicians, that other leading doctors of the day were very far from admitting his authority or pre-eminence.

Was he, once more, a great naturalist and collector? By general repute, and with wide limitations, no doubt he was. His first *Catalogus Plantarum* of the West Indies was a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the day; and there is no doubt that his voyage to Jamaica stimulated botanical and scientific research in distant parts, and led to the later French expeditions of Tournefort and others. His revival of the *Transactions* was a painstaking and praiseworthy labour in spite of many shortcomings. His grant of the Chelsea Physic Garden, the scene of his youthful studies, to the Company of Apothecaries was a graceful and admirable action, redounding to his credit. His generosity in exhibiting his collections, his courtesy in their acquisition and exchange, and his desire for their ultimate possession by the nation, were alike laudable.

But it must be admitted that he was an indiscriminate and voracious, rather than a fine, collector, and that his contributions to botany and natural history were more in the nature of specimens than original subject-matter.

Sloane was, as we have said, omnivorous. He would buy everything and anything, from a sarcophagus to a spider, a cameo to a crustacean —at a price. Macaulay said of the great Panizzi that " he would at any time give three mammoths for an Aldus." Sloane would have got the Aldus, and probably cheaper ; but he would never have let the mammoths go.

His friends and correspondents evidently sent him a very heterogeneous mass of curiosities and rarities, and there seems no doubt that he had admitted to his Museum much that raised irreverent smiles amongst its visitors. We need not, of course, accept too literally the chaff of Thomas Hearne, which has already been quoted, nor even Edward Young's less genial satire :

His nice ambition lies in curious fancies
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances.
How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore,
That painted coat which Joseph never wore.
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin
That touched the ruff that touched Queen Bess's chin

. . . .

Was ever year unblest as this, he'll cry
It has not brought us one new butterfly ?

But it seems more than probable—and we

have already quoted some evidence—that the collection included much that was of merely empirical value, and a good deal that was, to put it kindly, of highly conjectural authenticity. Evelyn visited the Bloomsbury curiosities in 1690, and speaks of them as having been collected "with great judgment," but he appears only to have seen the Jamaica exhibits. Sir Erasmus Phillips records a visit in his manuscript diary, when the party were shown, amongst other things, "Albert Durers' five volumes folio, invaluable, vast numbers of agates, an Owl in one, exact, orange, tobacco in others.

"Sir Hans said at dinner that there were three things he never had at his table, namely, Salmon, Champagne, and Burgundy. Very friendly, and seemed to take delight in shewing his things." But though there was no salmon or champagne for dinner, there were plenty of sharks with one ear, and appetising monstrosities in spirits of wine upstairs, according to Walpole. All of which contributes to the general impression of a very varied and entertaining accumulation of curiosities; a little suggestive of the Curate's Egg, which would undoubtedly have figured in the Sloane Catalogue, if it had not been laid too late.

And there we may leave to individual judgment the balanced claims of Sir Hans Sloane for the verdict of posterity. Chelsea may regard him either from the point of view of the Sloane Stanleys and the Cadogans, who, as the descendants of his two heiress daughters have inherited more than half the parish ; or from the less grateful standpoint of the sentimental antiquary who sees in him the ruthless house-breaker, to whom we owe the destruction of Beaufort House and the exploitation for building sites of Henry VIII.'s Palace Garden, and other historic spots. But at least we must ever remember to his credit that, though our British Museum would doubtless in any case have come into existence sooner or later, and somehow or other, it was by his will and deed that its foundation was actually accomplished.

I. MRS CARLYLE AND HER CARINA

"In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare.

"For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted."

From the stone over Mrs Carlyle's grave at Haddington.

A PACKET of letters, written by Mrs Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's house by that lady's daughter, Mrs Chambers. The Committee of the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust handed me these letters for examination, with the view of their publication in aid of the funds of the Trust, which absence of visitors during the war, and the heavy increase of rates and expenses, have more than exhausted, leaving a bank overdraft of nearly £400, on which the burden of interest is severe.

This having been done, and leave being given me to include some of these letters here, I should like, at the outset, to express the hope that some of their readers may thereby be led to visit that house in Cheyne Row—perhaps even to do something towards its sound rehabilitation in this present time of need.

And to that end I ask leave to make two

quotations, touching—from very different standpoints—the momentary and the ultimate position of Carlyle in the literary and prophetic hierarchy.

The first is from an article by Mr G. M. Trevelyan in the *Cornhill Magazine*, written, I think, in 1916, and called "The Two Carlyles":

"His admirers need have no fear that the charge of 'pro-Germanism' rendering him at present suspect to good citizens will have any ultimate effect save to make his influence more purely good, and the public more discriminating in regard to one whom they ignorantly worshipped. We who truly loved him have long ago cloven our Carlyle in twain and thrown away the worser half of his doctrine, have strongly differentiated *Sartor*, the *French Revolution*, and *Past and Present*, from those most entertaining but immoral works of his old age, *Frederick* and *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. This sifting process, that every true Carlylean has long ago done for himself, the world of journalism and broad rumour is now at last engaged in doing for that portion of the public which knows great authors and their doctrines only by what it reads of them in journals and magazines. For this let the war be thanked.

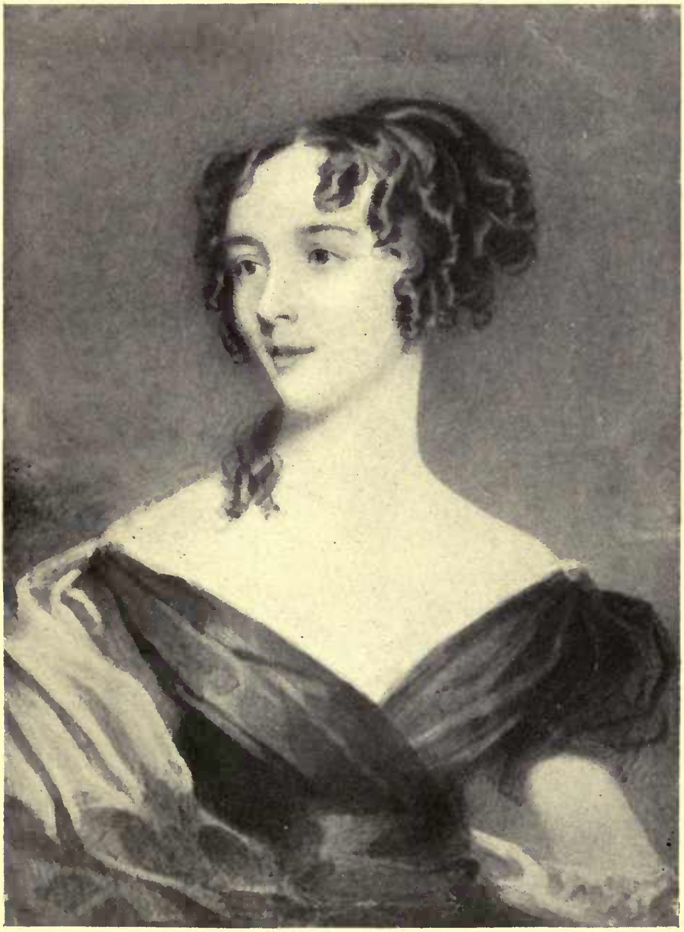
"Ever since Carlyle's death his name has been coupled with Darwin's in argument for every bit of Prussian brutality that any Anglo-Saxon wished to commit under the sun. This was to put a gloss upon the text of Darwin; but from Carlyle's later works chapter and verse for the whole doctrine of force could warrantably be quoted. Some 'imperialists,' of a brand now fortunately gone obsolete, used twenty years ago to quote the sage of Chelsea against all counsels of humanity and common sense. Now that our imperialism stands for the opposite of all this, and is engaged in doubtful death-struggle with Prussianism on behalf of democracy, humanity, and peace, those who think of eternal literature in terms of daily journalism hasten to shake off the dust of Chelsea from their feet. Able editors, who most often quoted with approval what was worst and most Prussian in Carlyle, are now the hottest against him.

"He is being properly punished. We who love him can afford to wait. In time the public, who cannot permanently do without Carlyle, the most picturesque personality in our literature except Dr Johnson, will learn to think of him as the author of *Sartor* and the other works that he wrote in his prime before he grew old and sour. Then they will discover that there lived, before 1850, a Carlyle of whom the journalists never told them; a poet tender as Shakespeare in his loving pity for all men; full of humorous charity for their failings, faults, and vanities; strong in sympathy with the poor and in just anger with their oppressors; one who was able, within forty years of the outbreak of the French Revolution, to write the first and still the only interpretation of it which by reason of human insight and sympathy set those once loud events, now fallen so silent, fixed for ever in their place under the eternal stars."

The other quotation which I should like to make here is from an article which appeared in *The Speaker* of February 9th, 1895, when the fund for the purchase of Carlyle's house was being slowly and painfully raised :

"There is yet another reason why Carlyle is not popular in some quarters to-day. It is a melancholy fact that when he meddled with contemporary politics he generally went wrong. The man whose eagle eye could pierce through the mists of centuries, and discern the real import of events and figures that had been forgotten by the world, was dazzled and confounded when he tried to perform the simpler feat, so easy to every charlatan, of passing a fairly accurate judgment upon the living creatures around him. It has thus come to pass that to a not inconsiderable section of the public of to-day the name of Carlyle is hateful because he seemed to be the enemy of Liberalism, and wrote foolish letters about the American Civil War and the lowering of the franchise. Such people probably do not know that to almost all the great men whom Liberals idolize Carlyle was the direct source of force and inspiration. They do not know that, even at this moment, his influence, unseen and indirect though it may be, is among the most potent forces that are moving the mind of mankind.

"But we may very safely leave Thomas Carlyle's reputation to take care of itself. Few of us can have forgotten that magnificent outburst of heart-eloquence in which one of his dearest



JANE WELSH (MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE)

and most worthy friends compared the storm of detraction that raged round his head after the publication of the *Memoirs*, to the gathering of a tempest round the Matterhorn. The winds blow and the clouds gather, and the air is made thick with the loathsome mist; and to the dwellers in the narrow vale among the hills it seems as though the mountain round whose brow the tempest rages had been blotted for ever from the skies. But far above the tumult of the storm the hoary crest of the Matterhorn stands in majestic peace, bathed in the radiance of the heavens. So, to Carlyle's friends and followers, it seems that it is with him, and, when the clouds have rolled away, he will be seen again in undimmed glory. When that day comes, and some future generation has grasped the secret of his greatness, men will wonder that in the year 1895 people begged in vain for the few pounds needed to preserve Carlyle's home to his countrymen for ever. It is not Carlyle alone, however, whose genius has made of the little house in Cheyne Row one of our national shrines. Even the dullards who now affect to despise him can hardly question the fact that during the greater portion of the Queen's reign he was the centre of the intellectual life of Britain. It was under his inspiration that poets, novelists, philosophers, politicians, and men of science worked. To him they came for the comfort that was to give them courage in the battle of life. From his lips they drew the words of counsel and of sympathy that armed them for the fight. It is, indeed, from their testimony that those who never met him in this life know best what he really was, and understand the heart of fire that beat beneath that form of granite. Thus it came to pass that, more than any other house in the land, the modest dwelling in Cheyne Row was, for a whole generation, the great gathering-place of English men of letters. There resorted Tennyson in his days of struggling obscurity, Thackeray and Dickens in their prime, Bright and Forster in the very crisis of their struggles for the national liberty, Mill, Darwin, and Owen when they were opening up unknown worlds of thought and study for their fellowmen, Mazzini when he was conspiring greatly for a nation's liberation from its chains, and Emerson when, first among Americans, he brought to the Old World the sheaves of wisdom that had been gathered from the virgin soil of the New. Here, surely, is a list of names in which every man may find at least one to his taste; and yet this list, splendid as it is, represents scarcely the hundredth part of the intellectual force of which Cheyne Row was, in Carlyle's day, the acknowledged home. A small house, truly; yet in it were born great thoughts that can never die, and within its rooms gathered great men whom posterity will well know how to reverence. It seems a mean and pitiful thing to have to beg for the small sum needed to keep such a house amongst us as a national monument to not the least of our national glories."

And now let us get back to our packet.

On collating these letters of Mrs Carlyle's with the published volumes, I found that nine of them had been printed in the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,* and three of these had also been included in Mrs Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

The whole form an interesting and characteristic little episode amongst Mrs Carlyle's many friendships, an episode of which I feel sure that many of her admirers will be glad to have a compact record.

Dr Barnes, whose house was in the King's Road, No. 347, nearly opposite to Manor Street (the numbering has since, I think, been changed), appears first to have attended Mrs Carlyle in April 1859. Suffering from the effects of a severe chill, "sleepless, foodless, coughing, tormented somewhere in the region of the heart, she has been as ill as I ever saw her" (as Carlyle reported to his brother, Dr Carlyle); and Mrs Carlyle writes to Mrs Russell at Thornhill that she had at last determined to get a doctor.

"So I sent for the nearest General Practitioner (whom I knew to bow to, and had often been struck with the human practical look of); and he came and more than realised my most sanguine expectations, not only making the danger of my situation understood, so that I was delivered from petty worries and all that, but helping me up with strength, by medicines, and especially by giving me to understand that, if I did not make myself eat, I should certainly die. During the three weeks that I saw him every day, and was allowed to see no one else, I indeed took quite a serious attachment to him ; and he finds me the very oddest patient he ever had. He now sits with me half an hour instead of the official three minutes." Carlyle, in a subsequent letter, speaks of the doctor as "a rather sensible kind of man, who comes daily and gives little or no medicine, but prescribes food (or attempts at food) and above all things absolute silence and the steady endeavour to give a chance for rest."

Dr Barnes had one daughter, whom Carlyle describes in a note, appended, after his death, to his wife's first letter to her, as "a very pretty, amiable, modest, and clever young lady, and always a great favourite with my darling" ; and Mrs Carlyle, who had doubtless heard of her during Dr Barnes' daily visits through her illness, in May, wrote inviting her to come to tea, a month later, when she had in part regained her health. "All you know of me," she says in this letter, "as yet is that I seem to be in the very lowest state as to penmanship. But I assure you that I can write much more tidily than this, made with the back of the very worst pen in the created world ! And if you will bring with you to-morrow evening whatever stock you may have of 'faith, hope, and charity,' I have no doubt but we shall become good friends."

At the end of this June Carlyle went north to Humbie, in Fife, near Aberdour, where they had taken the upper floor of a farm-house, by way of refuge from *Frederick* and the heat of London. Mrs Carlyle followed her husband (who had gone by sea with his horse, and "clever little Charlotte," their maid) first to Haddington, then to Humbie, and thence on to Auchtertool House, her cousin's home, where she received a letter from Miss Barnes announcing her engagement to Mr Simmonds, a barrister.

Mrs Carlyle's reply (*Letters and Memorials*, vol. 3, p. 1) was not exactly encouraging; and, as she remarks in the concluding sentence, "perhaps the henbane I took in despair last night has something to do with my mood to-day."

"And you," she wrote, "are actually going to get married! you! already! And you expect me to congratulate you! or perhaps not! I admire the judiciousness of that 'perhaps not.' Frankly, my dear, I wish you all happiness in the new life that is opening to you; and you are marrying under good auspices, since your father approves of the marriage. But congratulation on such occasions seems to me a tempting of Providence. The triumphal-procession-air which in our manners and customs is given to marriage at the outset—that singing of *Te Deum* before the battle has begun—has ever since I could reflect struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble—surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another for better and for worse, till death part them; just on that occasion which it is customary to celebrate only with rejoicings and congratulations, and *trousseaux* and white ribbon! Good God!

"Will you think me mad if I tell you that when I read your words 'I am going to be married' I all but screamed? Positively it took away my breath, as if I saw you in the act of taking a flying leap into infinite space. You had looked to me such a happy, happy little girl! your father's only daughter; and he so fond of you, as he evidently was. After you had walked out of our house together that night, and I had gone up to my own room, I sat down there in the dark and took 'a good cry.' You had reminded me so vividly of my own youth, when I, also an only daughter, an only child—had a father as fond of me, as proud of me. I wondered if you knew your own happiness. Well! knowing it or not, it has not been enough for you, it would seem. Naturally, youth is so insatiable of happiness, and has such sublimely insane faith in its own power to make happy and to be happy.

"But of your father? Who is to cheer his toilsome life, and make home bright for him? His companion through half a lifetime gone! his dear bit of rubbish gone too, though in a different sense. Oh, little girl! little girl! do you know the blank you will make to him?"

This was a chilling douche for poor Miss Barnes; but one may imagine that her father, who must already have acquired a very considerable insight into Mrs Carlyle's temperament, and the idiosyncracies of Cheyne Row, was by this time able to explain to his daughter much that would help her to discount the depression of "just such a letter as a raven might write if it had been taught."

The next extant letter is written from Cheyne Row, January 14, 1860, accompanying a pheasant, "which is a trophy as well as a dead bird! For I brought it home with me last night from one of the most stupendous massacres of feathered innocents that ever took place 'here down' (as Mazzini expresses himself)—from seven hundred to a thousand pheasants shot in one day! The firing made me perfectly sick. Think of the bodily and mental state of the surviving birds, when the day's sport was ended! Decidedly men can be very great brutes when they like!"

A few weeks later, Mrs Carlyle's greatly beloved little dog Nero, which had been run over by a butcher's cart in the previous October, but had partially recovered, grew worse, and had finally to be put an end to, which was kindly done by Mr Barnes, to whom Mrs Carlyle wrote a touching letter of sorrowful gratitude on February 1st, ending with a pretty message to his "little jewel of a daughter."

Enclosing a cheque for the doctor's account at the beginning of this year, Carlyle himself writes to Mr Barnes: "I have very much pleasure in paying, with a great many thanks over and above. No man of the many who present themselves at this season has done us so essential a service during the past year; and none of them all could do his poor 'work' more like a workman than you did your high and important one! We wish you many good years, useful to your fellow creatures and yourself.—I am, always, yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

Next in the packet comes a note from Mrs Carlyle, following a doubly missed meeting:

"5 CHEYNE ROW,
"*Friday* [*Feb.* 10, 1860].

"My dear 'little Nun' (minus vocation)!

"What bad luck to miss both your Father and you in one day! or rather what bad management! (For I believe there is no difference between Luck and Management, but in the spelling!) Certainly I 'as one solitary individual' (my husband's favourite phrase) have been managing shockingly in the last ten days! throwing over everything for *locomotion*, and locomotion towards no point or object, merely for the *distraction* of the thing!

"But without Rule or Routine to keep me within bounds (like a moral strait-waistcoat) I should soon be in Bedlam—*moi*!

"So I seriously purpose, by strength of Heaven, to recommence living the regular ticking existence of an eight-day clock, so soon as—as I *can*!

"Meanwhile, recollect you are to be ready to take a drive with me at 2 on Monday next. To-day I am in hope of realising the photograph for you in the course of my circulation thro' space! and if so shall leave it with this note in passing. If it still is not finished, we will go for it together on Monday next. My best love to your Father.—Affectionately yours,

"JANE WELSH CARLYLE."

The next letter of the series refers to the possible call on Miss Barnes of a discharged servant, whom Mrs Carlyle "would rather *not* be responsible for placing in the bosom of any quiet family I am interested in, as outside of the broad moral line of the usual servant virtues, honesty, sobriety, and activity, there is much to be said which would not be to her advantage."

In July, Carlyle, plagued by sleeplessness, and beginning to think that the interminable *Frederick* would finish him, instead of his finishing it, went north for a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso.

Mrs Carlyle remained for a while at Cheyne Row, "more sleepless and agitated than himself."

"I was on the verge of complete breakdown into serious illness," she writes to Mrs Aitken at Dumfries, "when Mr C. left and my Doctor took me in hand. To judge from the amount of 'composing draughts' given me (three in a day) I must have been very near boiling over and blowing my lid off! He (Doctor Barnes) forbade my leaving home for the present; and I shall await his permission before going anywhere. He is both a skilful and honest man, and would *not* keep me here for the sake of running up a bill —but I do feel a great longing to be on the top of a hill somewhere, to breathe more freely."

The next letter, to the Doctor's daughter, expresses the same feeling:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, *Saturday*,
"[*August* 11, 1860].

"Little Girl! I told you how it would be! once put off a solemn engagement, and no mortal can tell when it will come off, or whether 'the pigs' won't 'run thro' it' altogether!

"The lady to whom, as I told you, I had promised a day next week, whichever day she liked, has of course selected just Tuesday—*Ergo!*

"For Heaven's sake, when you fix the day for your marriage, *keep to it*, through thick and thin, or 'the pigs' may do something *there* too, which will surprise you.

"On Wednesday evening I have an immensely strong-minded and strong-bodied woman coming, whom I think you would hardly like to meet. To myself she is killing! But being one of that privileged class who have 'seen better days' I am bound to let myself be killed by her now and then, with inward protest.

"Thursday is so far off, I can't say anything about *it*. I may be gone—into infinite space!

"I feel choking here. In spite of your father's composing mixture, I want to be away on the top of a hill! any hill except Primrose Hill! Do come one morning, as early as ever you like. And tell me if you will dare the strong woman, or wait till Thursday? Friday? Saturday? on the chance of my being off on the search for a hill I can breathe on.—Yours affecly.,

"JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE."

The intense heat of this August was followed by an extremely cold winter, during which Mrs Carlyle, at her husband's instigation, had embarked on a second servant, and was not altogether enjoying "the *twoness* of it"; whilst Carlyle rarely left his garret study, and the struggle with *Frederick,* except for his daily ride. The death just about this time of Arthur Hugh Clough was a loss; but was perhaps more than offset by Carlyle's renewed friendship with Ruskin, whose letters on Political Economy were just then appearing in the *Cornhill.*

The next letter has a special interest for me, as it chronicles, in Mrs Carlyle's most characteristic manner, what was, I think, the first combined visit of my father and mother to No. 5. My father had been appointed by Lord Cadogan as Rector of Chelsea in 1860, and they had come into residence at the Rectory (whose garden gate opened into the top of Cheyne Row) in August of that year:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
"*Wednesday* [*April 3rd,* 1861].

"You remarkably *clever* little Girl! I admire this stroke of diplomacy amazingly! My general amiability was not to be relied on, you thought—and I can't say but you thought right, so far as that goes—my special promise about writing 'within a fortnight' might or might not form a part of that general amiability, which is not to be relied on, and so, being a sort of little Girl who *will* have her humour out, whatever that be, you just fling a silken *laszo* of politeness round my neck and twitch me up to the point! You *had* the little photograph before you left—you meant to give it me (your father told me so, when he had taken his out of his pocket-book as tenderly as if it were *the Holy Sacraments,* to show me, and been assailed by a storm of abuse of you on my part for not having given me one 'all to myself'). But, if you sent it in a letter, I must of necessity acknowledge *that* letter, as a 'woman of England,' whatever she does or omits to do, must never neglect 'the forms of Society'—never be impolite! Oh, you sharp little Girl! You knew *that,* calculated upon it, and acted upon it! And so here am I writing to you, whether I like it or not! Anyhow I like the photograph. To such an extent, that my long wavering intention of investing in a photograph book took settled practical shape in the same hour *it* (the tiny Miss Barnes) came to hand; and being so rapid as yourself (!) when I have once decided on a thing, I went forthwith to Regent Street in the rain, and bought a sensible modest-looking volume, with no botheration of embossing and gilt clasps, but *real* morocco and good paper. When I came in I was, if not wetted, thoroughly damped, and had to change my dress, and it being within a couple of hours of the time when I was engaged to dine at Mr Forster's, with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, I thought I had best make one dressing do for all; and thus it happened that as early as half after four, I was sitting on my sofa in the black velvet gown your Father found so 'stunning'—with pearl necklace and bracelets (!) and the smallest of make-believe (lace) caps—when, without my having heard any rap, the drawing-room door was flung open and Charlotte announced 'Mr and Mrs Blunt!' Mercy of Heaven! Is that man always to find me in some false position? To your Father I could say, I am going out to dinner and am so ashamed to be caught with a bare head. But I couldn't enter into such explanation with these strangers, and had to stand Mrs Blunt's survey of me, in a broad glare of sunlight with *inward* protest against appearances, and 'appeal to posterity.' As for Mr Blunt, God bless him, I don't imagine he could have told, when he left, whether I had on a velvet dress or a strait waistcoat, whether my necklace was of pearls or buttercups! He looked so straight at my face all the time, with such a look of unworldly profoundly *human trust* and friendship, that it was all I could do to keep from flinging myself at his feet or into his arms, and saying, 'Oh yes! I will visit your poor women if you wish it, will even come and hear you preach *if you wish it!*' I restrained myself, however, and for the present went no further than inviting him and his wife to tea!

"I didn't go to hear Spurgeon. It rained slightly and my head ached slightly, and Lady Airlie had told me the day before, 'Oh don't, *please* don't go to Spurgeon, it *is* so—*nasty!*'

"Now, little woman, mind that you don't stay away above twice as much longer as the time you fixed!

"I like to know you here even when I am not seeing you. I *like* you, my nice little diplomatist, which is more a compliment to your merits than you perhaps think! For between ourselves there is nothing I so much dislike in a general way as a young Miss (*Jeune Mees*) except indeed a young Master.—Affectly. yours, JANE CARLYLE."

The next two letters to Miss Barnes have been printed in the *Letters and Memorials*. The first, dated Sept. 22, 1861, came from Harewood Lodge, Berks, a lodge in Windsor Forest to which old Lady Sandwich (Lady Ashburton's mother) had invited the Carlyles. The letter is chiefly a caustic disquisition on lumbago—Carlyle's lumbago, got by "spreading his pocket-handkerchief on the grass just after a heavy shower, and sitting down on it for an hour and more, in spite of all my remonstrances."

The letter ends thus: "Where are you, then? If you are returned to the paternal roof, no need almost of this letter. But I daresay you are gadding about on the face of the earth, 'too happy in not knowing your happiness' of having a paternal roof to stay under! If your Father would take *me* home for his daughter; and pet me, as he does you; would *I* go dancing off to all points of the compass, as you do? No indeed! God bless you anyhow. If you are returned this letter will still be worth while as enabling me to look you in the face, more or less!"

The second letter dates from Cheyne Row, 24th January, and pinned to it is a tiny scrap of paper on which Carlyle has noted "1862? *Ask* Mrs

Simmonds the date of her *wedding*, of her *first* child, etc. ! " evidently an annotation made when he was arranging his wife's letters after her death. The letter was Mrs Carlyle's reply to Miss Barnes' petition that she would come to her approaching wedding. " Oh you agonising little girl ! How *could* you ? come down upon me in that slapdash way, demand of poor weak shivering me a positive ' yes ' or ' no ' as if with a loaded pistol at my head ! How *can* I tell what I shall be up to on the 18th ? After such a three months of illnesses and relapses how can I even guess ? If I am alive and able to stand on my hind legs and to look like a joyful occasion, I shall be only too happy to attend that solemnity." The letter goes on to beg her not to ask Mr Carlyle to the wedding, as he has said " it would be a real vexation to me to refuse that bonnie wee lassie what she asked, and to her marriage I *could not go !* It would be the ruin of me for three weeks."

" And that," adds his wife, " is no exaggeration, *I* can say, who knows his ways better than anyone else."

The next letter was written only a few days before the wedding day :

" 5 Cheyne Row,
" *Thursday* [*February* 13, 1862].

" Dear little Girl ! that is going to be spirited away from me, into ' the house of bondage ' (*vide* Captain Cuttle ' and when found make a mark of it ! ') aren't you coming to see me first ? I have been expecting you to-day every minute ;

and expected you all yesterday. Maria said you promised to come yesterday morning, having just asked at what hour I went out, and she having answered that I 'generally went out at one o'clock.' 'One o'clock?' 'Generally?' What *did* you mean by saying that? Haven't I been out just once in the last fortnight? 'Yes!' And didn't I go out then at half after two? 'Yes!' 'Then what *did* you mean by saying I generally went out at one?' 'Well, I meant—I don't know.' My dear prospective young housewife! beware of servants who write poetry! they haven't common sense ever! But are you coming to-morrow morning? or when? I must see you again before——

"Unless the weather mends materially, it would be madness for me to go to the Church in my wedding garments, not having the excitement of going to be married myself to nerve me against catching cold. Whether even *that* will save yourself from the natural consequences of a low dress and bare head in winter remains to be seen! Mrs Blunt asked me to go with *them*, and I should like that, and should like to see you made away with! If only it come warm enough to be out so long in fine clothes! but at all rates I hope to live to present myself at the house at one o'clock. I wish you would come and see my *new bonnet* for the occasion—it will be lost on you when the occasion is there. It is lovely.—Your ever affectionate J. W. C."

The wedding took place on Tuesday the 18th

Miss Barnes, "Carina," 1861

Dr. Barnes, her Father

February, and my Father, who was to marry the young couple, and who knew how keenly the pretty little bride hoped for Mrs Carlyle's presence, was determined to get her to the church if it could safely be accomplished. Mrs Carlyle herself tells the story in a letter to her dear friend, Mrs Russell of Thornhill, dated February 23rd, which may be quoted here :

"The wedding was an immense affair! It was my doctor's little daughter who was being married, after a three years' engagement, and as soon as she was engaged she had made me promise to attend her wedding. I had rather wished to see a marriage performed in a church with all the forms, the eight bridesmaids, etc. But I had renounced all idea of going to the church for fear of being laid up with a fresh cold ; and meant to attend only the breakfast party after, in which I took less interest. But imagine how good the people here are to me. Our Rector, in whose church (St Luke's) the marriage was to take place, being told by his wife I wished to go but durstn't, for fear of the coldness of the church, ordered the fires to be kept up from Sunday over into Tuesday morning! besides a roaring fire in the vestry, where I sat at my ease till the moment the ceremony began! I was much pressed afterwards to acknowledge how superior the English way of marrying was to the Scotch, and asked how I had liked it. I said my feelings were very 'mixed!' The Rector asked, 'mixed of what?' 'Well,' I said, 'it looked to me something betwixt a religious ceremony and a—pantomime!' So it is. There were forty-four people at the breakfast!"

Mrs Carlyle did not catch cold at the wedding; for I see by my Mother's diary that she and my Father were at tea at the Carlyles on the Friday after, and met Ruskin there.

The next letter is addressed to "Mrs Simmonds, 82 Oakley Street," where, presumably, the newly married couple had found quarters after the honeymoon:

"5 CHEYNE ROW,
"*Friday* [*May*, 1862].

"'My darlingest Pet,'—(As the Marchioness of Westmeath writes to the 'Co-respondent')—come as you are to-night. I don't mean come in a state of nature, but in your wearing gown, for nobody will be here except possibly Mr Woolner the sculptor. The other new married lady I spoke of cannot come, because—I have not asked her! I set out one day to make the due *call* preparatory to asking her, and was overtaken by the rain in Pimlico, and having no umbrella, and a velvet coat, and seeing no cab or other refuge, I plunged madly into an Omnibus that was standing at 'the Three Compasses,' and was trundled away, I knew not whither, but *eventually* (as the horrid penny-a-liners say) I found myself at the Blackwall Railway Station in Fenchurch Street! Then, the rain continuing, I had just to sit still and come back again, and get myself into a cab at Hyde Park, and come home, damped and wretched. I have never been able to get up the steam to go at that *call* since, and to ask her without calling would, I am sure, have been an offence to the new married female Inverness mind. The more's the pity for her.—Affectionately yours,

"J. W. C."

After this letter there is a gap in the series of nearly eighteen months; a gap, as we know, rather tragically eventful in the story of the Cheyne Row household, including as it did the completion of the third volume of *Frederick*, the serious illness of Lord Ashburton in Paris, the fall and loss of Carlyle's good horse Fritz, and Mrs Carlyle's severe accident whilst trying to reach an omnibus in St Martin's Lane. This last smash occurred at the beginning of October 1863, and Mrs Carlyle was carried by Larkin to her bed (she had stopped the cab next door and sent for him, hoping to break the shock to her husband), in terrible pain, the sinews of her thigh torn and lacerated. There she lay for nearly a month, slowly recovering; and the next little note of our series is written in pencil, addressed to "—— Simmonds, Esq.," and sent by hand. He had evidently written early word of an important family event for himself and her "Carina."

"5 CHEYNE ROW,
"1st *November*.

"Many thanks, dear Mr Simmonds, for sending me the good news so quickly. Having lots of time at present for making myself miserable, and a born genius for that sort of thing, and considering what happened before, I had been more anxious how your dear little wife should get through this business than *she* had the smallest idea! But she has got through it well, thank God, as she gets through most things.

"I am only sorry that I shan't be up to going to see her and *It* for some time. Give her my love and compliments on her cleverness—and It a kiss for me, and congratulations on having got duly born.

"I suppose it is very *red?*—Yours sincerely,

"JANE CARLYLE."

The two next letters in this little batch have been included (Nos. 277 and 278) in the *Letters and Memorials.* The first of these is dated November 3rd, 1863:

"I am so thankful that you are all right. And to think of your writing, on the third day after your confinement, the most legible—indeed the only legible note I ever had from you in my life!

"Now about this compliment offered me, which you are pleased to call a favour (to you), I don't know what to say. I wish I could go and talk it over; but even if I could go in a cab, one of these next dry days, I couldn't drive up your stairs in a cab! I should be greatly pleased that your baby bore a name of mine. But the God-motherhood? There seems to me one objection to that, which is a fatal one—I don't belong to the English church; and the Scotch church which I do belong to recognises no Godfathers and Godmothers. The father takes all the obligations on himself (serve him right). I was present at a Church of England christening for the first time when the Blunts took me to see their baby christened, and it looked to me a very solemn piece of work; and that Mr Maurice and Julia Blunt (the Godfather and Godmother) had to take upon themselves before God and Man very solemn engagements, which it was to be hoped they meant to fulfil! . . . Now, my darling, how could I dream of binding myself to look after the spiritual welfare of any earthly baby? I, who have no confidence in my own spiritual welfare! . . . How could I, in cold blood, go through with a ceremony in a church to which neither the others nor myself attach a grain of veracity? If you can say anything to the purpose I am very willing to be proved mistaken, and in that case very willing to stand Godmother to a baby that on the third day is not at all red!"

(One imagines that the aspersion at the end of the previous letter had been indignantly repudiated by "Its" mother!)

The second of these letters enclosed a locket brooch as a christening gift for the baby to wear, as soon as it was "sufficiently hardened from its present pulpy condition."

Then comes a note written towards the end of this same November, on the eve of the christening of "Jane":

"5 CHEYNE ROW.

"Carina, I am glad of the proposed addition to *Its* name, glad that the poor Dear will have a reasonable christian name to fall back upon when she has grown to having a judgment of her own, and to recognising the fatuity of a meaningless lisping '*Ethel*' out of a Thackeray novel! I cannot engage to come to-morrow. I will try!—not to luncheon, however! that would complicate the nervousness of the thing for me. You have no idea how nervous I have been, since my accident—sitting here in the same sofa corner always, in the same dressing-gown, seeing the same two or three people. To start out into a christening company before I can stand steadily on my two legs—after such a nine weeks of seclusion! Dear, have you thought what an effort that would take? I was very much the worse for my wild expedition that day to see my baby. I never closed my eyes all night after! I felt so fatigued and *excited* by it! and felt to have caught cold all over. The fatigue would be lessened by going in a cab, but on the other hand the excitement would be aggravated by the presence of company. You would be very sorry if I were laid up for two or three days in consequence. But if it is a fine day to-morrow and I feel particularly *brave*, I will try to come for a few minutes.—Yours affectionately, JANE CARLYLE."

The baby was duly christened "Ethel Jane Carlyle Simmonds." Mrs Carlyle did not actually and finally stand as her Godmother, but she came to the house after the christening; and the silver mug she gave her small namesake is still in Mrs Chambers' possession.

Again there is a gap of over a year and a half between this letter and the next—and final—one ; and we know with what a tormented record of illness and suffering that critical period was filled for Mrs Carlyle. The pain, in part resulting from her accident and partly from acute neuritis in her arm, grew worse again during the winter of 1863-4 ; in March she made the desperate experiment of a visit to St Leonards and the Blakistons, where she remained in great misery, sleeplessness, and utter depression till the end of June, when she fled, distracted and unnerved, to Scotland ; there she stayed, chiefly at Holm Hill, till the end of September, when she returned to Chelsea, having outworn the longest and worst phase of her " horrible ailment " ; but with her health and strength irretrievably shattered. Carlyle's gift of a carriage to her this autumn was an immense boon in her disablement, besides being tangible evidence of an affection and solicitude which, except in moments of the madness caused by nervous breakdown, protracted insomnia and physical torture from her accidents, Mrs Carlyle never, in her heart, either doubted or disbelieved.

In January 1865 Carlyle took the last sheets of *Frederick* to the post office ; and in March they went, for a month, to the Ashburton's cottage near Seaton. The change did Mrs Carlyle good ; but in May the neuritis, which had for two years more or less crippled her left arm, passed to the right, thus incapacitating her from writing till she could learn to scribble with the left hand. In June she went north once more, and this last letter to Mrs Simmonds is written, in ink, with her left hand, from Mrs Russell's ever-welcoming house:

"HOLMHILL, THORNHILL,
"10*th July* 1865.

"Oh my poor little Darling!—I am dreadfully sorry for you! Your little child that was such a Pet! Nothing worse could have befallen you under Heaven, except the death of your husband. Be thankful, poor sorrowing young Mother, that you are spared that ! Oh try to bear up for your husband's sake, and for the sake of the Baby unborn who is soon to come and comfort you for the little sister taken away. I wish I were at home to go and see you very often! I cannot even write as I should wish. My right arm and hand continue to be a perpetual torment to me, and utterly useless! I have had to learn to write and to do the things I can do at all with my left hand. But I feel it so difficult!

"I am coming home in about a fortnight.

"Thank you, darling, for writing to me.

"I have not improved in the 'country.' The pain is constant, and takes away my sleep and appetite.—Your loving friend,

"JANE CARLYLE."

Mrs Carlyle returned to Cheyne Row towards the end of July, and except for a brief visit to Miss Bromley at Folkestone, in August, this was her last journey.

The autumn and winter were comparatively uneventful, save for alterations of bookcases, trials of the "hereditary housemaid," an invasion of cocks and hens next door, triumphantly subdued by Mrs Carlyle's brilliant diplomacy, and the pleasurable preparation for Carlyle's Edinburgh Lord Rectorship. Her neuralgia was much better, and, though extremely frail in body her indomitable spirit seemed now to have reached a haven of comparative serenity and calm. They were often at the Rectory during this last year of Mrs Carlyle's life. My father gave stable accommodation to Carlyle's horse, "Noggs," of which he had wished to make him a present, and which he occasionally rode. Noggs, however, was not a very satisfactory steed; "he had," as I have elsewhere recorded, "too long been accustomed to the ways of a preoccupied rider, who had ambled absent-mindedly about 30,000 miles—the majority of it as he was thrashing out *Frederick the Great*. People had often seen Noggs grazing quietly along the roadside of Clapham Common, the reins loose on his neck, whilst history was being evolved on his back; and Noggs, having too long had his own way, resented a rider who had ideas of his own as to whither and at what pace they should go; and in May, when Carlyle went to Annandale, he took his horse with him for the summer."

In October Herbert Barnes, Mrs Simmonds' brother, who had taken over his father's medical practice, and with whom Mrs Carlyle had grown "so satisfied when I had conquered my prejudice against having a doctor under thirty who wore a glass in his eye," died suddenly, and it was my mother who had to go and break the news to Mrs Carlyle. Our Rectory cow supplied her with new milk every morning, milked straight into the tumbler and drunk warm within five minutes; "a daily recurring miracle," as Carlyle described it.

Though I was only a boy of eight, I can well remember the Mrs Carlyle of those last months, white and frail, almost, as a wraith, but very kind and gentle, as other children than I had found her. Particularly I recollect the evenings when Carlyle came to the Rectory and the arrival of the box of long delicate "churchwardens" from Edinburgh, with green waxed ends, always provided for his smoke; and the great marmalade making in February 1866, which Mrs Carlyle herself came over to superintend in our big stone-flagged kitchen, according to her own delicious, but very elaborate, recipe.

Carlyle went north in March for the Edinburgh Rectorship and Address, which was accomplished, on April 2nd, "in a tempest of enthusiasm," the exhausted Rector thereupon escaping to Scotsbrig to recover himself. To him from Cheyne Row went, almost daily, some of the most cheery, playful, and proudly affectionate letters ever sent him by his wife, the last of them dated April 21st, and expecting his return to her "the day after to-morrow." And within a few hours of its completion, "Dearest—your ever, J. W. C." the true troubled heart from which those words had come had, in her carriage in Hyde Park, ceased suddenly and finally to beat.

CREMORNE

God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.
The Garden. COWLEY.

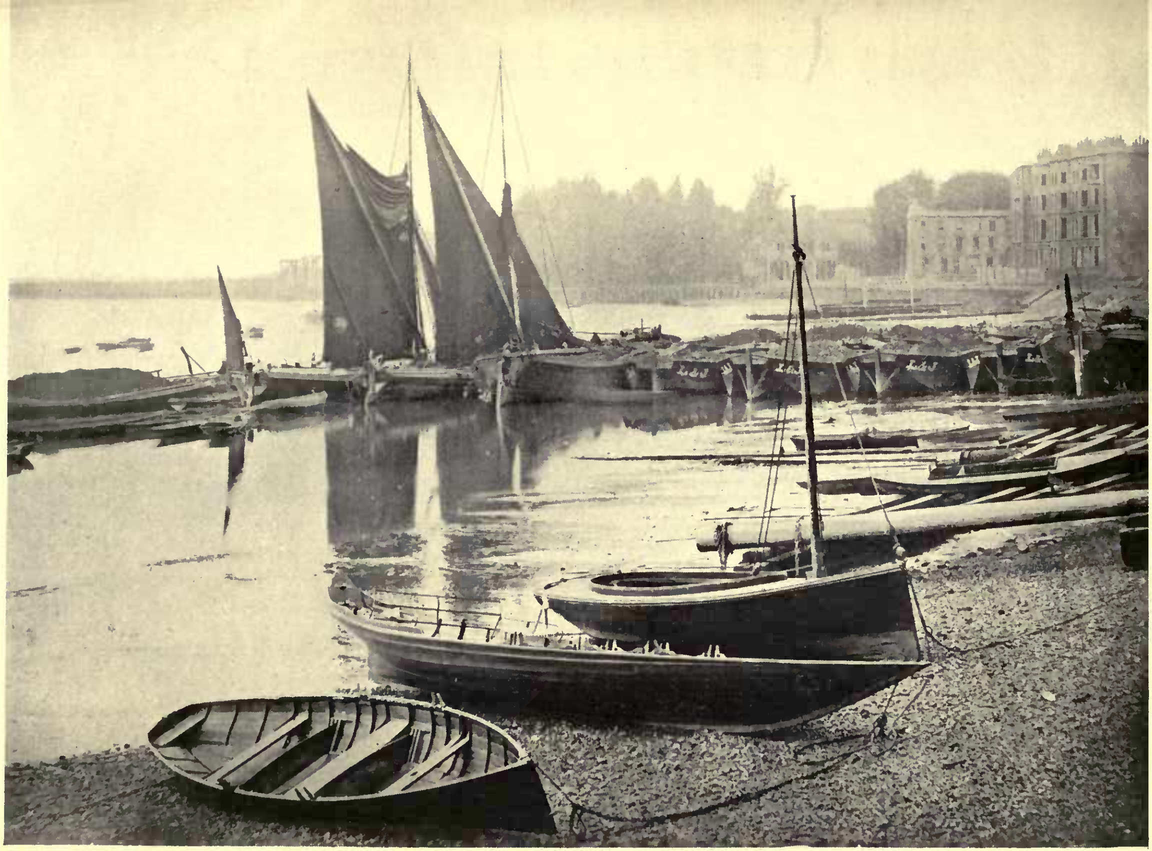
His gardens next your admiration call
On every side you look, behold the wall!
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye invested nature sees
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees.
POPE.

CREMORNE—Royal Cremorne, if you please—claimed pedigree descent as the heir and successor of Ranelagh; but the claim was rather a futile and foolish one in reality: futile, because Cremorne never possessed anything like the Great Rotunda, which was the distinguishing feature of Ranelagh; and foolish, because the demands of the Victorian age were rather different from those of the Georgian era, and Ranelagh itself, for all its fashionable support, eventually died of dulness, and could hardly have been revived in the nineteenth century.

The history of Cremorne House, which reveals it at the outset as a stronghold of the Methodists and a preaching ground of Whitfield, and ends with its closure amid the execrations of outraged respectability, is at least diversified enough to prove worthy of record.

The piece of wooded land known as the West Field, which formed the western end of Chelsea, between the King's Road and the river, and west of the original glebe land and Sir Thomas More's estate, was occupied about 1740 by the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, who built here a villa facing the river and known as Chelsea Farm. His wife was the celebrated Selina, " Queen of the Methodists " and founder of the Calvinistic Sect known as the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. Lord Huntingdon died in 1746, and during the next two years, before her move to Park Street in 1748, his widow placed herself here entirely under the influence of Wesley and Whitfield. The latter, whom she appointed one of her chaplains, preached repeatedly at Chelsea Farm, where Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bath, Lady Townshend, Lady Manet and others of the elect came to hear him. Walpole records this with the characteristic comment : " What do you lay that next winter he is not run after instead of Garrick ? " Whitfield naïvely declares that his noble auditors " seemed surprised but pleased. Thus the world turns round. In all time of my wealth, good Lord, deliver me."

Lady Huntingdon, however, left Chelsea and started a long career of chapel building, becoming a very autocrat of dissent and the " well-meaning fanatic " of Mrs Montagu's later and somewhat disdainful criticism ; and the Farm, after passing through several other hands, was taken, towards the end of the century, by Thomas Dawson, Viscount Cremorne, for whom James



Cremorne Gardens from the River

Wyatt, the reviver of Gothic architecture, enlarged and altered the house, which was hereafter known as Cremorne House. Judging from Faulkner's view of it, there was little of Gothic or any other particular architecture about the white, bow-fronted house; but the park, which jutted out into the river bend, had "abundance of noble elms, ash and oaks, imparting classic effect to its scenery." Lord Cremorne had a fine collection of Flemish and Italian pictures here, including several by Van Dyck, Poussin, Teniers, Salvator Rosa, etc. Lady Cremorne was an intimate friend of Mrs Elizabeth Carter, Johnson's protégée and Mrs Montagu's learned correspondent; and it was at Cremorne House that that accomplished scholar was introduced to Queen Charlotte in 1791. This Viscountess Philadelphia Hannah Cremorne was William Penn's great-granddaughter, and was born in the capital of the State he founded; and her cousin, Granville Penn, succeeded her in possession of Cremorne House, which he sold in 1829 to Charles de Berenger, Baron de Beaufain.

It is with Berenger's tenancy that the story of Cremorne as a place of public resort begins, for in 1831 he established here "The Stadium," a national club, first for shooting, secondly for aquatic pursuits, including sailing, rowing, swimming, fishing, bathing, etc., and thirdly, for "general purposes and investigating improvements"—a comprehensive heading which may be held to include certain "galas on a most magnificent scale patronised by most of the nobility" which are stated to have been occasionally held here during the next ten years.

George Cruikshank designed a remarkable circular shield, divided into compartments illustrating the various sports and pastimes which the Stadium was intended to encourage; and I have also got two other lithographs "published at Chelsea, 1831, by the Proprietor of the Stadium at Chelsea Farm, late Lord Cremorne's," which show "Members of the National Club cultivating various skilful and manly exercises," attired in white trousers, frogged waistcoats and enormous military caps. I have also two other quaint little etchings of Cruikshank's, one of which shows the "School of Natation at the Stadium," wherein a gentleman in a tall silk hat is standing in a boat with cords in his hands which pass over stern poles and are attached to the backs of his two swimming pupils in the river; the other pictures "Carousel Ring and Practice," with young gentlemen on fiery steeds engaged in sword, lance, turks-head and tilting exercises.

Using primarily the voluminous collection of Cremorne scraps in the Chelsea Public Library, and assisted, here and there, by Mr Warwick Wroth's "Cremorne and the later London Gardens" and other reference books, I have mapped out the doings at Cremorne, year by year, from Berenger's Stadium to the final closing in 1877; and it will perhaps be simplest to epitomise these chronologically, adding a few explanatory notes as we go along.

1831.

New Vauxhall and Royal Bath Gardens, King's Road, Chelsea. "Grand Miscellaneous Concert. The lovers of Terpsichore may sport the light fantastic toe," etc.

1836.

Display of Fireworks by Duffell and Darby.

1837.

June 8. Stadium, Cremorne. Ticket of admission for test of Signor Botturi's fireproof clothing, counterstamped "De Berenger."

Mr Green ascends with a lady and a leopard in the Great Nassau Balloon. Charles Green was "the intrepid aeronaut" who had made the first ascent with hydrogen gas in 1821, and had voyaged in his great balloon from Vauxhall to Weilberg in Nassau in 1836. He was one of the regular attractions at Cremorne from this year onwards till 1852, and made 526 ascents in all; and henceforth ballooning becomes a constant feature at Cremorne.

1838.

Fêtes Champêtres to the Foreign Ambassadors, and various balloon ascents.

1839.

June 13. Mr Hampton's ascent in the Albion from Cremorne, and descent in a parachute in the Fulham Road.

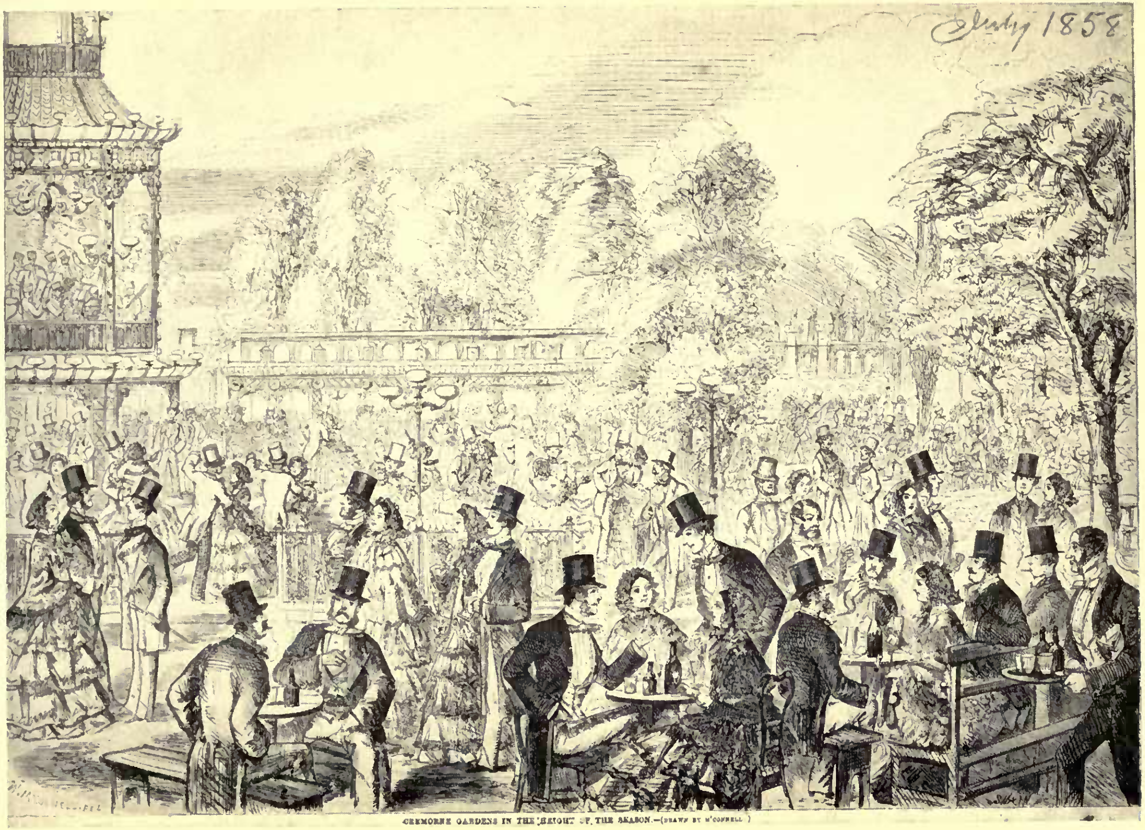
Other attractions of Cremorne, which were gradually developed as the seasons went on, and ingeniously metamorphosed from time to time, included the Grand Promenade of Versailles, The American Bowling Saloon, The Chinese Orchestra, the Chrystal Grotto, The Hermit's Cave, The Firework Temple, the great Water Gate and River Esplanade, a Circus, a Maze, a Theatre and various gipsy tents and other side shows. There was also a smaller Marionette Theatre which was a constant and popular feature, both with the public and with the astute proprietor, "who liked the little beggars who never came to the treasury on Saturday." The Gardens were charmingly laid out, the trees were magnificent, and the naughty little arbours discreetly arranged under their secluded shade gained a really shocking reputation.

1843.

Lord Chief Baron Nicholson transferred his rather scandalous Judge and Jury Court from the Garrick's Head Tavern in Bow Street to Cremorne. Renton Nicholson was a remarkably genial old blackguard whose coarse and witty trials attracted the bright spirits of the 'forties and 'fifties to the Coal Hole, The Cider Cellar, and other well-known haunts.

1844.

Nicholson's second One Thousand Guinea Three Days' Fête, April 8–10. Rope-Dancing, Races, Dutch Fair, Concert, Vaulting, Poetising, Mock Election, etc. Tom Matthews, the great Sadler's


July 1858
CREMORNE GARDENS IN THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.—(DRAWN BY M'CONNELL.)

CREMORNE, 1858

Wells Clown and Grimaldi's pupil, appeared here for the first time this year.

1845.

De Berenger died this year, and the management was taken over by Mr Littlejohn, late of Rosherville Gardens, Gravesend, with Tom Matthews apparently in partnership. He announces his opening of the Tavern, Park, Forest, Pleasure Gardens, Lawns, Maze, etc., with a three days' Fête, entitled The Feast of the Forest, a Sherwood picnic, June 23rd. "To those who are not acquainted with these remarkable and magnificent grounds the management on this occasion emphatically address themselves. The proprietory are desirous of establishing the romantic park and gardens of Cremorne as a place of national and economical entertainment; to that end the admission is but 6d.; to that end are provided all sorts of outdoor athletic pastimes and amusements, including archery, rifle-shooting, swinging, bowling, etc. In the midst of nature's sublimest attractions, viz., towering and majestic trees and variegated plants and flowers, with verdant lawns, sylvan shades and the sounds of music, a day can be delightfully spent in Cremorne Gardens. Dancing commences on the lawns and in the Hall of Terpsichore at 6 o'clock every evening. Between the dances, concert and ballet performances take place." Other attractions include "the musical glasses, nigger melodists, modern Grimaldi, droll exhibition of Punch, brilliant display of fireworks, etc.," but "the Public can never be disappointed in Cremorne, because every night is a gala night and every day a flower show."

The "intrepid aeronaut" took up Lord George Beresford, Mrs Green and another lady, two other gentlemen and Mr Thomas Matthews, Clown of Drury Lane, who favoured thousands immediately before the ascent by singing "Hot Codlins" in full theatrical costume. The balloon, it appears, reached an altitude of 6500 feet, travelled for two hours and twenty minutes, and landed safely in a large marsh near Tottenham. The passengers suffered from "sudden shivering," but at 3000 feet Mr Tom Matthews (who must have been pretty chilly in his clown costume) sang a new comic song "Pigs Pettitoes," which was "rapturously encored." On a later occasion this year, Green made a perilous ascent in a storm, but managed to get safely to earth at eleven o'clock near Harrow, with the assistance of four young ladies, who had followed the balloon for some miles.

1846.

The Gardens were run this season under the management of Mr James Ellis, who on July 22nd gave a Grand Public Breakfast, "a picture of Ranelagh a hundred years ago, the same music and glees, the same songs and choruses, the same dances, the same costumes, sedan chairs, children's old dances, etc."

The Great Nassau Balloon was still making regular ascents. On one occasion the Imperial Gas

Company declined to inflate the balloon, declaring they had not enough gas. The ascent having been widely advertised and crowds assembled to view it, Ellis applied to the Vauxhall Gas Works, who at once agreed to fill the balloon, which was instantly despatched there and inflated in 1¼ hours. It was then attached to a barge and towed up the river, rising in the air at the two bridges which had to be passed, and being guided over them by hand ropes ; and after being received at Cremorne with great cheering Mr Green had all in readiness by 5.15 o'clock, and shortly afterwards ascended, coming down in the evening at Leyton in Essex. The tour up the river was watched and followed by " a host of literati " and persons identified with scientific pursuits.

1847.

The Gardens were now well established and becoming increasingly popular, though the uncertainty of the weather frequently spoilt the entertainments. One newspaper complains that the floor of the great dancing platform had got into a wretched condition, and that the number of masters of ceremonies proved quite unequal to the preservation of sufficient order amongst the crowd of dancers. A long list of aristocratic patrons is given as present at one of the fêtes, including Prince Louis Napoleon and Earls St Germains, Clanwilliam, Ferrars, etc. Leotard's performances began this year, and displays of fireworks were given under the ascending balloons.

In 1850 Ellis became bankrupt, and T. B.

Simpson, who had been head waiter of the Albion, and afterwards lessee of Drury Lane, took over the management. Mr G. A. Sala, who was a frequent visitor to the Gardens at this time, speaks of them as a well-planned pleasaunce with magnificent trees, well-kept lawns, lovely flowers, and melodious birds ; and he recalls his sauntering there in the summer afternoons, and finding Simpson's daughters sitting out under the trees with their work-baskets, whilst pretty barmaids in cotton frocks polished up the bars in preparation for the evening throng. But Simpson père was a keen man of business, and saw clearly that in this fickle climate, if bankruptcy was to be avoided, he must cater for big crowds, who could only be attracted by sensational fare. Mere balloon ascents, however intrepid the aeronaut, had ceased to thrill ; and Green had to go up with all sorts of "astounding" and "terrific" attachments underneath his car, to say nothing of roman candles and catherine wheels.

In 1851 Bouthellier was taken up on a trapeze below the balloon, from which he hung suspended by his neck and his heels, tying himself into all sorts of knots, amidst "mingled alarm and pleasure."

There was also, this year, a great Aquatic Tournament and Naval Fête on the river front, in which fourteen steamers of the Thames fleet obligingly took part, with much expenditure of gunpowder, one derelict vessel being blown up, for finale.

In 1852 Cremorne reached the zenith of its fashionable fame, in the form of an " Aristocratic Fête " got up by a distinguished band of society leaders. Prices were raised accordingly, carpets were laid down, and 1000 additional lamps provided, whilst the lady patronesses exercised consummate precautions as to the issue of ladies' tickets to their male friends. Jupiter Pluvius, however, had not been propitiated, and the day was one long relentless downpour. Here is the newspaper account of its happenings :

" The British female is an indomitable creature, and not even the descending torrents had power to swerve her from her purpose. At the appointed time carriage after carriage dashed through astonished Chelsea, and fragile forms, clad in the airiest of muslins, bonneted and crinolined in morning costume, alighted at the gates. The gravel on the paths was newly laid for the occasion, and softened by the rain. No gallant Raleighs sacrificed their paletots beneath the footsteps of the coroneted fair ones, but active labourers laid down planks, over which the visitors tripped daintily on tiptoe, and sought some shelter from the ' fierce pelting of the pitiless storm.' The platform was a puddle, on which the raindrops only danced ; the flags clung to the dripping poles, and disconsolate waiters, forseeing no demand for sponge cakes and ices, clustered in sheltered spots. The balloon ascent was witnessed by a few, who, with commendable temerity, braved the wet in the pursuit of practical science, and at least a dozen voices applauded Lieutenant Chambers when the machine arose. Then came the question, What was to be done? There was an equestrian circus, and perhaps some fun might be seen there; there was a ballet, and a Cremorne ballet was at any rate a novelty to the habitués of Her Majesty's Theatre; there was to be a performance by Marionettes, and some curious proceedings by two individuals who could turn themselves inside out, and play the fiddle at the same time. These entertainments were duly visited and applauded, and even a comic song, which must have impressed the ladies with a strange notion of the English language as generally spoken by the 'inferior' classes. These performances being concluded, a successful attempt was made to get up a dance in the large room, which was speedily cleared of tables and chairs; the ladies retained their bonnets and the gentlemen their hats, and entering fully into the spirit of the dance, exhibited a vigour and hilarity which the habitual frequenters of the Gardens would hardly have surpassed. Some of the gentlemen, however, had perhaps been there before; and if rumour tells no falsehood, some of the ladies, too, were not quite strangers to Cremorne customs. It was not exactly a ball in Almack's fashion, but it was attractive enough to detain many of the visitors till the small hours yesterday morning.

"Among the visitors were the Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge, and many well-known titled and distinguished personages; we are glad to hear that though the fête itself was a dismal failure so far as the projected amusements were concerned, about £1000 will be applicable to charitable objects after every expense has been paid."

Punch's cartoon next week showed us a drenched lady in a huge crinoline on a tight-rope. "Terrific Descent amongst Showers of Waterworks," with much chaff of "The Cream at Cremorne."

Another sensation of this year was Monsieur Poitevin's parachute descent, which was successfully achieved on Clapham Common. Madame Poitevin, the Parisian Aeronaut, also went up beneath a balloon as "Europa carried away by Jupiter." But Europa's bull turned out to be a heifer which had just been purchased from Smithfield in a moribund condition, and had to be slaughtered immediately after the descent; and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had Poitevin very properly prosecuted and fined for this piece of cheap brutality.

Sensationalism now began to take its toll of life at Cremorne. In 1854 Latour was killed in making a parachute descent, the first of a series of fatal accidents which disfigured the record of its later years.

In August 1855 a great scenic display was arranged to represent the attack on the Mamelon Fort at Sebastopol, in which 500 soldiers were engaged; and here an unrehearsed effect was provided, for the stage erected for their advance upon the fort collapsed under their weight, and the soldiers fell some fifteen or twenty feet to the ground below, five and twenty of them being carried off in cabs and stretchers to the Military

Hospital with broken legs, bayonet wounds and other injuries.

Mrs Carlyle, writing from Cheyne Row to her husband at Farlingay, August 14th, 1855, says :—

" And last night the results of Cremorne in the King's Road were—what shall I say ? strange, upon my honour ! First I heard a measured tread, and then, out of the darkness, advanced on me eight soldiers carrying, high over their heads, a bier ! on which lay a figure covered with a black cloth, all but the white white face ! And before I had recovered from the shock of that, some twenty yards further on, behold, precisely the same thing over again ! I asked a working man what had happened. 'It was a great night at Cremorne, storming of Sebastopol ; thirty or forty soldiers were storming, when the scaffolding broke, and they all fell in on their own bayonets ! The two who had passed were killed, they said, and all the others hurt.' But a sergeant, whom I accosted after, told me there were none killed, and only three hurt badly."

Carlyle adds the expected footnote : " Populace, soldiers, officers : was ever there seen such a transaction on earth before ? "

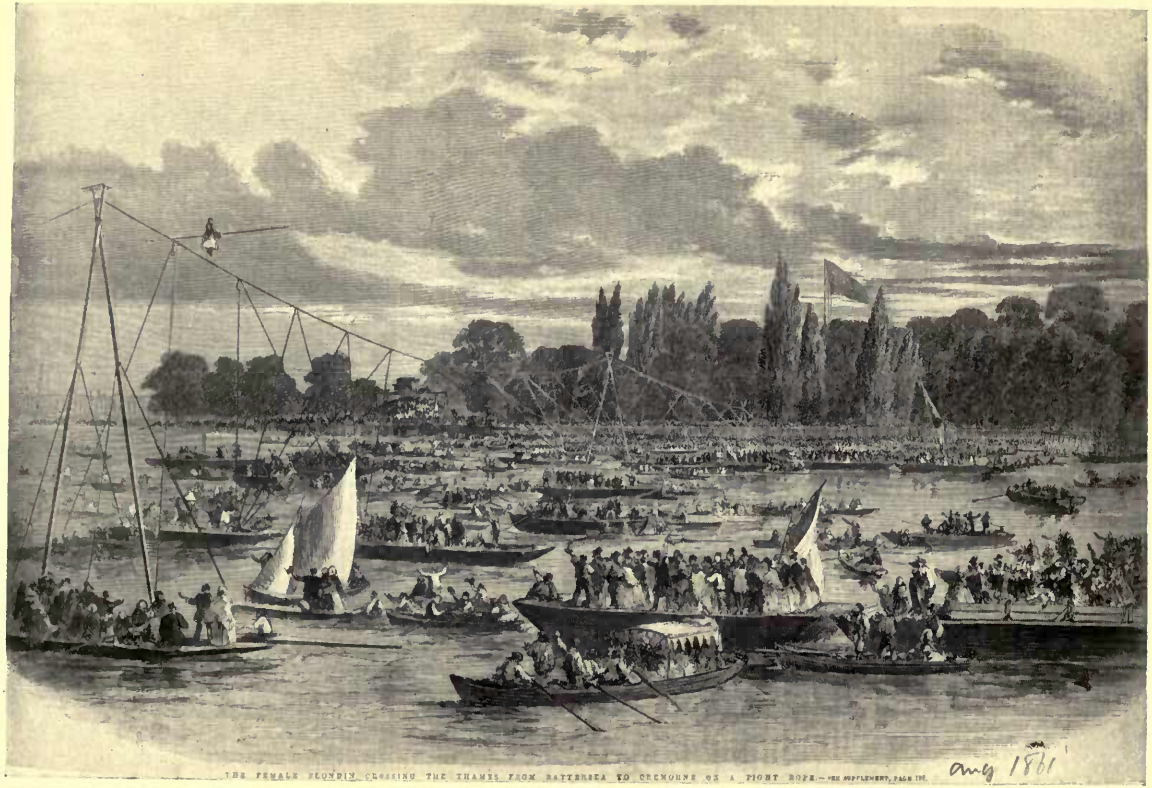
In 1858 one of the great attractions was the Italian Cristofero Buono Core, the Salamander, who walked through a fiery furnace and otherwise showed his scorn of flames ; when asked how he liked the furnace he said unconcernedly that he " titt as fell as he coot," but admitted, suggestively, that it made him very " dursty."

1860 saw the formation of a limited company with a capital of £100,000 to buy the Gardens from Simpson; but I am not sure whether the company actually came into existence.

In 1861 another sensation was achieved by the Female Blondin. Simpson had retired this summer, and was succeeded in the management by E. Tyrrell Smith, another energetic and lucky speculator, of whose varied career Mr Wroth gives an interesting account. Beginning as a Bow Street runner he became successively a sheriff's bailiff, wine merchant, tavern landlord, manager of Marylebone, Drury Lane, and Her Majesty's Theatres, and lessee of the Lyceum, the Surrey, Astley's, and Highbury Barn; in addition to which he ran two restaurants, a bonnet shop at Brighton, Nicholson at the Coal Hole, and the *Sunday Times*! He was a good-natured humbug with plenty of flair, and inspired confidence in his acquaintances by the carriage in his pocket of a £1000 note, for the hire of which he paid a moneylender £1 a day, and which was used with effect as a deposit on purchases and as evidence of wealth. Smith's Female Blondin, who called herself Madame Genevieve, and was really Selina Young, the delicate-looking little daughter of a showman, undertook to cross the Thames on a tight-rope in the August of this year. An enormous crowd thronged banks and boats opposite the Gardens, where a rope raised on trestles to a height of from 50 to 100 feet above the river had been stretched from the Battersea shore to Cremorne. The result narrowly escaped disaster.

When about two-thirds of the way across, the little woman paused at the trestles on the Cremorne side of the river, from which the remaining 600 or 700 feet of rope descended rather steeply towards the Gardens esplanade. Here there was a long pause, while the attendants made efforts to tighten the remaining length of rope, which sagged perilously downwards. After a wait of over half an hour, during which it was growing dusk and chilly, the Female Blondin began to move forward from the trestle ; but some scoundrel had cut the guy ropes to get their leaden weights, and the rope began to sway like a swing. It was a moment of peril, as further progress was evidently impossible, and she had left the last support. With wonderful presence of mind Selina dropped her long balance pole, caught the rope with both hands, seized a couple of the steadying weights attached to it, swung herself from these to a stay line, and slid down this to the river, where she was picked up by a boat. It must have been a tense moment for the Cremorne crowds as well as for poor little Selina. But Female Blondins cannot afford to have nerves, and we read, without surprise, that, only a year after, she fell from a damp and slippery rope at Highbury Barn, and was crippled for life.

Having thus established his fame at Cremorne, first with Madame Genevieve and then with Leotard, whose flight across five high trapezes was a very graceful thrill, Smith's next big venture was a reproduction, in the pavilion of the Ashburnham Grounds, on the west side of Cremorne,


THE FEMALE BLONDIN CROSSING THE THAMES FROM BATTERSEA TO CREMORNE ON A TIGHT ROPE.—SEE SUPPLEMENT, PAGE 190.

aug 1861

The Female Blondin crossing the Thames to Cremorne

of the great Eglinton Tournament of 1839. This performance, which took place in July 1863, seems to have been a lavishly staged and very effective presentation, of which the illustrated papers of the day abound in pictures and descriptions. Although " The Queen of Beauty is said to have hailed from the New Cut " and " the Pages were of the softer sex and perhaps no strangers to the choreographic stage, they looked as much like boys as they possibly could," and the armour and accoutrements, the flags and escutcheons, the velvet and gold lace, were impressive enough, whilst the tilting and bouts were just sufficiently realistic ; though, if we are to judge from the pages of *Punch*, the chargers, when stripped of their trappings, would hardly have passed muster at Tattersall's. The " grand mêlée " produced some well-engineered spills, and clowns and jesters did their best to rescue the proceedings from monotony. The weather, on the opening day at any rate, was sunny and summery, and the *Illustrated London News* helps us to see the fashionable audience in their beautiful coal-scuttle bonnets and gay shawls, their immense chimney-pot hats and dashing cravats, as they watched the Queen of Beauty (erstwhile a Vauxhall circus rider) present the award of valour to the conquering knight. It was the Eglinton Tournament indeed, with a difference ; but whether Madame Caroline of the New Cut or the Lady Seymour, Duchess of Somerset, was the lovelier Queen of Beauty, and if the Knights and Squires from Drury Lane rode as courtly a tilt at Cremorne as Lord

Waterford and Prince Napoleon had at Eglinton, deponent sayeth not.

This same year was also distinguished by a Dog Show, and disfigured by another fatal accident. On June 26th, one Carlo Valerio was crossing a tight-rope fixed between two of the great trees at Cremorne, when the iron hook of his fall rope snapped in half—it was suggested that the iron had been affected by lightning—and he fell headlong to the ground, dying shortly after. Simpson expresssed his deep regret at the inquest, and pledged himself never again to allow such a performance to take place under his management.

1864 saw Mr Jean Goddard's trip in a fire balloon, which was raised by hot air from a furnace beneath. Six passengers accompanied him, and Mr Glaisher and Mr Cox, the famous aeronauts, were present to wish him luck, but did not volunteer for the journey. The fire balloon travelled down the Thames, eventually landing, without serious mishap, in the Isle of Dogs; but in a subsequent ascent things went less luckily; there were "shrieks of alarm" from the crowd of spectators when the great Montgolfier collided, on rising, with part of the buildings, followed by "shouts of enthusiasm" as it cleared the grounds and sailed majestically away towards Greenwich. A perilous descent was made at Walthamstow, a huge rent being torn in the fabric by a tree.

1865 witnessed the evolutions of Delamarne's navigating balloon. This seems to have been a prototype of the modern dirigible, 200 feet long and 50 feet in diameter, with propellers on each side of the body and in front; these were actuated, through gearing, by hand, and it was claimed that the navigator could ascend and descend at will, while "much progress has been made towards propelling it in any given direction"; at any rate he was armed with a big rudder for doing so!

The engraving of M. Delamarne's invention, rough as it is, seems to indicate that the propellers could be worked independently; and from the account of its first Cremorne flight it appears that the machine could be headed in any direction, and that there was some slight control of its course; and we are the more ready to give M. Delamarne this testimonial because of the comparative modesty (for Cremorne) of his claim to navigation, above quoted.

Of the doings of the next three years at Cremorne I have few notes. The scrap-book of newspaper cuttings and advertisements, posters, programmes, etc., from which I have been working has, unfortunately, few year dates marked, and is only approximately chronological; so that it has not always been possible (without deeper research than the occasion seemed to demand) to verify the sequence of events here given, though I believe it to be fairly correct.

It must not be forgotten—the successive proprietors of Cremorne, who were pretty well all of them publicans and old hands at the trade, certainly never allowed it to be forgotten—that you were expected to eat and drink, and especially and emphatically to drink, when you visited the Royal Gardens. There are oft-repeated references to the various chefs de cuisine, French, Italian and English, and the bills of fare certainly read most attractively. The place was peppered with refreshment bars and arbours with suggestive little tables; while for more substantial fare you went to Cremorne House, or the double-tiered rows of supper boxes in the far western corner of the grounds. The usual charge for the dinner was 3s. 6d., which included admission to the grounds, but during the season of the Great Exhibition in 1862 Cremorne Gardens endeavoured, with commendable enterprise, to attract the foreign visitor. The programmes declare "Le Jardin et Hôtel de Cremorne ten minutes de distance de l'Exposition! Table d'hôte tous les Dimanches Deux shillings et sixpence."

The Cremorne Sherry was much vaunted, "a fine old wine highly recommended to invalids," and the champagnes were obviously of the choicest cuvées. The programme menus were daintily produced, scented by Rimmell and folded with perforations to give a vista of the grand avenue leading up by way of many lamp-bearing goddesses to the great fountain; inside were seductive pictures of supper tables, circuses and bands, with lists of the rarest vintages procurable on the most reasonable terms. Fifteen hours' amusement for one shilling, and all under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen! Sterner critics epitomised Cremorne attractions as consisting of "drink, dancing, and devilry."

I find a cutting which records a rather amusing incident during the management of Mr Edward

Tyrrell Smith, sometime in the 'sixties. Another Female Blondin had been advertised to perform on the tight-rope at six o'clock, but for some unexplained reason she failed to appear. The disappointed crowd made a rush for the menagerie, which was being exhibited in another part of the Garden by " one Jamrach, a foreigner," who was charging an extra admission fee. His turnstile got broken by the crush of people, upon which the vigilant Mr E. T. Smith opened the gate adjoining and took what money he could get from the ingoing crowd. To this he appeared to think he was justly entitled, in view of his promptitude and presence of mind, but Mr Jamrach had other views, and sued him for restitution of the proceeds, the Court upholding his protest and compelling Mr Smith to disgorge some £16.

Other attractions which figure in the newspaper announcements and illustrations under these years include a performing " Sea Bear," the Great Chang, a Russian Cirque, several ballets, a pretty Juvenile Fête enlivened by the ascent of a whole fleet of miniature balloons, and some extraordinary performances in a glass tank by the Man Frog, who smoked, drank, and apparently slumbered on its shell-strewn floor, under five or six feet of water.

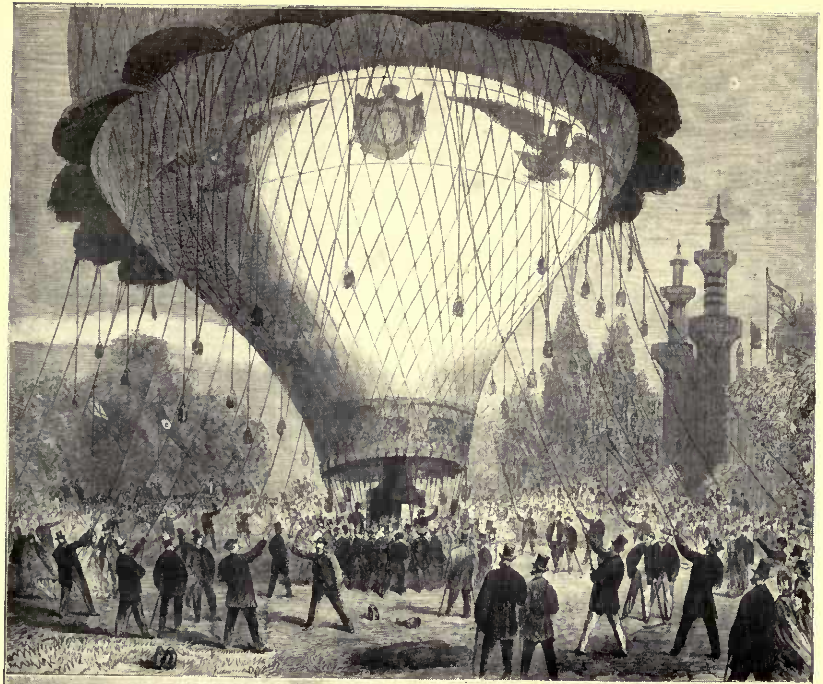
In 1869 the Beckwith family, in later years associated with the " Aquarium," produced a somewhat similar subaqueous performance, and there were also presentations of Dibdin's Waterman, naval fêtes on the river front, and reappearances of the great " Chevalier Blondin, Hero of Niagara."

But the event of this year was the nightly ascent of the great French Captive Balloon, which took up thirty passengers at a time to a height of 2000 feet.

This balloon, which was housed in a high enclosure in the Ashburnham Grounds, just beyond Cremorne itself, was over 90 feet in diameter and contained nearly half a million cubic feet of gas, costing £600 to inflate. It was said to have cost £24,000 in construction, the envelope being built up of five alternate plies of linen and indiarubber. It was held by a huge rope which passed under a balance wheel to a large drum driven by a 200 horse-power engine. I well remember my visit as a boy to this awe-inspiring captive. I was not allowed to go up (even if the requisite 10s. had been forthcoming), but the reverberation of the great engine was felt all down the King's Road, and great was our excitement when we heard one evening that the rope had broken and the captive balloon had, to the consternation of its occupants, sailed gaily away into space.

In 1870 John Baum succeeded Smith as the last proprietor of Cremorne. He developed the musical and theatrical attractions of the place, producing the Ballet Gische, Offenbach's "Rose of Auvergne," the Viennese Ladies' Orchestra (which came to pitiable financial grief), and various Tableaux Vivants.

About this time the hostility and opposition to the conduct of Cremorne Gardens, which had been smouldering for some years, began to make



THE SECOND ASCENT OF THE GODARD MONTGOLFIER BALLOON FROM CREMORNE GARDENS.

Aug 1864

ASCENT OF THE MONTGOLFIER BALLOON AT CREMORNE

itself extremely vocal. During these forty years of its existence London had gradually approached and enveloped it, and its doings and habitués had been brought into the gas-light. As to its viciousness there was no doubt a good deal of exaggeration and misconception. More harm, as one of the newspapers remarked at the time, was probably done by one gin-shop in a day than by Cremorne in a month ; and London would not be one whit the less wicked for its closing. " Paterfamilias might, down to 11 P.M., with perfect safety have taken his wife and olive branches from show to show, consumed not very costly refreshments, heard no bad language, seen no riotous conduct, and gazed with unscandalised eyes on 'Arry and his partner, a quiet milliner, gyrating on the platform." For the last hour or so before closing much bad champagne and brandy and soda were doubtless consumed, and the dowagers of the aristocratic fête might then perhaps have satisfied themselves of the " naughtiness " of which they had previously been disappointed. On certain gala nights, and particularly the evenings of Derby and Oaks days, when late licences were granted, extending the hours till two and three in the morning, Cremorne, which advertised itself as just the place for gentlemen returning from the races, undoubtedly became " drunk and disorderly," as the police courts of the ensuing day unfailingly testified. Unquestionably, also, it was regularly frequented for professional purposes by ladies who are euphemistically called " gay "—perhaps upon the same principles which elect to dub Charles II. "The Merry Monarch." The same might, of course, be attested of Piccadilly or the Alhambra. But to the virtuous and peace-loving inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood there is no doubt that Cremorne was becoming an intolerable nuisance; and one is not in the least surprised to find Canon Cromwell, the Principal of St Mark's College for training teachers, which stood just across the King's Road opposite Cremorne, leading the opposition to the renewal of Baum's licence in 1873. Baum was not as adroit an *impresario* as his predecessor, and he did not improve his case by attributing "private malice" to the Canon in a letter to the *Times*.

The end, however, was not yet, and Cremorne continued for a while to watch the "Burning of Chicago," revolving tableaux on the crystal platform (when the dancing licence had been refused), Spelterini risking her life on the tight-rope, and Kostroma, the dog-faced man. But in 1874 another catastrophe occurred, which no doubt had something to do with the hardening of public opinion against Cremorne and its thrills. On June 29th a huge crowd had assembled there to witness the performance of Vincent de Groof, a young Belgian whom Baum had engaged (it was said, with some reluctance) as "The Flying Man." His machine consisted of a framework and platform, to which were attached a pair of huge bats' wings, 37 feet long, and a spreading peacock tail, 18 feet long. These were constructed of cane and waterproof silk, and were actuated by three levers from the platform on which De Groof stood. The whole apparatus was suspended by a 30-foot rope beneath Simmonds' Czar balloon, which ascended with it about eight o'clock, the intention being that the Flying Man should release himself and descend in the grounds. The balloon, however, rose rapidly and was carried away at once by the wind, De Groof managing to descend in safety at Brandon in Essex. The baulked spectators demanded their money back, and were only appeased by the promise that the flight would be repeated ; and this was heavily advertised as the attraction for Saturday evening, July 9th. " De Groof will fly 5000 feet, assisted by Mr Simmonds' balloon the Czar." Before an immense assemblage the second ascent was made at about half-past seven. This time there was scarcely any wind, and the balloon, with De Groof suspended beneath it, shot up to a great height, poised vertically over the Gardens. Then it slowly drifted eastwards, gradually descending till it seemed perilously near to the tower of St Luke's Church in Sydney Street, Chelsea. Exactly what happened at that moment will never be known. People below thought they heard a voice cry out, " I must cut you loose," and De Groof assent ; but Simmonds declared that he said nothing of the sort and had no control of the suspending cord. Anyhow, the connection was severed when the balloon was at a height of about 300 feet. The great black wings of poor De Groof's apparatus seem to have crumpled and collapsed at once, and he came whirling to earth, falling with a sickening thud just outside the railings of the churchyard, on the Sydney Street curbstone, and dying before his crushed body could be carried to the Chelsea Infirmary. A second catastrophe was only narrowly averted, for Simmonds' Czar, relieved of its burden, bounced aloft and was carried away to Springfield in Essex, where it came to ground on the Great Eastern Railway lines, and was narrowly missed by a passing train. The public were shocked by the inquest details, and opinion generally, aided by striking cartoons in *Punch* and other protests, began to crystallise against the continuance of these perilous exhibitions.

Still, however, Baum struggled on in face of growing opposition. The police, indeed, declared that the general conduct of Cremorne was exemplary. Canon Cromwell objected to the nightly noise and danger of the fireworks, and protested that it was scarcely possible for any respectable man to walk along the King's Road without being accosted by the loose women who nightly assembled there. Chelsea Vestry sent rival petitions *pro* and *con*, and in 1876 a Chelsea tailor printed a poetic effusion implying that Mr Baum kept Cremorne open for the grossest immorality, for the ruin of servant girls, clerks and cashiers, absconding husbands and deserted wives.

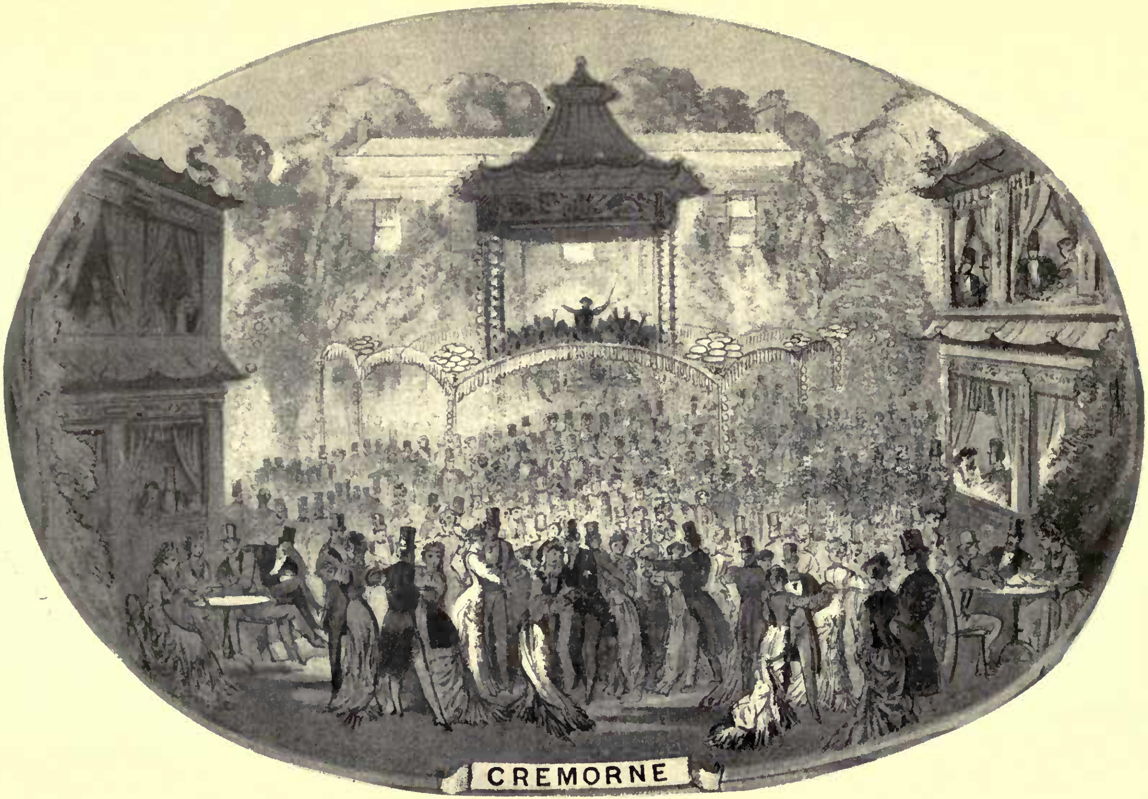
Meanwhile, the fair Lulu made her appearance at the Gardens, "Fra Diavolo" and "John of Paris" were performed, ballets multiplied, and a

Calico Fancy Dress Ball kept Cremorne open and the King's Road extremely lively till after 3 A.M.

In 1877 John Baum, no doubt with reluctance, sued Mr Brandon, the author of the poetic libel above mentioned, and after a rather damning trial won one farthing damages, and lost his costs.

To a man already deeply in debt this was the last straw. A public meeting was called in Chelsea to petition the Vestry again to oppose the licence, and resulted in a very noisy and divided assemblage. The Vestry decided to oppose, and independent opposition was also organised by Canon Cromwell and other leading residents. Counsel were engaged, and excitement ran high when the case was called on October 5th; when, to the general astonishment, Baum's counsel got up and read a letter from his client, saying that, in deference to Mrs Simpson's wishes (the widow of the late lessor), he withdrew his application. Thus, with what the evening papers doubtless called dramatic surprise, Cremorne Gardens ceased to exist, and within a few months their site was let in building plots, and all the tinsel properties of the place, the lamp-bearing goddesses, the panoramic views, the marionette theatre, the great dancing platform in thirty-two sections, the pagoda orchestra and the 600 dozen of rare vintages, were put up for auction and knocked down amid much cheap hilarity.

It was a great occasion for the moralists, the preachers, the cynics, and the leader-writers, and they made the most of it, according to their varying predilections, in newspaper, club and pulpit. The lines of argument are familiar, almost threadbare indeed by now, and need hardly be recapitulated. The whole subject of the suppression or continuance of places of resort of the character which Cremorne acquired is a thorny one. Without kicking our feet against its pricks, and with the detached perspective which half a century brings, one may perhaps hazard the rather weak-kneed suggestion that the problem is largely one of management. Drinking, immorality and the passion for excitement have been attributes of human frailty since the days of Noah, and will not cease this side of the millennium. That does not say that they are to be legalised, encouraged and facilitated. On the other hand we see the results of their violent suppression in "dry" America to-day, and in our own contagious diseases, gaming and other prohibitive enactments. In so far as these merely drive the evils underground, one may frankly doubt whether they do not create more harm than they prevent. Had John Baum been a man of stronger character and personality, had he recognised the growing strength of public opinion and set himself rather to sail with the stream than to stem or to dam it, it is conceivable that Cremorne, which after all had in its time afforded an immense deal of harmless recreation to an immense number of harmless folk, might have been controlled and reorganised to such an extent as would have justified its survival. It is curious, by the way, to recall that the pleasure resorts of a more or



Dancing at Cremorne Gardens

less similar character which exist by the score in continental towns are frequently christened "Wauxhalls." The name, which has become cosmopolitan, like Lloyds or Tattersall, is English; but while the namesakes survive and flourish, the English originals have almost ceased to be. Climate, no doubt, has had much to do with their failure, yet we find Tivolis, Wauxhalls and Jardins d'Arcadie in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Petersburg, and other northern towns. Perhaps they manage these things better abroad. But it's very hard on our novelists and dramatists, who don't know where on earth to take their Evelinas and their Mrs Frails for a risky summer's evening entertainment.

SOME
LATER LITERARY WORKSHOPS

II. FROM LEIGH HUNT TO HENRY JAMES

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
  Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
  Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
  His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
  Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
  Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplext
  Seeking shall find Him.

A Grammarian's Funeral. R. Browning.

OUR first pilgrimage to Chelsea's literary workshops came to an end with Fanny Burney and her "Evelina" towards the close of the eighteenth century. But what of the nineteenth, and all the Chelsea Victorians? Their names are legion, and we can afford to be fastidious in our choice. Five great names were so transiently of Chelsea, that they can here only be mentioned in passing. Mrs Gaskell came to Lindsey Row to be born; Charles and Henry Kingsley spent their boyhood at Chelsea Rectory; Charles Dickens was married at St Luke's; and George Eliot, alas, only came to Cheyne Walk to die.

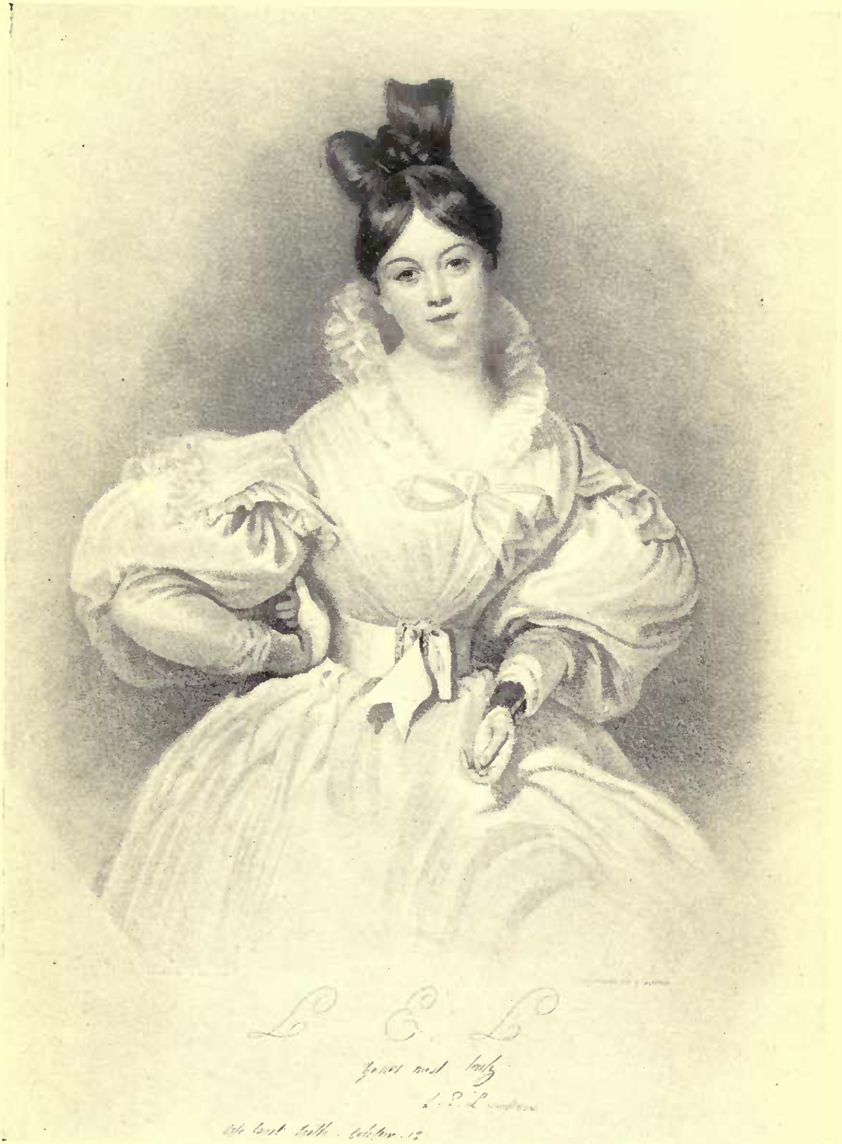
Other names of Chelsea association there are which should not go altogether unrecorded in pages such as these. John Galt, the author of the *Ayrshire Legatees* and *The Entail*, and various biographies, lived for a time in Lindsey Row; John Mitford, the happy gardener, poet, and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, dwelt in Sloane Street about 1838; Edgar Allan Poe was a schoolboy in 1816 where Parr's Bank now stands in Sloane Square; James Neild, of whose remarkable work as a prison reformer, and author of the *Account of Prisons for Debtors*, I have given the story elsewhere, lived and died at No. 5 Cheyne Walk; whilst at the other end of the century we have had for Chelsea neighbours Mr Haweis of *Music and Morals*, at "Queen's House," as he mistakenly elected to re-name Rossetti's Cheyne Walk home; Oscar Wilde in Tite Street; Mark Twain in Tedworth Square; and Professor Westlake on Chelsea Embankment.

But this is a long jump across a century, and we must go back to our "take off."

"L. E. L." IN HANS PLACE.

In the cloistered seclusion of Hans Place, of which she declared—

"Never hermit in his cell
Where repose and silence dwell,
Human shape and human word
Never seen and never heard,
Had a life of duller calm
Than the indwellers of our Square."


L. E. L.
Yours most truly
L. E. Landon
Cape Coast Castle. October 12

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the prolific authoress of a great deal of pretty verse, a play, a novel or two, and many reviews, was born in 1802, and spent most of her brief and slander-haunted life. No one reads *Ethel Churchill* or *The Troubadour* to-day, and Miss Landon's name is remembered more from the wicked calumnies which shadowed her life and the strange unsolved mystery of her tragic death, than for anything she has left behind, though some of her verse lilts pleasantly enough. One likes to recall the early recollection of "L. E. L." by William Jerdan, the editor of *The Literary Gazette*, to which she became a leading contributor, as "the plump girl bowling a hoop round the walks, the hoopstick in one hand and a book in the other, reading as she ran. The exercise was prescribed, the book was choice." Jerdan found her "a creature of another sphere, though with every fascination which could render her loveable in our everyday world"; and the indolent editor was her constant friend. Her birthplace was at No. 25, on the south-western side of the Place, a charming house with two pleasant drawing-rooms and a "conservatory boudoir" opening on to a strip of garden, with the larger expanse of Holland's Pavilion domain beyond; and her school was but three doors off, at Miss Rowden's (No. 22), who was herself an authoress, and numbered Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs S. C. Hall, Lady Bulwer, and Miss Mitford the novelist, among her pupils and tenants; and to this latter house L. E. L. returned in after years to live. Her workshop was a little room very scantily furnished, her writing desk was her dressing table, plentifully littered with endless scraps of paper and scribbled verse. Her labours were incessant; she would jump out of bed and crouch on the floor to finish a poem for the waiting press boy; and she, like others, came to the conclusion that "a horse in a mill has an easier life than an author; I am fairly fagged out of my life."

Admirers of Miss Landon's verse spoke of it as written with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper; and that she used, for pounce, the dust of a butterfly's wing. They would have been shocked to hear that it emanated from an uncomfortable little attic furnished with a bed, a cane chair, and an over-weighted table. Yet the poetry was none the worse for that; indeed it seems to have been more or less in the air of No. 22. For Miss Rowden was herself the authoress of *A Poetical Introduction to the Study of Botany.* Miss Mitford produced a volume of *Poems* in 1810; Lady Caroline Lamb wrote three romances, and adored poetry in the concrete form of Lord Byron; Mrs S. C. Hall accomplished nine novels at least; and Miss Roberts, catching inspiration from L. E. L., became "one of the most prolific of female writers." One can't help feeling a little sneaking sympathy with Miss Rowden's French teacher, whom Miss Mitford has so happily sketched:

"Never were two better haters. Their relative situations had probably something to do with it, and yet it was wonderful that two such excellent persons should so thoroughly detest each other. Miss R.'s aversion was of the cold, phlegmatic, contemptuous, provoking sort; she kept aloof, and said nothing. Madame's was acute, fiery, and loquacious; she not only hated Miss R., but hated for her sake knowledge, and literature, and wit, and, above all, poetry, which she denounced as *something fatal and contagious, like the plague.*" She had reason.

But L. E. L. was not so fagged that she could not find time to be greatly lionised, petted, and made much of; and when, after her father's death, she left her mother's house and lived her own life, she became associated with a very undesirable literary set, whose contact most unfortunately and most unfairly besmirched her name. Spoilt somewhat by flattery, sought by society, with hosts of friends and some ardent admirers, though she made money readily by her pen, she seems to have been constantly harassed by the struggle to support herself and her family, and constantly dogged by the whisper of a slander which she could never quite bring to book. John Forster, it is said, would have married her, had not this vile shadow intervened; in her wounded recoil, after indignantly breaking off the engagement, she united herself to a man whom she admired, but could hardly have loved. Disraeli was at her wedding, and Lytton Bulwer gave her away; and she immediately sailed for Cape Coast Castle, of which her husband, Mr George Maclean, was Governor. Within two months of her arrival, on the evening of October 15, 1838, she was found by her servant, Emily Bailey, lying at the point of death against the door of her room in the Fort, clutching in her hand an empty bottle of prussic acid. What happened is a mystery, and will ever now remain so. There was a hurried inquest, resulting in a verdict of "having incautiously taken an overdose of Hydrocyanicum Delatum (so the bottle was labelled) which from the evidence it appears she had been in the habit of taking for a spasmodic affection." There was no *post-mortem* examination, and no evidence of the pungent and distinctive odour of the poison; nor any explanation of the tightly-held bottle, contrary to the usual muscle-relaxation following this poison; and within six hours the funeral took place. When the news reached England, a flood of protest, suspicion and surmise was not unnaturally evoked, and was only suppressed by the personal appeal of Mr Maclean's family. The theory of suicide was strongly discounted by the character of the letters written by L. E. L. within a few hours of her death. They were not happy letters, but they contained nothing to suggest self-destruction.

"On three sides," she wrote in one, "we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash upon the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces, like human hopes that only swell to be disappointed. We advance: up springs the shining froth of love or hope, a moment white, then gone for ever!"

Of her husband's complicity there was not a scintilla of evidence; and he averred at the inquest that no word but of affection had ever passed between them.

There had been, indeed, before they married, some story of a living native wife in Africa; and it was said, though not at the inquest, that a cup of coffee had been handed in to Mrs Maclean in her room on the fatal evening. But all her brother's efforts to elucidate the mystery on the spot were frustrated by official "difficulties" and objections; and Letitia Maclean's death remains a mystery tragically surrounding the harsh fate of the bright girl of Hans Place, with her hoopstick and her book.

"Alas!" as she had herself written in the earlier years:

"Alas! hope is not prophecy—we dream,
But rarely does the glad fulfilment come;
We leave our land, and we return no more."

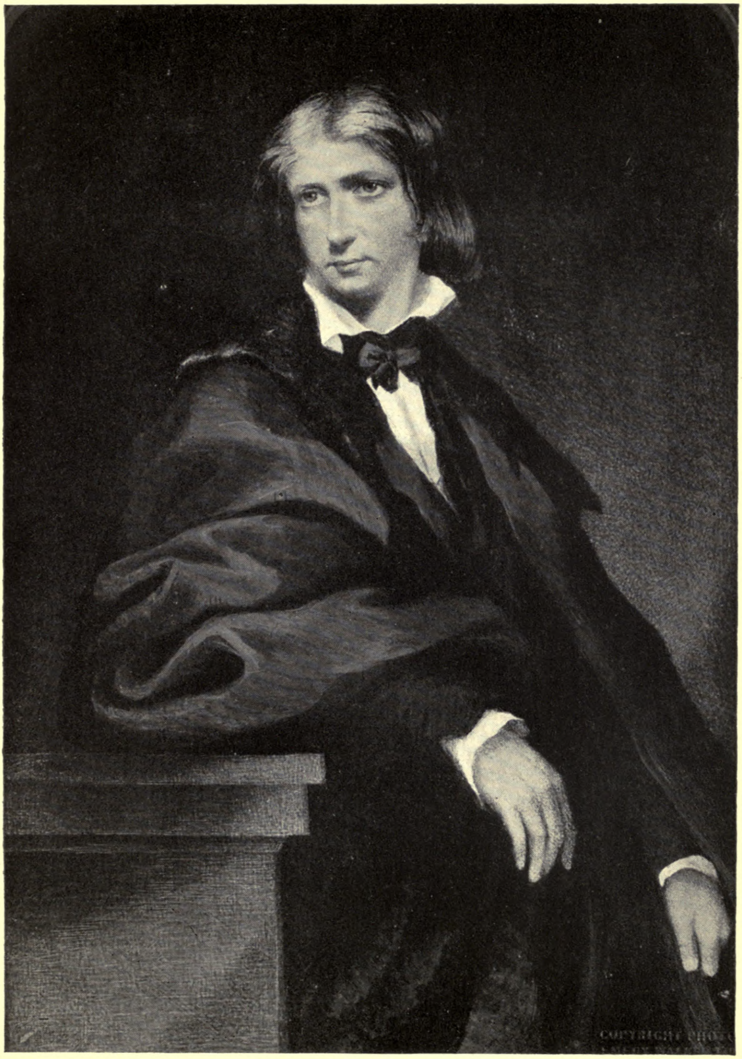
FAULKNER AT PARADISE ROW.

One other name among these lesser lights of the early nineteenth century, good old Thomas Faulkner's, the energetic historian of his own and neighbouring parishes, it would ill beseem any Chelsea scribe to leave unmentioned here. His workshop was his bookshop in Paradise Row, and right generously (though sometimes very carelessly) did he garner his sheaves from his shelves. Faulkner's *History of Chelsea* in its better and final form was published in 1829, and four years later another and much more prolific chronicler of the town took up his abode in Chelsea.

LEIGH HUNT IN UPPER CHEYNE ROW.

From 1833 to 1840 Leigh Hunt served seven years' cheery penal servitude to literature at 4 (now 10) Upper Cheyne Row, during which time he edited *The London Journal* and the *Monthly Repository*, besides writing part of *The Town, Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, and various biographical and critical sketches. Who can take us into Hunt's Chelsea tinkerdom better than his close neighbour Thomas Carlyle ; Carlyle whom, as we must gratefully remember, Leigh Hunt had brought, in his house huntings, to Cheyne Row ?

"Hunt's house," Carlyle writes, "excels all you have ever read of—a poetical tinkerdom without parallel even in literature. In his family room, where are a large sickly wife and a whole school of well-conditioned wild children, you will find half a dozen old rickety chairs gathered from half a dozen different hucksters, and all seeming engaged, and just pausing, in a violent hornpipe. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, egg-shells, scissors, and, last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. His own room above stairs, into which alone I strove to enter, he keeps cleaner. It has only two chairs, a book-case and a writing table, yet the noble Hunt receives you in the spirit of a king, apologises for nothing, places you in the best seat, takes a window sill himself if there is no other, and then, holding close his loose flowing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M. Gillies

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

'muslin cloud' of a printed nightgown, in which he always writes, commences the liveliest dialogue on philosophy and the prospects of man (who is to be beyond measure 'happy' yet): which again he will courteously terminate the moment you are bound to go; a most pitiable, interesting, loveable man, to be used kindly, but with discretion." And elsewhere he recalls: "Our commonest evening sitter for a good while was Leigh Hunt, who lived close by and delighted to sit talking with us (free, cheery, idly melodious as bird on bough) or listening with real feeling to her (Mrs Carlyle's) old Scotch tunes on the piano, and winding up with a frugal morsel of Scotch porridge (endlessly admirable to Hunt). He was always accurately dressed these evenings, and had a fine chivalrous gentlemanly carriage, polite, affectionate, respectful (especially to her), and yet so free and natural. Dark complexion, copious, clean, strong black hair, beautifully shaped head, fine beaming serious hazel eyes; seriousness and intellect the main expression of the face (to our surprise at first); he would lean on his elbow against the mantelpiece (fine, clean, elastic figure too he had, five feet ten and more) and look round him nearly in silence before taking leave for the night, 'as if I were a Lar,' said he once, 'or household god here.'"

Leigh Hunt himself appreciated the seclusion of the old house in Upper Cheyne Row, of which he writes in the *Autobiography*: "To complete my sense of repose and distance the house was of that old-fashioned sort which I have always loved best, familiar to the eyes of my parents and associated with childhood. It had seats in the windows, a small third room on the first floor, of which I made a *sanctum,* into which no perturbation was to enter, except to calm itself with religious and cheerful thoughts (a room thus appropriated in a house appears to me an excellent thing); and there were a few lime trees in front, which, in their due season, diffused a fragrance."

Hunt's Chelsea sojourn marked the very Nadir of his embarrassed Cockney pilgrimage. Often they were literally without bread, and bodily destitution was aggravated by illness, endless worry, and family feuds. In 1835 he had not a coat to his back, so could not see his friends, and he trembled at every knock, in daily expectation of the "executioner." Carlyle wrote of him in 1834: "He talks for ever about happiness and seems to me the very miserablest man I ever sat and talked to." The contrast indeed between the two neighbours at this time is a very striking one. Both were pinched by the straitest poverty; both were realising how hard and niggardly a mistress is literature. Carlyle was only twenty-nine, had no family to support, had only been in literary harness for about ten years, and had recently received a substantial cheque for *Sartor* from Fraser's Magazine. Hunt had been writing hard and continuously for over thirty years, was fifty, was ill, had a sick wife and a horde of hungry children, had suffered much unmerited ill-treatment, and was a great deal nearer to starvation and the King's Bench than his neighbour. Yet while Carlyle was crying aloud in his "labour pains," and bitterly complaining that he was disconsolate, beaten down, powerless, that the literary world must be defied with a knapping hammer, that he would have done with literature, which would never yield bread nor stomach to digest bread, and so on, Leigh Hunt, in his dirty tinkerdom round the corner, was cheerily designing the *London Journal*, overflowing with charity and faith and hope, and opening its first joyous pages with the remark that "Pleasure is the business of this journal; we own it: we love to begin it with the word: it is like commencing the day (as we are now commencing it) with sunshine in the room. Pleasure for all who can receive pleasure; consolation and encouragement for the rest: this is our device. . . . We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic, all kinder, richer and happier. And we have some right to assist in the endeavour, for there is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures which we have not tasted, and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success." Each of these men is something of a mystery to the other: "Hunt's way of thought and mine are utterly at variance, a thing which grieves him much, not me. He accounts for it by my 'Presbyterian upbringing,' which I tell him always I am everlastingly grateful for. He is one of the most innocent men I ever saw in man's size, a very boy for clear innocence, . . . most elastic, unconquerable. . . . I pity him much, but think too he is perhaps as well where he *is*, and I where I am." So the two of them go their divergent appointed ways, Carlyle confiding to his *Journal*: "It often strikes me as a question whether there ought to be any such thing as a literary man at all. He is surely the wretchedest of all sorts of men. I wish with the heart occasionally I had never been one. I cannot say I have seen a member of the guild whose life seems to me enviable. A *man*, a Goethe, will be a man on paper too, but it is a questionable life for him. Canst thou alter it? Then act it. Endure it. On with it in silence"; and Leigh Hunt, gathering literary sunshine and roses for his *Journal* from the dusty books strewn over his tattered carpet and three-legged chairs, and not disdaining to borrow (or perhaps more accurately to "annex") a couple of sovereigns from the slightly less needy Thomas, when empty stomachs threatened to dim the perennial vistas of happiness and pleasure in Upper Cheyne Row. Mrs Carlyle, too, was prayed in aid without scruple. "Mrs Hunt," she writes to her husband's mother at Scotsbrig, "I shall soon be quite terminated with, I foresee. She torments my life out with borrowing. She actually borrowed one of the brass fenders the other day, and I had difficulty in getting it out of her hands; irons, glasses, teacups, silver spoons, are in constant requisition; and when one sends for them the whole number can never be found. Is it not a shame to manage so with eight guineas a week to keep house on! [said to be Leigh Hunt's editorial pay]. It makes me very indignant to see all the waste that goes on around me, when I am needing so much care and calculation to make ends meet." From which extract one may perhaps surmise that their ladies had something to do with the coolness which gradually divided the two men.

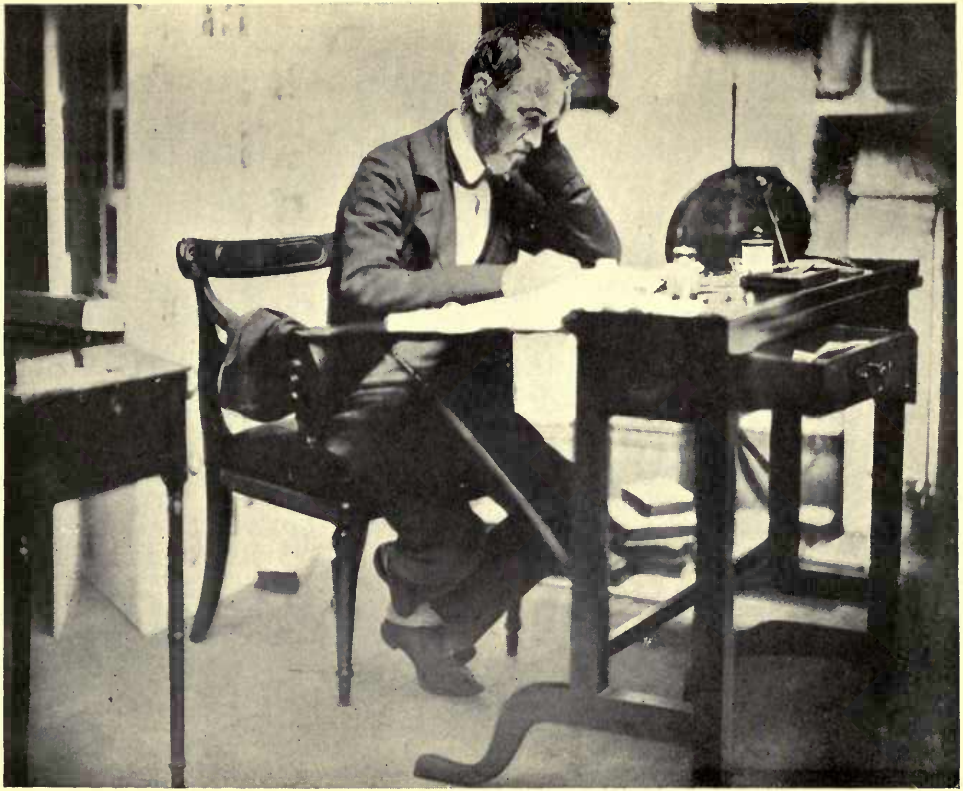
It has been said that Leigh Hunt's graceful rondeau (so called)—

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me.
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me,"

was written of Mrs Carlyle. I don't suppose there is any need to particularise a poetic Jenny, though Jean Welsh Carlyle was quite capable, on occcasion, of very unexpected embraces; but the suggestion recalls a letter of hers to her husband at Scotsbrig in 1835, in which she recounts an evening visit to the Hunts when an admirer of his work happened to be staying with her, whom she took to see him. "He sang, talked like a pen-gun; even to ——, who drank it all in like nectar, while my mother looked cross enough, and I had to listen to the whispered confidences of Mrs Hunt. But for me, who was declared to be grown ‘quite prim and elderly,’ I believe they would have communicated their mutual experiences in a retired window seat till morning. ‘God bless you, Miss ——,’ was repeated by Hunt three several times, in tones of ever increasing pathos and tenderness, as he handed her downstairs behind me. ——, for once in her life, seemed beyond speech. At the bottom of the stairs a demur took place. I saw nothing; but I heard, with my wonted glegness—what think you? a couple of handsome smacks! and then an almost inaudibly soft ‘God bless you, Miss ——.’ Now just remember what sort of looking woman is ——, and figure their transaction! If he had kissed me, it would have been intelligible, but —— of all people!”

The “prim and elderly” Mrs Carlyle of 1835 was only four-and-thirty, and certainly still pretty and attractive enough to make this disastrous error on Leigh Hunt's part inexcusable; and it does not seem to me at all improbable that the omission was made good on a subsequent occasion.

Leigh Hunt had his fling at Carlyle, too, remarking, in reference to the latter's highly estimable and salutary antipathy to shams, that “the danger of the habit of denouncing—of looking at things from the antipathetic instead of the sympathetic side—is that a man gets such a love for the pleasure and exaltation of fault-finding as tempts him to make what he finds; till at length he is himself charged with being a sham,



Carlyle at work in the Garret Study

that is to say, a pretender to perceptions and virtues which he does not prove." But he concludes his gentle flagellation with the assertion of his belief that Carlyle loved, better than his fault-finding with all its eloquence, the face of any human being that looks suffering and loving and sincere; and that such a man, even at the risk of loss of repute, of pain and vexation, even if it were the suffering only which was evident, Carlyle would never fail to help and to console.

That was very truly said. And one likes to recall here the fact that when a literary pension for Leigh Hunt was under consideration the warmest and most whole-hearted commendation of the project, and of the real worthiness of its proposed recipient, came from Thomas Carlyle.

Hunt was, he declared, "a man of the most indisputably superior worth; a *Man of Genius* in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character; also of most pure, and even exemplary private deportment." All things considered, a generous testimonial indeed.

THOMAS CARLYLE AT 5 (NOW 24) CHEYNE ROW.

Leaving Leigh Hunt's slatternly but cheerful workshop we turn down Cheyne Row, and could hardly pass No. 5, on such a pilgrimage as this. But here, as we stand on the doorstep of that asylum of genius, the most debated Mecca, if not the greatest, of them all, we find ourselves estopped from any lengthy inquisition, first because Carlyle himself, in the letters and journals and reminiscences which are surely on our shelves, has chronicled his own literary labour pains with more detail and at greater length than any writer that ever fought with a pen and sang the praises of silence; and secondly, because the story of his life, as given to a scandalised world by Froude, has led to a long welter of discordant volumes and contradictory records. It is a strange coincidence that to the clever but reckless historian who had painted a picture of Chelsea's first great worthy, Thomas More, which was in vital matters both tainted and partial, we owe the portrait of its last philosopher, which has done even graver injustice to the friend whom he professed — and genuinely believed himself—to venerate and love. And the balance of judgment—as was inevitable—so unjustly depressed by Froude's predetermined bias, has since been violently swayed this way and that by the heated currents of protest and retort which his overcharged embodiment set going. And so we have had the *Truth about Carlyle,* and the *Nemesis of Froude,* and *My Relations with Carlyle,* and *Mr Froude and Carlyle,* and all the rest of the unseemly aftermath. And the end, it seems, is not yet, for a new Life has long been on the stocks, and may any day be launched upon us. It really ought not to be necessary, for surely, with those of us who care to read the whole of the existing evidence, and to use the common sense of human understanding and their own perception of human frailties and human nature, the balance has steadied itself ere now, and come true to rest.

Here and now, at any rate, Carlyle's literary workshop lies open to us, at the top of that "massive roomy sufficient old house" which harboured, for nearly half a century, the rugged philosopher whom people will still so arrantly miscall "the Sage of Chelsea."

As we go up the beautiful old staircase with its twisted balusters, to Carlyle's "garret," I should like to recount a little incident of 1895 which is particularly associated with that unfortunate room. I had been working hard for many months in the long struggle to raise the funds necessary to buy and save this house of the Carlyles; and we had at last succeeded in securing it, in May of that year. In my hunt for helpers and subscribers I had come into communication with Mr Robert Tait, who had been a friend of the Carlyles in the 'fifties, when he was a painstaking artist and a good photographer. Knowing how keenly anxious we were to enlist the help of all who had been intimates at No. 5, in the reconstitution of its rooms and arrangements, Mr Tait got into touch with me and offered me his recollections, and the copy of "A Chelsea Interior," in which he had depicted the ground floor rooms with meticulous care in 1857, Mrs Carlyle protesting volubly the while. "My heavens! he will make this great work of art last him into 1860, I begin to think. A whole day painting at my portfolio! Another whole day over my work-box, and so on. Not the minutest object in these three rooms opening into one another, but what is getting itself represented with Vandyke fidelity! And all the while the floor *won't* be *flat,* for the life of him. I suspect he aims at more than posthumous fame for this picture; hopes, perhaps, some admirer of Mr C.'s with more money than wit to guide it may give him a thousand pounds for Mr C.'s 'Interior'—the portrait of Mr C. himself, Mr C.'s wife, and Mrs C.'s dog included!"

But valuable as this view of "Mr C.'s Interior" was, Mr Tait had something even more interesting for me. A large box arrived from him one day, containing a dozen glass negatives of photographs which he had taken in the house and garden in 1857. The negatives were in a very delicate condition, not having been varnished and threatening to peel, and one or two were damaged. But I was myself a keen photographer, and knew how to get the best out of them, and my enjoyment may be imagined as one by one the rooms and their occupants of forty years back began to reappear on my prints in authentic and irrefutable record. These interesting photographs, which Mr Tait kindly placed at my disposal, were published at the time in a book on *The Carlyles' Chelsea Home,* now long out of print; but I recall them here because they illustrate so admirably our present quest of the literary workshop.

It was in the summer of 1853 that Carlyle, long plagued by pianos, whistles, dogs, parrots, demon fowls and other noises, which, for him, were "intolerable and not to be borne," decided on the erection of a sound-proof study at the top of the house, predicted as "20 feet square, with thin *double* walls, light from the top, etc., and artfully ventilated—into which no sound *can* come; and all the cocks in nature may crow round it without my hearing a whisper of them!"

The room was accordingly built during that autumn, and completed, papered, furnished and occupied in the spring of 1854. But as any one who knew Carlyle might have foreseen, it proved anything but a success. It was not only that the ventilation was faulty, the workmanship bad, the heating inadequate; that the smuts streamed in through the skylight and fell on his writing table, and that the distant noises, railway whistles and church bells, unheard in the lower rooms, were here aloft disturbingly audible.

Carlyle afterwards described it as "by far the noisiest room in the house, and in point of bad building, scamping and enormity of new expense, and of unexpected bad behaviour in hand and heart of an ingenious needy builder, a kind of infernal 'miracle' to me, then and ever since; my first view of the Satan's invisible world that prevails in that department, as in others."

The worst demons, however, that beset Carlyle during those tremendous "thirteen years war with Frederick" as Dr Garnett called them, were from within and inescapable. They were not to be kept out by lath and plaster partitions and air spaces and sliding shutters. "The truth is," as he himself once recognised, "we are never right as we are. 'Oh! the devil burn it' said the Irish drummer, flogging his countryman, 'there's no pleasing you, strike where one will.'"

In moods of desperation, Carlyle had more than once indulged a transient vision that, somewhere and somehow else, he might perhaps be more content and less perturbed than where and as he actually was. Once he had seriously thought of shaking the dust of London from his feet and trekking back to a Dumfriesshire farm. In later Chelsea days he was to be seen issuing forth one morning—so Miss Martineau declares—"on a black horse, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the World in his pocket, to explore the area within twenty miles of Chelsea," for the peaceful home of his vain imaginings. But the Vale of Rest for Thomas Carlyle was not on any of those maps. Rosinante trudged wearily back to Silvester's stable, and her master, heaving one more dolorous *Ay de mi*, returned to his Valley of the Shadow, in Cheyne Row.

But though "jerry built, the work of Belial, father of lies," the so-called "sound proof" room had cost him a couple of hundred hard-earned pounds; so here he established himself, and here, for thirteen years till 1865 he grappled with the long trailing dragon of Frederick the Great. When that portentous work was finished he transferred his books and writing to the ground floor dining-room, and bequeathed the ineffable garret to the servants for a bedroom.

With the help of my Tait photographs, which are lying before me, we can reconstruct this historic workshop in every detail exactly as it was in the autumn of 1857, when Carlyle was correcting the proofs of the first volume of *Frederick*. There stand the three great bookcases entirely filled with volumes relating to that pugnacious monarch and his times—including ninety-seven of Voltaire—the bottom shelves of each made deep enough to carry folios. There is the large deal cupboard, for maps and prints and loose papers, built into the northern wall recess. There is the hard horsehair sofa, and one half of the great round eight-legged table that had been brought from Craigenputtock; there is the round fire-screen, and the little bronze statuette of Napoleon, which stood, with a couple of china candlesticks, on the mantelpiece. The walls are hung with pictures of Frederick and his generals, interspersed casually here and there with a few photographs of Carlyle's own family, and a little drawing of his brother Alick's Canadian farm. Pinned up here and there about the walls too, as space allowed, and the work proceeded, are maps to illustrate the various campaigns and battlefields about which he was writing; whilst on a big fourfold paper-covered screen, of which I have a separate photograph, are pasted rows and rows of further Frederick portraits, nearly a hundred in all, to which the writer constantly turned in his descriptions.

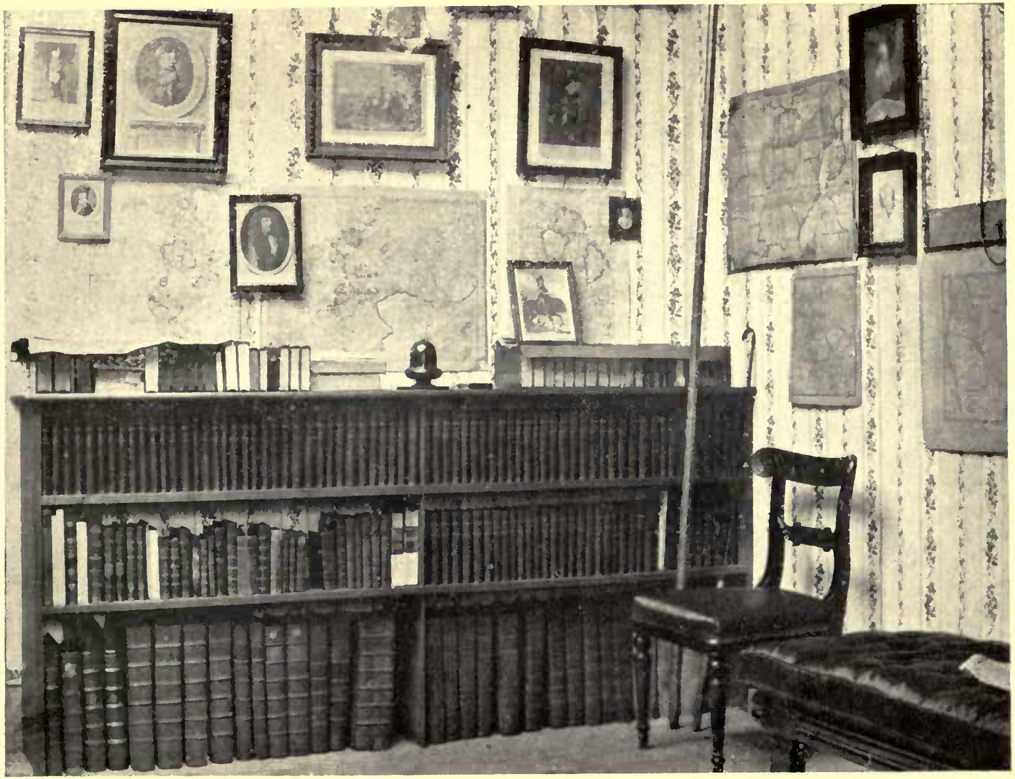
"Every student of History," he said, "who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of *Fact* and *Man* this or the other vague historical *Name* can have been, will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a portrait, for all the reasonable portraits there are ; and never rest till he have made out, if possible what the Man's natural face was like. Often I have found a portrait superior in real instruction to half a dozen written Biographies as biographies are written ; or rather let me say, I have found that the portrait was as a small lighted *candle* by which the biographies could for the first time be read, and some human interpretation made of them" ; and every reader of Carlyle must have marvelled at the brilliance and insight of the pen portraits, sometimes merely the snap-shot of a brief and casual encounter, which so often illuminate his pages.

The bare-boarded floor, as we see it in the photograph, is strewn with books of all sorts and sizes, and right in the middle of the room stands the remarkable writing-table which he always used, and which was bequeathed to Sir James Stephen in his will. "He knows," he wrote, "that it belonged to my honoured father-in-law and his daughter, and that I have written all my books upon it except only Schiller, and that for the fifty years and upwards that are now passed I have considered it amongst the most precious of my possessions." This unique desk (at least I never saw anything like it) was made for Dr Welsh at Haddington by a retired soldier who was an excellent amateur carpenter, and it is said to have been used by the doctor for anatomical as well as literary purposes. It consists of a sturdy mahogany frame, the front pair of legs bending forwards so as to give steady support for a broad folding flap desk, upheld at a slight slope, by a pair of side stays. The top has a shallow boxed-up edge on the back and sides; with a couple of back drawers beneath, and the pen tray and fountain ink-pot with its adjustable weight above. The writing-chair is of good solid mahogany, horse-hair seated, square framed and with plain wooden arms; and on it, in one of the photographs, sits Carlyle at work. It is not a very good photograph unfortunately, this one; not, however, from any fault of Carlyle's, who has sate patiently and still enough, facing his unwon battlefield and steadily enduring the incursion of Mr Robert Tait's camera;—for the rough impatient boor who is sometimes portrayed in his image was never the Carlyle of those who knew him best, and none was more sorry or more certain to make amends if he had suffered a fool ungladly. But the negative lacked silver, and the result is somewhat blotchy and harsh. Still it is Carlyle, and Carlyle in the thick of the fray, seated well forward in the chair, feet under it, and one looped over the heel of the other; head resting on the left hand, elbow on the desk, waistcoat taken off and hanging on the arm of the chair; the under-lip well thrust out, and the deep-set eyes—"the finest eyes," as Leigh Hunt records, "which I have ever seen in a man's head (and I have seen many fine ones)"—fixed resolutely on the sheet before him. Here certainly, at any rate, we have got into the very heart of a literary workshop, and in the midst of the grimmest and most protracted of all battles with a book.

Here we ought to take our exit with Mr Tait; for the scene is set, the "lead" is posed, and we, stage carpenters, must get to the wings as the curtain goes up. But it happened by good fortune, some dozen years ago, that I came into possession of some thirty foolscap sheets of Carlyle's autograph—an early draft of part of this very *History of Frederick the Great*; and these rough closely-written sheets, erased, altered, cancelled, added to in all directions, contain some little personal interpolations—shavings of the carpenter's bench—that I should not be forgiven for omitting. They are always distinguished from the text by inclusion in square brackets, but otherwise they come here and there with laughable suddenness, and afford an amusing little peep-hole into the author brain, working tired and irritably perhaps, but never allowing itself to be slack or perfunctory. I take a dozen examples here as I light on them in turning the pages over:

1. "One thing is clear enough to us, his place is by no means an easy one, nothing of the sinecure in it, but troubles and difficulties ready to spring up at every turn, unless vigilance, courage, and wise decision intervene. Why for example do the Nurnbergers pay [*what* is it they pay? see Reutsch]."

2. "Authentic Reutsch shall guide us through the business and even himself speak so far as conven^{t} [a narrative of this exists somewhere among Neubergs? No!—give it]."



Carlyle's Garret Study, 1857

3. " The prettiest young widow princess of her time having gone quite foolish about him and, as is said, murdered her—[this *out* ?]"

4. " Kodoy was elected. F*k* of Hohen, went with the news [or is not a good deal of this *mythic*?]"

5. " And now shall I give you the tale that hangs thereby, or spare you the tale ? [Spare, spare say many, and it is not easy to decide]."

6. " Already the stem of the tree is felled and you have only to top it at your leisure [bad figure !]"

7. " This interview at Basle [*was* there even an interview ? I have written it down somewhere. See Reutsch(?)]"

8. " Watched for him at the Ferry in Switzd. [too long, all this !]"

9. " . . . and Prince Anhalt Dessau [the style too artificial, won't do, won't !]"

10. " I had better at this point intercalate a few observations of Brand, and by way of preface [Eheu ! Is it impossible then to be *brief* ? Sweat this down to a tithe of what it now is !]"

11. " But I am not writing the history of the 30 years war [remember that then !]"

12. " Askanien (after much search) I discover to be now the nearly invisible ruin of a hungry old castle in the Harz mountains, Ballenstadt a ditto ditto [why is there *not* some reasonable brief phrase like that ?]"

And so on ; the shavings scattered about among the planed planks ; " Eheu, 2 a.m., and damned hot," for a finish of one night's work ; " cut it down : must be brief, must, *must*," for the end of some recital of which he was tired before it was half finished. Turning over these toilsome sheets, penned in the smallest and closest of handwriting, and for no eye but his own, yet on the whole wonderfully legible, one seems to get very near to the sweat and turmoil of the dogged " questionable wrestle," which those garret walls watched, through thirteen long years of wearied yet unflagging labour.

It was, for me, a tonic and bracing " acid test," after studying the meticulous self-searchings of these hard-won sheets, to open Nietzsche's *Twilight of the Idols* at the page where he has given us his impression of their writer.

Antithesis being a wholesome corrective, it shall, in part, be quoted here :

" Carlyle, a man of strong words and attitudes, a rhetorician by necessity, who seems ever to be tormented by the desire of finding some kind of strong faith, and by his inability to do so. . . . An attitude of constant and passionate dishonesty towards himself—this is Carlyle's *proprium* ; by virtue of this he is and remains interesting. Of course in England he is admired precisely on account of his honesty. Well, that is English ; and in view of the fact that the English are the nation of consummate cant, it is not only comprehensible, but also very natural. At bottom Carlyle is an English atheist who makes it a point of honour not to be one."

That, surely, is a criticism which will do Carlyle no harm, and may be good for us !

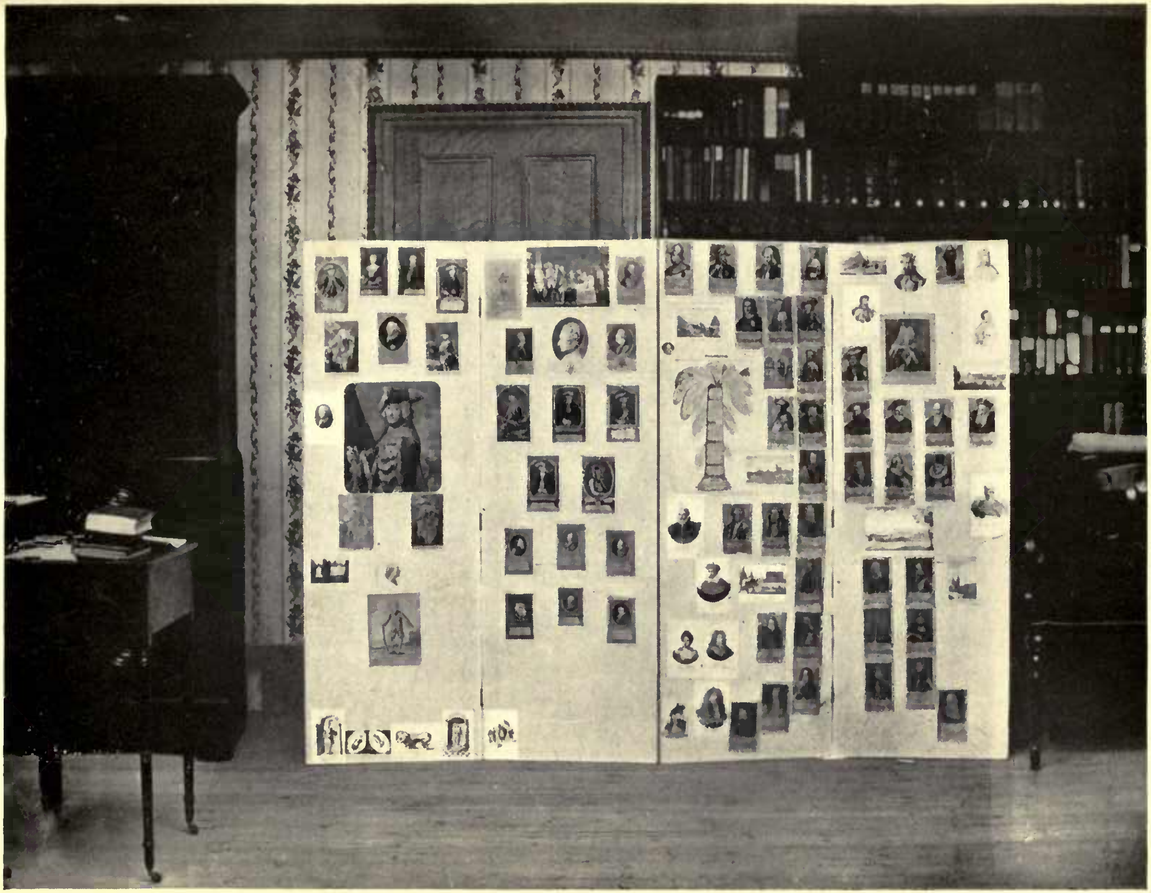
As we go downstairs, and Carlyle goes back into the firing-line, we pass the door of the first floor drawing-room (as it became and remained from 1854). We may just peep in as we pass, though Mrs Carlyle would never allow us to look upon this as in any sense a literary workshop, even though from it were posted some of the very delightfullest (and some too of the saddest) letters ever penned. And that last word reminds me that pens were part of the minor tragedies of Cheyne Row. Carlyle was wont in earlier days to use quills, and "make and mend," himself. "This pen for example *marks*; but if it do not mark, there is no tool other than an old razor for mending it: *sic de ceteris*. . . . My fingers are all as black as a crow (for our ink-bottle is a phial) and my head itself is not of the clearest; and I had so many hundred things to speak about; and to think about, unspoken!" This was at Annan, but at No. 5 "iron pens" had finally to be taken to, and their spluttering vagaries brought down black anathema on their makers; "scriptory ware" including paper and ink, was all part of the "cheap and nasty" system, "worse to me almost than the loss of an arm!"

As for Mrs Carlyle, her letters continually cry, "My pen is positively declining to act." "Oh if you could mend me some pens!" She wrote with the backs, she wrote with the stumps, but, thank heaven, she did not cease to write; though in justice to the poor "pens you made me, dear, all ground down on this lime paper, I am obliged to write now with the backs, which has a perverse effect on my ideas, and my ideas are rather awry to begin with," it must be admitted that

Mrs Carlyle's dashes and exclamation marks and copious under-scorings must have tried them rather hard.

MEREDITH IN HOBURY STREET AND CHEYNE WALK.

With the Carlyles we have drifted into a generation still present, though passing rapidly away, and among names that are personally familiar to ourselves. Ruskin, though much associated with Chelsea both at Cheyne Row and at Whitelands, was never, I think, a resident. George Meredith we may more fairly claim, for he lived in Hobury Street, after a family catastrophe, for about a year, and wrote one of his greatest books there. "I never outline my novels before starting on them," he once confided. "I live day and night with my characters. As I wrote of *Diana* and other leading types I drew nourishment as it were from their breasts. *Feverel* took me a year to write, *The Egoist* five months." It was this Chelsea book, *Richard Feverel,* which Mrs Carlyle began to read and flung on the floor in despair. Carlyle picked it up and tried his hand at it. "The man's no fool," he admitted, and they persevered together to the end. Meredith had often met Carlyle in the street during his Chelsea residence and longed to speak to him; and hearing that Carlyle had been making enquiries of his publishers about him, he went at last to call at Cheyne Row. During their talk Carlyle suggested that his visitor had the making of a historian, to which Meredith rejoined



that there seemed to be so much fiction in history that he might as well stick to novel writing. It is difficult to believe, by the way, in this year of grace, that the ordeal and adventures of Richard Feverel were banned by Mudie's!

Of Meredith's later Chelsea sojourn in the "phalanstery" of 16 Cheyne Walk, of which Dante and William Rossetti, Swinburne and himself were joint tenants for a time in 1862, the records are a little conflicting.

William Rossetti, when writing his brother's Memoir, was under the impression that Meredith's tenancy continued for at least a year, and that he was there a good deal. Meredith himself however, when asked about this matter some forty years later, said that he had rather irresponsibly agreed to take a couple of rooms at Tudor House, if the lease were effected; that he had driven over from Mayfair to Chelsea to inspect the proposed apartment, had come to the conclusion that it would not suit him, had sent in a quarter's rent and gone back to Mayfair. Such, at any rate (and without resuscitating the Gargantuan episode of Rossetti's eggs and bacon, which must be very cold by now), was the record of his interviewer. Mr Stewart Ellis, Meredith's biographer, to whom I applied for verification, wrote me, in 1917, that "George Meredith had a room at 16 Cheyne Walk from October 1862 until about April 1863. . . . He was never a continuous resident at Rossetti's house, because he was then living in Surrey, and merely used his room at No. 16 once a week when he came up to London to attend to his duties as Reader to Chapman and Hall. I have no reason to doubt that at the outset of this arrangement he dined and slept at the house on one day of each week: but later I fancy there were longer intervals between his visits. . . . Meredith completed *Richard Feverel* in 1858–9 at Hobury Street; there is contradictory evidence as to whether it was at No. 7 or 8 that he lodged."

In later years the great recluse of Boxhill, while courteously disclaiming any abruptness or implied reproof in the severance of his relation with Rossetti, admitted a strenuous protest on grounds of health, against the poet-painter's tremendous noonday breakfasts. At any rate, and whatever the exact circumstances of their parting, it is evident that their ways were divergent and their roads lay far apart, and that this was mutually recognised.

George Meredith's undoubted portrait is enshrined for us in the Christ of Rossetti's *Mary Magdalene at the Gate of Simon the Pharisee*; and Dante Gabriel spoke of lines in Meredith's *Love in a Valley* as unmatched in English verse. But these two craftsmen wrought in diverse material, and throve in very different atmospheres; and the voluptuous dimness of the Tudor House Studio had little in common with the keen air and rolling Surrey distances of Flint Cottage and its hillside châlet, on the terrace lawn in front of which Meredith was often to be heard carrying on dialogues with his characters, or chanting poems of delight with unrestrained voice.

MANUSCRIPT LOST AND REGAINED.

The adventures of Manuscripts would fill an entertaining volume, and Chelsea once more would make generous contribution, beginning with the passage of More's messages to his Meg, written with a piece of coal in his Tower prison and secretly conveyed to Chelsea. Then there was that first tragic mishap of Carlyle's Chelsea life, when on the evening of 6th of March 1835, John Mill came staggering in to break the news that almost the whole manuscript of the first volume of the *French Revolution,* which Carlyle had lent him to read, had been destroyed as waste-paper by a careless maid, and five months of the closest labour—labour that Carlyle found it desperately difficult to reconstruct—had vanished as in a moment. And then again there is that weird episode of Rossetti's manuscript poems, which, in the swift impulse of uncontrollable grief he had laid as a final gift against the cheek of his dead wife before the coffin lid was closed, and buried with her at Highgate: whence, six years afterwards, with their creator's reluctant consent, they were exhumed and brought back to him by two of his friends; a painful nemesis on impulse. Then too, in an opposite vein, there is the story of William De Morgan, Potter Novelist of the Vale, and of another manuscript, exhumed by his wife from an ancient box, and brought to his bedside, and thence to joyous life again by him as *Joseph Vance*; which Mrs

Stirling is sure to tell us in her forthcoming *Life* of her brother-in-law, with other records of his literary resurrection.

LEONARD COURTNEY AT 15 CHEYNE WALK.

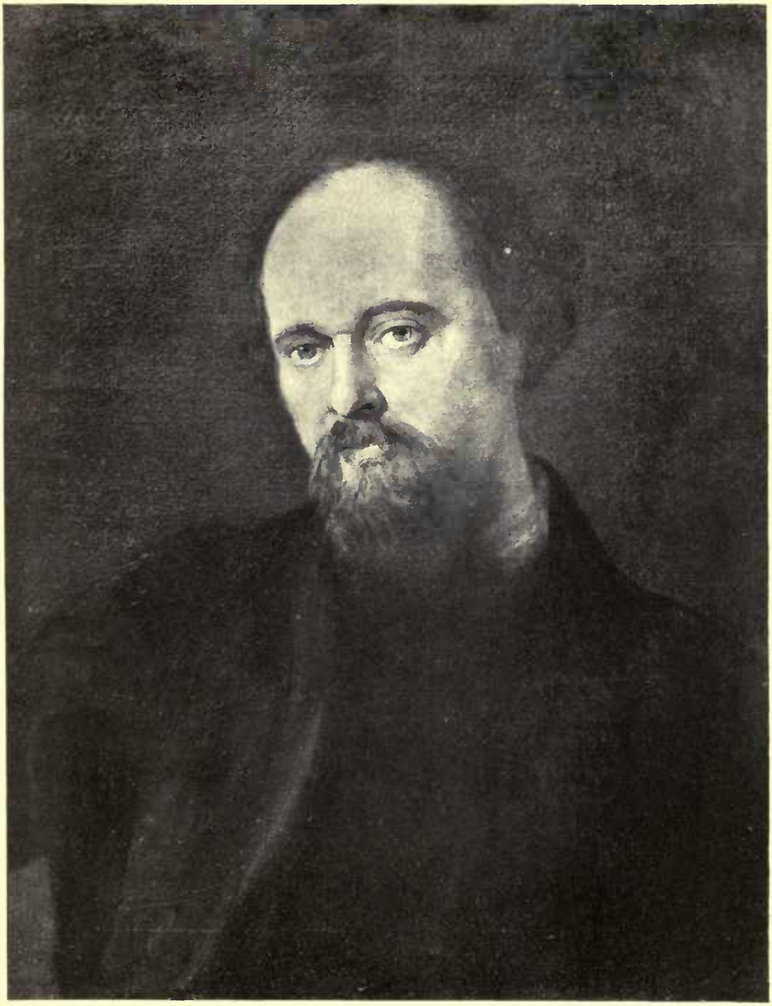
And though Lord Courtney's claim upon posterity is not primarily as a writer, I should like to add one other little story of a vanished Chelsea manuscript of which he was the hero. When we were preparing the book of the *Chelsea Historical Pageant* in the summer of 1908, Lord Courtney wrote us an admirable "Foreword," which was promptly despatched with the rest of the MSS. to our printers. About a fortnight before the book was due for delivery we received an agitated message from the printers that no trace of any "Foreword" manuscript could be found. It had absolutely disappeared. Upon me, in this woeful predicament, as one of the book editors, fell the horrid task of telling the author of our loss, and seeing what could be done; and I well remember my distressful feelings on the morning when I pushed open the big iron gate of No. 15 Cheyne Walk, and found Lord Courtney and his wife in their pleasant forecourt garden, where the little blue-tiled fountain plashes. My halting tale was told, and Lord Courtney's bushy eyebrows met in a playful frown as he informed me that the "Foreword" had been written during a week-end in the country, and that he had neither copy nor note of one word of it. The position was desperate, for the rest of the *Pageant Book* proofs had all been passed, and it was urgent that the whole should go to press at once. I got away at last with a kindly promise from Lord Courtney that he would see what he could do; and two days after I received a second version of the Introduction, prefaced by "A Foreword to Forewords" recounting the catastrophe, and claiming that its author had at least done his best to follow "the great example of Cheyne Row." And there comes the interesting third act of our small drama. After the Pageant was triumphantly over, and while we were busy settling up accounts, I got a repentant letter from the printers, enclosing Lord Courtney's *first* manuscript, which they had just discovered, mislaid by some careless clerk amongst other documents. I compared this with the second printed draft in the *Pageant Book*. The "Foreword" was between three and four thousand words in length, and the two copies—excepting of course the little prefatory note referred to, which had been added to the second version—were precisely identical, paragraph for paragraph and all but word for word; a rather noteworthy example, surely, of a fine, clear, retentive memory, even in Pre-Pelman days.

ROSSETTI AT 16 CHEYNE WALK.

Tudor House, No. 16 Cheyne Walk, next door to Lord Courtney's, and one of the most interesting houses in that historic bit of riverside, has already been mentioned as the home of Dante Gabriel

Rossetti from the time of his wife's death in 1862 to his own, twenty years later; and in the rather poorly lighted studio room overlooking the garden and opening out of the front hall, much of his best work was accomplished, including, among the pictures, the *Beata Beatrix, The Beloved, Lilith, Venus Verticordia, Monna Vanna, Pandora,* the great *Dante's Dream, Mariana, The Blessed Damozel, La Bella Mano,* and many other works; and, in verse, the *Poems* of 1870, The *House of Life,* and most of the subsequent Ballads, Lyrics, and Sonnets.

Rossetti could never finally make up his mind whether his real life work was on his writing-table or at his easel. In 1852 he wrote to his brother: "I have abandoned poetry"; in 1871, to Madox Brown, "I wish one could live by writing poetry; I think I'd see painting damned if one could." "I shall get into the country," he said to Allingham in 1870, "to try if there is any marrow left in me that can be squeezed out in the form of rhyme, . . . having done no work to speak of in painting with this divided mind." One sees the artist throughout his verse. "Proportion seems to me the most inalienable quality of a poem. From the chaos of incident and reflection arise the rounded worlds of poetry, and go singing on their way." He revised, altered, touched up, and erased his poetry with constant reconsideration. He invited criticism from friends, but was by no means always prepared to accept it. "My sonnets," he wrote once—and this is characteristic—



Watts *Mansell*

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

"are not generally finished till I see them again after forgetting them; and this is only two days old." If he wrote sometimes with his brush, he certainly also painted with his pen; and the same, in some degree, may be said of his Pre-Raphaelite brethren and friends, of Ruskin, of Morris, and of William Bell Scott, who was also a Chelsea poet-painter, and a quaint metaphysical scribe, who has left us a long chatty *Autobiography*, throwing some interesting sidelights on colleagues of the Brotherhood.

Of his methods of work Rossetti has himself revealed a good deal in his letters and talks to his friends. His sonnets—perhaps his most typical verse—sprang either from "a special momentary emotion, or from a line or two clearly given, you know not whence, and calling up a sequence of ideas." The actual production had all the pains and penalties of childbirth. "I lie on the couch, the racked and tortured medium, never permitted an instant's surcease of agony until the thing on hand is finished." Often he wrote through the small hours of the night. "I wrote the tale of *Hand and Soul*," he confided to Hall Caine, "(with the exception of an opening page or two) all in one night in December 1849, beginning about 2 a.m., and finishing about 7. In such a case a landscape and sky all unsurmised open gradually in the mind—a sort of spiritual Turner among whose hills one ranges, and in whose waters one strikes out in unknown liberty. But I have found this only in nightlong work, which I have seldom attempted, for it leaves me entirely broken."

As he wrote in the prelude to the *House of Life:*

> "A sonnet is a moment's monument
> Memorial from the Soul's eternity
> To one dead deathless hour. . . ."

Sometimes, as his brother William has recorded, he composed while walking, sometimes in bed, but always at glowing malleable heat, till the rough form was forged; then it would be left to cool, and in the subsequent shaping and chasing and polishing he would spend arduous hours, not even disdaining appeal to dictionaries of rhyme and synonym.

Rossetti has had many biographers, including men like William Bell Scott, William Sharp, Hall Caine, and his own brother William, all of whom were intimate personally with his life and character; yet in spite of all the detail of their narratives there remains—or so at least it seems to me—something unfathomed, elusive, unexplained. William Rossetti, indeed, has himself acknowledged this in the preface to his *Memoir.*

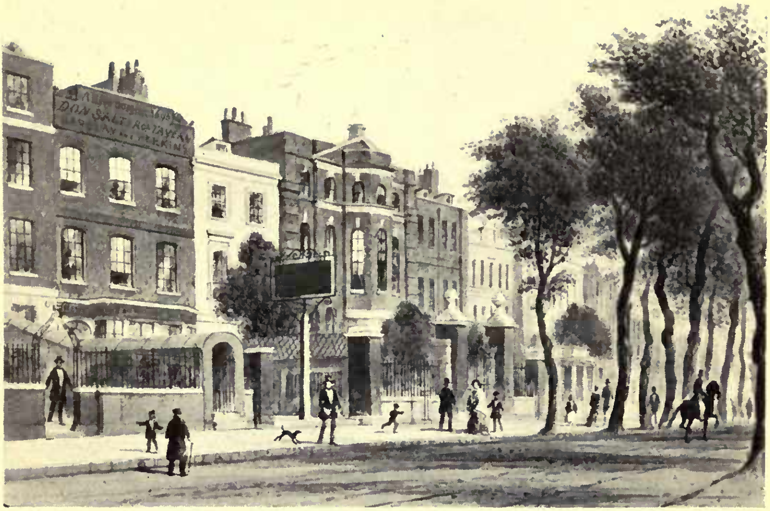
"Some readers of the *Memoir* may be inclined to ask me—'Have you told everything of a substantial kind about your deceased brother?' My answer shall be given beforehand, and without disguise; 'No; I have told what I choose to tell, and have left untold what I do not choose to tell.'" Scott, too, in the concluding Rossetti chapter of his *Autobiography* admits a similar reticence. Dante Gabriel's was a strange nature, compact of warring elements; lavish generosity went side by side with hard, close-fisted bargaining capacity; sombre depression with boisterous fun; æsthetic refinement with disastrous self-indulgence; eloquent admiration with insane aversion and groundless distrust. An admirable son and brother, he could be both selfish and inconsiderate; remarkably free from envy and jealousy and rich in discerning praise of other poets, he was yet capable of much unworthy suspicion, and of occasional rude discourtesy; a critic with immense refinement of the artistic eye and ear, he yet lacked that confidence of genius which should, one would think, have made it impossible for him to alter and to excise sonnets in the *House of Life* in deference to criticism which he himself declared to be unjust and ludicrously false. The art of a nature thus strangely compounded can hardly fail to furnish evidence of conflicting emotions, and a certain duplicity of purpose, and surely this is true of Rossetti's. Dr Garnett has wisely said of his work that it constantly reveals studied artifice, never spontaneous impulse; granting his point of view, much of his best verse is almost faultless, lacking no charm but the highest of all—simplicity. "Than him young poets may find few better inspirers, and few worse models." The limitation of his interests was extraordinary. He disliked travel, and never even visited Italy; he was indifferent to natural beauty to a degree very remarkable in a poet; he had no political knowledge or even curiosity ; for literature other than imaginative work he had small concern ; but his memory, for whatever he did study, was magnificent.

Survivors of the 'seventies will not have forgotten the fateful episode of Robert Buchanan's anonymous attack on Rossetti in the *Fleshly School of Poetry*, which drove the poet into literal insanity for a time, and was a main cause of all the disastrous aftermath of his self-wrecked life. What, I have sometimes wondered, was the real explanation of the overwhelming effect produced by Buchanan's " drop of gall in an ocean of *eau sucrée*." That it was for Rossetti " deplorably important," and that " from the time the pamphlet had begun to work into the inner tissue of his feelings Dante Gabriel was a changed man, and so continued for the rest of his life " his brother has frankly admitted. Poetic sensitiveness will hardly account for it, because Rossetti was essentially self-reliant. Chloral will not wholly account for it, because it was only in this same year that he began the use of the drug, and its subsequent mastery of him—Mr Gosse said he was told that no case had been recorded in the annals of medicine in which one patient had taken so much, or even half so much, as Rossetti took—must be regarded rather as the effect than the cause of this smashing breakdown. Friends and admirers came eloquently to the rescue ; Swinburne protested, Madox Brown, William Bell Scott and the doctors did all that was possible in the way of friendship and good counsel, but in vain. Buchanan himself ten years later retracted, belatedly but not unhandsomely, much that he had said of Rossetti as a Fleshly Poet, and dedicated his *God and the Man* to him as " An Old Enemy " ; but Rossetti was then too near the grave to take the proferred hand, even had he felt capable of doing so. The attack had been envenomed, and in a real sense it was mortal, though Rossetti's actually attempted suicide was frustrated by the promptitude of Dr Hake and Mr Marshall.

> " Strange that the soul, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article ! "

But why, if it was false ? There are, of course, instances enough of sensitive and highstrung natures that have been deeply stung by false aspersions ; but Rossetti, as his brother has testified, was in 1871 a moderately healthy man, thriving financially, satisfied with his surroundings, amply endowed with high-heartedness and high spirits. He was zealously and effusively championed by his confrères of the Coterie, and indeed there seems no doubt that in the critical appreciations of the *Poems* a good deal of adroit log-rolling was accomplished. Buchanan it was who was assailed with such a volley of execration and persecution, as the result of his pamphlet, that he was driven to publish his own succeeding volume of verse anonymously, and even at length to prosecute Swinburne for libel. In awarding Buchanan £150 damages Mr Justice Archibald went so far as to say of the works of Rossetti, Swinburne, and others of the school, that "it would have been better if they had never been written, and if all the poetry of the Fleshly School were committed to the flames to-morrow the world would be very much the better for it"; a dictum *ex cathedrâ* which to-day one must confess reads a little laughably.

Half a century has now elapsed since the outbreak of this tremendous teacup storm. Its protagonists have long left their earthly arena, and we are able to look back upon it with a cooler and an impersonal vision. Perhaps then, while we are revisiting this rather oppressive and ill-lighted workshop of Rossetti's, a suggestion may be hazarded inoffensively towards the solution of the question why this unseemly squabble—dishonest to some extent on both sides — should have wrought such shattering havoc for the painter-poet. Buchanan's shaft was, by his own admission, vindictive as well as venomous. But did it, after all, pierce a joint in Rossetti's cunningly wrought armour of artistry, and get home to the full-blooded flesh beneath? For when all is said, it can hardly be questioned that Dante Gabriel was, both in painting and poetry, essentially a sensuous craftsman. The legitimate limits of the sensuous in verse, and the manner in which it may be treated, are themes of controversy incapable perhaps of finality, since the standards of reticence and the limits of physical imagery shift to and fro from age to age. Buchanan, for instance, declared that Tennyson avowed



TUDOR HOUSE AND DON SALTERO'S, CHEYNE WALK

GARDEN AND BACK OF ROSSETTI'S HOUSE

to him *vivâ voce* that he considered one of Rossetti's Sonnets the filthiest thing he had ever read, and that Browning was equally emphatic; a criticism which, if true at all, was surely too hasty to be intended as a considered judgment. Mr Quilter's essay on Rossetti's art seems to me to strike a much truer note. While admitting that time has disposed of the charge that sensuality was the chief characteristic of his verse, he indicates the real ground of the accusation in the fact that the poet-painter was unable to dissever his pictorial from his poetic faculty. He charged his poems with more colour and form than the subject could well bear; he was at his finest in verse which treats intellectual ideas from a purely sensuous basis. "Like Antoeus, if he is held off the earth too long his strength fails him. In his most individual pictures the reproduction of the sensuous part of his subject is, so to speak, interfered with by the strange half refining half abstract quality of his intellect; the physical peculiarities to be traced in his works are all due to the passionately sensuous but equally passionately intellectual nature of Rossetti. They are the record of a man whose sense of beauty was always being disturbed by his sense of feeling."

Passionately, and sometimes unpleasantly sensuous Rossetti actually was, as those who knew him could attest; but he believed that in his art he had purified and sublimated the expression of this side of a strangely dual personality. Buchanan's gross attack may well have seemed to him to have torn down a veil which he had deemed impenetrable, and to have revealed a nakedness of which he was ashamed. If we picture an artist at the height of his career, sated by the eulogy of a band of brothers, and then suddenly confronted by a barrage fire of accusation, in which his innermost self acknowledged half a truth, and if we add the contributory elements of chloral and stimulants, then the disastrous collapse that actually ensued becomes, I think, intelligible, if not inevitable.

Submitting this at least possible hypothesis of a strange fatality, let us, before leaving Tudor House, step out for a few minutes from the close narcotic atmosphere of that cloistered study, through the north window, by the "thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore," into the great unkempt garden at the back of the house, which extended over the present site of the western half of Cheyne Gardens, and was an integral part of the poet's literary workshop. As a garden, in the sense of flowers and borders, it can hardly be said to have existed in Rossetti's time; yet it possessed some good trees and a large rough grass plot, with various shrubs and bushes, and some pieces of "statuary." But its chief interest for Rossetti was in its occupation as the home of a strange sequence of beasts, selected rather for their oddity and grotesqueness than for any particular beauties. They were, indeed, a quaint and miscellaneous gathering, as Mr William Rossetti and other intimates have chronicled, and included at different times various owls, dormice, peacocks, hedgehogs, wombats, a Canadian woodchuck, armadillos, kangaroos, a deer, a racoon, a mole, squirrels, white mice, a jackdaw and laughing jackass, grass parakeets, a raven, chameleons, snakes, a Zebu and green lizards, not to mention various dogs and puppies! Some of these peculiar pets naturally produced unexpected happenings, and came to bad ends. The armadillo burrowed into a neighbouring kitchen, and on turning up from beneath the hearthstone was taken for the very devil by a dismayed cook. The racoon hibernated in the drawer of a cabinet, and the noises which ensued on his spring awakening were taken as clear evidence that the house was haunted. Puppies got lost, birds got drowned, snakes insinuated themselves into neighbouring territory with alarming results. The little Brahmin bull, having been secured for £20, and successfully rushed through the house into the garden, was tethered to a tree; but when Rossetti went to fraternise with him a day or two later, he charged his new owner with great vigour, and chased the poet round the tree trunk with such energy that Dante Gabriel decided he was "not a convenient tenant," and resold him without delay. Perhaps the two most favoured pets were the woodchuck and the first wombat, to whom both Dante and Christina dedicated amusing little poems. D.G.R's distich was sent to William Bell Scott, its title being that of a group of the latter friend's Sonnets:

Parted Love.

Oh, how the family affections combat
Within this heart, and each hour flings a bomb at
My burning soul ; neither from owl nor from bat
Can peace be to me now I've lost my wombat.

The woodchuck Rossetti would dandle, paunch upward, in his arms by the hour together, expending great ingenuity in making the fat little beast's head and hind paws meet, or scratching his cheeks in rapturous contemplation; indeed this absurd little person was for some time the poet's housemate, and his sudden death was a bitter bereavement. The screeching of the peacocks at early dawn was another entertainment for the neighbours, so profusely enlivening that Lord Cadogan had to insert a clause prohibiting peacocks in his Cheyne Walk tenancies. The deer is also said to have conceived a jealous dislike for one of these exquisite fowls, which he vented by following him sedately round the garden, treading one by one on the tail feathers of the retreating bird, till he had extracted them all.

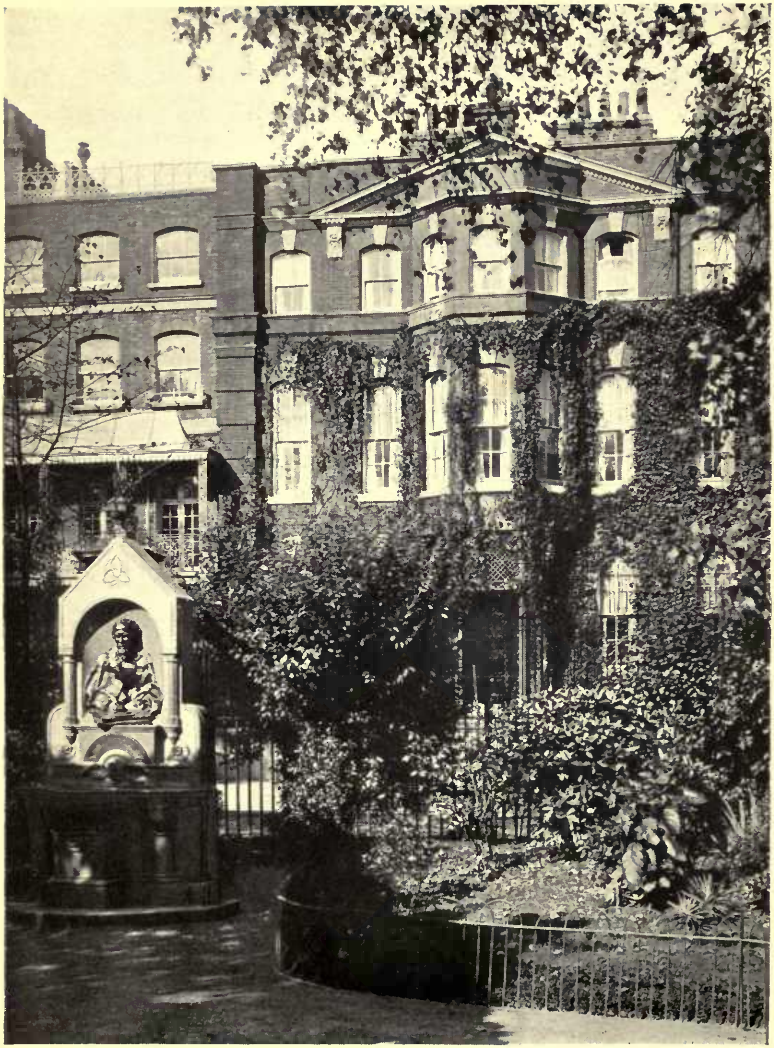
And so, from Rossetti's sombre studio and rank and weedy garden of untrimmed grass and outlandish beasts, one passes back into the quiet sanity and fresh riverside breezes of Cheyne Walk with something like a sigh of relief.

Half a century has now passed since the tumult of the publication of the poems; nearly forty years since the salved wreck of the poet was laid to rest at Birchington. Time's gradual adjustment has steadied the wavering record of his life's artistry. The needle which swayed west and east so violently between Swinburne's unmeasured eulogies and Buchanan's spiteful onslaught, comes at length to rest at its magnetic pole.

To the poet who could, at nineteen, write the *Blessed Damozel,* to the author of *The Beloved* and *The King's Tragedy,* to the painter of the *Beata Beatrix* and of *Dante's Dream* some place on the immortal slopes can hardly be denied. As there are many celestial mansions, so does Parnassus claim many heights, and many lovely glens, ravines, and woods. I remember, from my old school Classical Dictionary, that its sides were well wooded ; at its foot grew myrtle, laurel, and olive trees, and higher up, firs ; and its summit was covered with snow during most of the year. Where should we look for the shade of Dante Gabriel ? Likeliest, I think, amongst the warm myrtle groves and the exquisite shadows of the olives, or perhaps watching the passionate loveliness of the Delphian Thyiades in their Dionysiac revels. Not, one would fancy, amid the chill austerity of those higher pines. And not, surely, in the rare keen atmosphere of those rocky summits where the snow lies glistening in eternal sunshine ; since thither only manliness, and simplicity, and selfmastery can fitly climb ; and all these he lacked.

SWINBURNE AT ROSSETTI'S HOUSE.

It should be added that Ruskin and G. P. Boyce were also at one time contemplated as members of this Tudor House fraternity. But as some one has said, there were already too many plums for coherence in the Pre-Raphaelite pudding. Swinburne remained about two years, but was abroad for some part of that period. It was Rossetti who introduced FitzGerald's *Omar* to him, and the wonderful *Laus Veneris* followed, whilst *Atalanta in Calydon* was also begun in Chelsea days. But Swinburne was a tempestuous and incontrollable little creature, and used to drive Rossetti absolutely crazy at times by dancing all over the studio like a wild cat. There were occasions of pure pandemonium, of furies so ungovernable that a friend of persuasive command had to be fetched in to allay the storms. Swinburne and Meredith, too, developed a rather acute incompatibility of temper, and got so much on each other's nerves, in spite of strong mutual literary admirations, that they parted company, and were reconciled only in 1898. Of Swinburne's writing-table the characteristic feature was his hatred of the actual "curse of penmanship." His right wrist was weak, and writing was physically burdensome, even painful to him. This increased during his Chelsea time, and his writing became so feeble and illegible that he was forced to alter his way of holding his pen, the result being more readable, but so much more wearisome that he declared copying impossible, and sent his first rough drafts to the printers scored with all their changes and corrections. It has been suggested that the habit of composing, revising, and work-



Tudor (now Queen's) House, Cheyne Walk, and the Rossetti Memorial Drinking Fountain

ing up complete sentences, before lifting the unwelcome pen, may have induced, in part at least, that ponderous artificiality which sometimes characterised his later prose. But while admitting that his scrawl was exceptionally awful, he flattered himself that his villainous pothooks resembled those of Shakespeare, or at least his adored Landor.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS AT 91 CHEYNE WALK.

One other Cheyne Walk recollection must not be omitted here. Who has not read the *Roadmender*, that exquisite little miniature of the old stonebreaker, his thoughts and his parleys with the passers by? And who that has, has forgotten the pet black pig that had been the friend of the poor family, but in evil days was at length on his way to the market. "'Now 'tis the pig must go, the stocking's empty. And I believe he'd be glad for to do the missus a turn; she were terrible good to him, the missus, and fond, too.' The pig followed, comprehending and docile, and as the quaint couple passed from sight I thought I heard Brother Death stir in the shadow. He is a strong angel and full of pity."

Michael Fairless (Margaret Fairless Barber) wrote the *Roadmender* partly in Cheyne Walk, partly in a much-loved Sussex home, towards the close of the long illness which ended in her death just twenty years ago; and this is the short record of her work. When writing could no longer be done in a sitting posture, she propped her paper on her chest, and wrote lying down. By and by the right hand could no longer be used, so she learned to use her left, and contrived, even with this, a beautiful legible script. At last, when increased physical weakness made writing in any way impossible, she managed to dictate the remainder before she died. It was well and bravely done, and worth the doing.

The Roadmender is one of those rare arresting little books, of which the delicate appeal baffles definition. The work of an absolutely unknown writer, it slipped into publicity without a word of commendation or a hint of log-rolling, yet to find an instant audience—seven impressions were called for in the year of its publication—and a steady appreciation that has carried it through edition after edition, and country after country. What is the secret of its rather inexplicable attraction? Not merely its gentle simplicity, surely, though that is exquisite and intriguing enough. Not either, the potency of an obviously "human document," though one realises with increasing conviction as one reads, that *The Roadmender* is the expressed spirit of Margaret herself, as she passes serenely through the Valley of the Shadow, to the White Gate at its predestined end. I imagine it is rather the mysticism—uncharted yet unafraid, that pervades its pages, and awakens a responsive echo in the unexplored mystic that dwells somewhere in most of us? For Michael Fairless was surely of the number of those whose way is lighted by an illumination that is from within; a perception that is purely subjective, but which led her, step by painful step, with an unearthly acquiescence that illness can sometimes develop, into that ultimate "silence greater than speech, darkness greater than light."

Belle Vue Lodge, as it used to be called, which stands at the south-west corner of Beaufort Street and Cheyne Walk, is one of those attractive old houses at which many passers-by have looked longingly. It is an early eighteenth-century house, with a two-storeyed porch and semi-circular windows on the eastern front, and a large roofed balcony in the "Chippendale Gothic" style, carried on columns on the Cheyne Walk side, and opening out of the fine roomy drawing-room. Some of the internal decoration, and particularly the segmental arch on the first floor, with capitals of acanthus foliage, suggests the work of the Adam brothers, who are said to have designed the adjoining house, No. 92, which was for many years the residence of William Bell Scott.

Faulkner refers to the "Lodge" as Belle Vue Cottage (hardly an appropriate name, but probably the inheritance of an earlier and smaller building), and we know that Luke Thomas Flood, the founder of one of the old Chelsea Charities, and of a little annual Feast which is still religiously observed, lived here for many years.

When Mr E. V. Lucas was writing *A Wanderer in London*, he made a chronicle of covetable houses; and amongst these he takes special note of "a house at the corner of Cheyne Walk and Beaufort Street, in whose top windows, overlooking the grey and pearl river, one could be very serene." So, too, thought my father when, at the end of 1901, he resigned the Rectory of Chelsea, and took this house in which to end his days. But that was not to be; and just as the great vans were taking the Rectory furniture down to 91 Cheyne Walk, where various alterations had been carried out for his comfortable retirement, the heart, which had long shown signs of strain, failed rapidly, and he died in the arm-chair of his Rectory study, the home of over forty years.

Charles Conder—an old friend at the Rectory, whose fans and other delicious fantasies are treasured by their fortunate possessors—took the house a little later on, and remained here for the rest of his too brief life, which ended in 1909.

In *Out of the Shadow*, Michael Fairless, lying on her sofa in the room facing southward over the river, has more than once recorded the outlook from her window, where, in the little grimy lime-tree, the sparrow brethren chattered and squabbled; and the impression is so typical of Cheyne Walk and Chelsea Reach that I should like to recall part of it here:

"I live now as it were in two worlds, the world of sight and the world of sound; and they scarcely ever touch each other. I hear the grind of heavy traffic, the struggle of horses on the frost-breathed ground, the decorous jolt of omnibuses, the jangle of cab bells, the sharp warning of bicycles at the corner, the swift rattle of costers' carts as they go south at night with their shouting, goading crew. All these things I hear, and more; but I see no road, only the silent river of my heart, with its tale of wonder and years, and the white beat of seagulls' wings in strong inquiring flight. Sometimes there is naught to see on the waterway but a solitary black hull, a very Stygian ferry-boat, manned by a solitary figure, and moving slowly up under the impulse of the far-reaching sweeps. Then the great barges pass with their coffined treasure, drawn by a small self-righteous steam-tug. Later, lightened of their load, and waiting on wind and tide, I see them swooping by like birds set free; tawny sails that mind me of red-roofed Whitby with its northern fleet; black sails, as of some heedless Theseus; white sails that sweep out of the morning mist 'like restless gossameres.' . . .

"At night I see them again, silent, mysterious, searching the darkness with unwinking yellow stare, led by a great green light. They creep up under the bridge which spans the river with its watching eyes, and vanish, crying back a warning note as they make the upper reach, or strident hail, as a chain of kindred phantoms passes, ploughing a contrary tide.

"Throughout the long watches of the night I follow them; and in the early morning they slide by, their eyes pale in the twilight; while the stars flicker and fade, and the gas lamps die down into a dull yellow blotch against the glory and glow of a new day."

That is a picture which will surely call up responsive memories for many who have spent some of the best of their days and nights by

Chelsea Reach; and we are grateful to her sister, Mrs Haggard, and to Mrs Dowson, her adopted mother, for the excellent little biography they were compelled to give of "Michael Fairless," who could not be left, as she had wished, to the misleading mercies of anonymity.

She was only thirty-two when she died, and what she might have accomplished, had fate not maimed her mortally in youth, we can but wonder. In her painful going there was, for her, fine patience but no regret. It was ever, with her as with those others of Canterbury: "Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages." And at the end of the Road, which she has helped to mend for many, there was for her, happily, beyond the white gate, the vision of some beatific City, hymned in the old Latin doggerel she loved,

Ubi non prœvenit rem desiderium
Nec desiderio minus est prœmium.

But hereabout in our long pilgrimage we reach the inviting threshold of contemporary letters, and must cry a reluctant halt. The bookstalls of the Charing Cross Road (or of dear stuffy old Holywell Street, as I prefer to recall) and our own rather dusty top shelves have furnished fair quarry for our happy hunting-grounds, and we must not poach the preserves of the library table and the golden badged volumes from Mudie—strict guardian of our literary morals. Much, indeed, of amusing personality might be garnered concerning the author—and the accomplished student—of the *Gentle Art of Making*

Enemies, who certainly had some highly original workshop ways. But the years since his death have seen a plethora of Whistler reminiscences, and produced a brilliant and quite sufficient collection of highly-coloured Butterflies.

Henry James at 21 Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk.

Rather let us end with a few slight lines in warm remembrance of a very different character, the last of that long bright line of authors who have found their home, in his case, alas, a brief final resting-place, at Chelsea.

Henry James, indeed, she is particularly proud to have first possessed as British Citizen, remembering, with touched affection, his anxiety to serve and aid the Belgian refugee work at Crosby Hall, and the exquisite "*Refugees in Chelsea*" appeal, to which Mr St John Hornby has given beautiful permanance in the Chelsea "Ashendene Press" reprint.

"Those," as its foreword says, "who now so sadly miss the presence of that loved and honoured figure will be glad that others should see him, as they so often saw him, walking slowly out, in spite of age and illness, on his errands of sympathy; stopping (as he always stopped) to talk with wounded soldiers in the streets and squares, or standing at Crosby Hall with the refugees gathered about him."

"The mild hum of waterside Chelsea"—fortunately the Battersea Saw had not then been installed, or even Henry James would have had to retract that epithet—and the river view from his study window were delights to him, and though the War had made the isolation of Lamb House at Rye impossible for him, he could here still look out on trees and garden, and enjoy the fine sweep of the river, could get air and a walk on the level embankment, or in less able days a cruise in a bath-chair round Battersea Park, yet be within touch of friends, news, and the centre of things. The two volumes of his letters which Mr Lubbock edited last year have revealed to those who only knew Henry James in his books, a personality of such sensitive charm, such loveableness, such quick responsive affectionate sympathy as to send us back with a fresh insight to the study of the stories which these letters so often discuss.

Unhappily, Henry James' Chelsea writing-table had to become latterly, through illness, the abode of a typewriter and a Secretary; but his thoughts were not disturbed by the tick of the little mechanic, and some of the Chelsea letters are amongst the most delightful, suffused as they were by the glow of the War and its splendours of cheery endurance and united effort. None surely who knew him, however slightly, during those war years can have failed to feel something of the warmth of faith and sympathy for the allied cause and all that it stood for, which seemed ever radiating from him; sympathy which showed itself in many practical ways, and some most touching; and faith which, after waiting with perplexed and sometimes incredulous longing for that intervention of his country which he believed to be inevitable, culminated at length on that memorable July day in 1915 when he could write with a sigh of relief to Mr Gosse, "Civis Britannicus Sum."

Those last two years of his life which were spent in Cheyne Walk were memorable in other ways too, glad as well as gloomy; for the fine portrait by Mr Sargent which was presented to him on his 70th birthday by a cluster of devoted friends and admirers, representing every phase of English eminence, and which was so insanely selected for destruction at the Royal Academy by some fatuous suffragette; for Mr Wells' unworthy parody in "*Boon*," and the gentle indignation of Henry James, who had been amongst the most eulogistic and wholehearted of his admirers; and for the glowing appreciation of Rupert Brooke's "1914" Sonnets, which James sent to Eddie Marsh, and which was received from him by Brooke just two days before his death on the French Hospital ship in the Ægean, April 23rd, 1915.

For us, his neighbours, Henry James' stay in Chelsea will always be gratefully and affectionately associated with that tremendous first year of the Great War, throughout which, to the end, his deep and splendid sympathy were an ever-present uplift and inspiration: a "voice and a trumpet call" which we had lacked, and warmly welcomed.

"I am so utterly and passionately enlisted," he wrote to his nephew in America, "up to my eyes and over my aged head, in the greatness of our cause, that it fairly sickens me not to find every imagination rise to it. England seems to me at the present time in so magnificent a position before the world, in respect to the history and logic of her action, that I don't see a grain in the scale of her rightness that doesn't count for attestation of it." To Mr Gosse, who had asked him at the end of 1914 what he "thought of things," he wrote: "I want to say that (I think) I don't 'think' of them at all—though I try to; that I only feel, and feel and *toujours* feel about them unspeakably, and about nothing else whatever—feeling so, in Wordsworth's terms, of exaltations, agonies and loves, and our unconquerable mind."

The final expression of that burning sympathy, which gives us the happy privilege of claiming Henry James as in the company of our own elect, was not reached without painful hesitancy and keen regrets. "I waited, long months, watch in hand . . . but it seemed never to come; and the misrepresentation of my attitude becoming, at last, to me, a thing no longer to be borne, I took action myself. It would really have been so easy for the U.S. to have kept, if they had cared to—Yours, H. J."

And in the fullness of time we got our double portion. Henry James for ourselves, and America, at last, for the Allies. But he was not to live to see that long-awaited consummation. His final illness fell upon him in January 1916.

The Order of Merit was brought to his bedside by his old friend Lord Bryce, and on February 28th the end came quietly. Those who were present at the funeral service in old Chelsea Church, almost next door to his last home, on March 3rd, are not likely to forget that memorable morning; and those who go there henceforth will not fail to seek out, in the More Chapel, the simple tablet:

IN MEMORY OF

HENRY JAMES, O.M.
Novelist.

Born in New York 1843: died in Chelsea 1916: lover and interpreter of the fine amenities, of brave decisions and generous loyalties: a resident of this parish who renounced a cherished citizenship to give his allegiance to England in the 1st year of the Great War.

APPENDIX I

THE following account of Danvers House and Garden written by John Aubrey in 1691 has been extracted for me from the Bodleian Library MS. (Aubrey Z. fol. 56-9).

It has not I believe ever previously been printed in full, and is of great interest, both as a description, by a kinsman who knew them well, of a famous house and a curious garden, and particularly for the record of Nicholas Stone's coloured statuary. The MS. was a little difficult to transfer to print, as Aubrey has written in alternative words and phrases above his text, and has added various marginal notes, sketches, and memoranda; but I have done my best to incorporate these, either in brackets or as footnotes. Aubrey's sketched and tinted plan of the Garden, with figures showing the position of the statues, has also been carefully copied, and will help to make the description clear.

(MS. AUBREY 2)

CHELSEY-HOUSE, & GARDEN

THE House of *Sr John Danvers at Chelsey* is very elegant and ingeniose; but, not according to that strict perfection of Roman Architecture now in vogue, but it is easier to find a fault there than to mend it.

As you sitt at Dinner in the Hall, you are entertaind with two delightfull Visto's: one southward over the Thames & to Surrey: the other, northward into that curious garden. Above [over] the Hall is stately Roome of the same dimension: which hath the same Prospect, wherein in an excellent Organ of . . . Stoppes, of Cedar. Sr John was a great Lover of Musick, & especially of J. Coperarios Fansies: which were [are] for an Organ, a Sagbot, & a Viola: equivalent to five parts, these were performed by Chr. Gibbons his Organist (since Dr) . . . that was Sagbuteer and his Butler to King Charles Ist and Humphrey Madge his Valet de Chambre Violinist. The House is vaulted all underneath: which meliorates the sound of the Musique and these musitians having played these Fancies so often: & being regulated by Kit. Gibbons, they made the best Harmony that ever I heard.[1]

You did not enter directly out of the Hall into the Garden: there was a low semicircular wall to hinder the immediate pleasure and *totall view* primo introitu.[2] But first you turned on the right or left hand, down a pair of Staires of ten stepps which landed you in a kind of Boscage [wildernesse] of Lilac's, syringa's, sweet Briar &c.: Holly-Juniper and about 4 or 5 Apple trees and peare trees In the west end of this Boscage was the figure of the Gardiners wife in freestone coloured: at the east end of the Gardiner; the like; both accoutred according to their *Callings*. The east and west ends of this dark shadie little Boscage delivered you into the stately great gravelled Walkes of the garden, east & west: where you were first entertained with two most stately pieces of Sculpture of Freestone scilicet.[3]

The length of this garden is . . .

The breadth of it is . . .

The breadth of the two great gravell'd walkes, wch runne south & north is four yards over.[4]

---

[1] Memorandum Sr Jo Danvers had once a month the Kings Musick come to him to Chelsey. sc. before the civil warres.

[2] " For as in Prospects, we are there pleased most
" Where something keepes the eie from being lost,
" And leaves us roome to guesse :—Sr Jo: Suckling.

[3] At the south end of the west walke are *Hercules and Anteus* struggling; wch Segnior *Vario* does much admire and hath came severall times to see it: [& hath taken a draught of it and admire the passion of it]: he said there was not such another piece of workmanship in England. On the south end of the east walke is the Sculpture of *Cain and Abel* which also is an excellent piece: both the workmanship of Mr *Stone*, who was Master-masen to King James, and did the worke of the Banqueting-house: and the Architecture of Goldsmiths hall wainscot, before the fire of London. He lies buried at the west end of Saint Martins-church wher something of this is expressed.

[4] The long gravelled Walkes are margented with Hysop, next [mixt] with severall sorts of Thyme. Here were 24 sorts of Thyme. Sr John was wont in faire mornings in the Summer to brush his Bever-hatt on the Hysop & Thyme, which did perfume it with its naturall spirit [essence]; and would last a morning or longer.

Between the two great gravelld Walks is an Ovall Bowling-green, the length of the longest diameter three Chaines (inclusive) the shorter diameter, or breadth, two Chaines ½.

To this Ovall Bowling-green are four Avenues sc: east, west, north, & south: at each of which are two figures, opposite exquisitly cutt in Freestone by Mr George Stone.

On the west side a Shepherd & Shepherdess opposite sitting. . . .

On the east side a shepherd & Shepherdesse. . . .

On the north side a shepherd & Sheperdess. . . .

on the south side two Sphinxes.[1]

The Ovall gravell-walke is two yards, over.

In each Quadrant about the Ovall, thirty Cypresses, at about four foot distance.

The Banke of the Ovall, is one foot high.

2 Chaines-south below the Ovall-green

2 Chaines north from the Ovall green.

Now, as at Lavington the ground lay un-even, & irregular; the skill was, there, to reduce it into form regularity & evenesse. è contra here, the ground lay plain [flatt] and the businesse was to make elevations & depressions. so, at the north part of the garden here the earth is excavated in the shape of a wedge:— . . . foot deep: where at the bottom (which is as deep as ye Thames) is a round well or Basin . . . foot dimeter curbed with freestone: over this flatt square (where the well is) is a high arch of 25-30 foot 4: above which is a fine Banquetting roome; the windowes whereof are painted glasse: over this roome are flatt Leads, from whence you enjoy the prospect of the garden &c.—This building is of Brick, and is a gracefull Tower to your view in the Garden: Now, as you goe [? do] descend, do come from this gay Paradise into the darksome, deep grotto [vault] where the well is, it affects one with a kind of Religious horrour. Round about the well, are fine potts of choice Plants. Of the earth that was digged up for the making of this deep-walke & grotto, was made the Terrace, that reaches west & east, above it: from whence you overlooke the Garden. At each end of this Terrace is a neat House to sitt and retire ; covered with Cornish slatt as in the margent. (*Sketch in margin.*)

---

[1] At the four corners of the garden: sc. above the Ovall, are 4 low Pavilions of Brick leaded flatt: some [are] firre-trees and Pine-trees; Shumacks: and the quarters all filled with some rare plant or other.

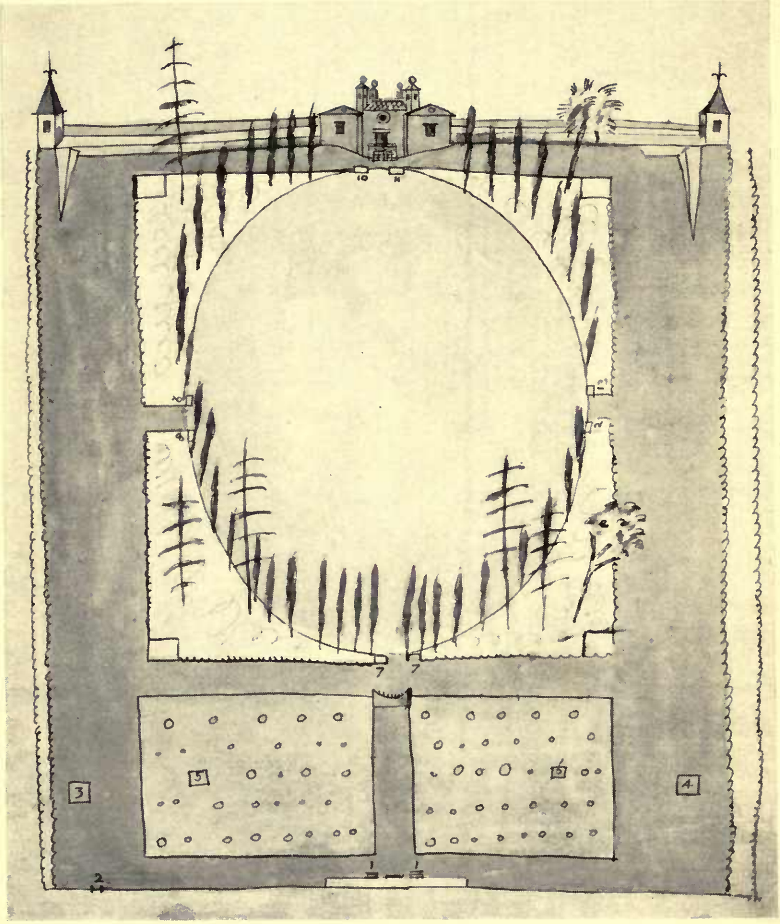
On the east side of the Hall is a neat little Chapell or Oratorie, finely painted: next to it a Drawing-roome, whose Floor is checquered like a Chesse-board of Box and Ewgh pannells of about six inches square. At the east and west ends of the House (wthout) are two, high fastigiated turrets ; the Fans whereof are the Crest of Danvers sc. a golden Wyvern volant. The Fan turnes a spindle which hath a cantred wheale that turnes the Index (or Sagitta)—externally at the 4 severall sides, to point to y^e point of ye Compass the wind blowes.

I have spoken of the excellency of the two great Figures on the Piedestalls already : and of their Passions attested by that great Master in Painting Seignoro Vario. I come now to those Figures at the four entrances of the Ovall-green : where Mr Stone hath not only out done himselfe, in the symmetrie, proper accoutrements &c. : sc. Tar-box, scrip, sheep-crooke, Dog, sheep-marke sc. D. and baskets of Flowers ; but, likewise, in his expressing Love-passions in the very freestone : where you read rustick beauty mixt with antique innocent simplicitie : there you may behold the Faithfull Shepherd, and the Faithfull shepherdesse : who have the honestest innocent countenances that can be imagined : which yet [1691] remaine after above 70 years.

'Fecit Zeuxis et Penelopen, in quâ pinxisse mores videtur. Aristides Thebanus omnium primus animum pinxit, et sensus hominis expressit, quos vocant graeci [? aitherion] perturbationes.' —Pliny lib. 35. c. 10.

Now if Zeuxis and Aristides obtained such praise in painting in colours the inward affections and qualities of the mind : sure he deserves more praise that performes the same in sculpture.

As for the Sphinxes at the south entrance of this Ovall, they are as well humoured in their kinds : " Sphinx, monstrum apud Thebas cujus caput et manus puellae, corpus canis, alae avis, vox hominis, ungues leonis, cauda draconis similitudinem referebant." Plin : libro 8. cap. 21. Pliny saieth, lib. 37. c. 2. "Divus Augustus inter initia sphinge signabat. Duas in matris annulis iam indiscreta similitudinis invenerat. Altera per bella civilia, absente eo, amici signavere epistolas et edicta, quae ratio temporum nomine ejus reddi


10
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Tracing from Aubrey's Plan of Sir John Danvers' Garden at Chelsey
(For figure references to Statuary, see page 263)

postulabat, non infaceto lepore accipientium, aenigmata afferre eam sphingem."

A Draught of Sr John Danvers Garden at Chelsey in the County of Middlesex, now in the Possession of the honourable Mr . . . Wharton, by the match with a daughter & coheire of Anne—second daughter of Sr John Danvers.

(Notes on the drawing of the garden)

1.1. the two paire of staires, that lead downe from the hall. On each side whereof sitt on theire hinder legs two huge Dogs, gapeing like Lyons.
2. the dore of ye Gardiners house
3. A noble figure of Hercules & Anteus.
4. Cain slaying Abel.
5. The figure of ye Gardiners wife.
6. the figure of ye Gardiner, both coloured.
7.7. Two sphi(n)xes.
8. a fatherly [elderly] shepherd sitting: wth high shoes laced, &c.
9. the shepherds wife sitting.
10. a young shepherdesse incumbent, wth flowers &c.
11. a young shepherd incumbent
12. a young shepherdesse sitting.
13. a young shepherd sitting, both inclining to sleepe, wth their eies (almost) closed.

The little circles in the two squares signifie the Trees, & Shrubbes, which make the Thicket.

The Borders of the long Walkes are adorned with Three or four *lines* of Thyme of severall sorts: and next the wall are rare Plants. The Walles you may imagine are furnished with choice Vines.

The length of this Garden is eight Chaines 9 paces.

The breadth is four chaines & 9 paces.

The breadth of the Terrace walke is nine paces and the distance between the Terrace-walk and the wall nine paces.

From the Sphinxes to the Hall is two Chaines & nine paces.

The railes on ye top of the Banquetting-house is Disterting (?) worke cutt in Lead.

APPENDIX II

A ROUGH LIST OF CHELSEA WRITERS

Writer.	*At Chelsea.*
Sir Thomas More	1520–34
William Roper	1525–35
George Herbert	1623–6
John Donne	1626
Adam Littleton	1670–94
Thomas Shadwell	1690
Charles de St Evremond	1680–95
Mary Astell	1689–1731
Francis Atterbury	1689
Lady Wharton	1687
Lord Shaftesbury	1699–1710
Sir Isaac Newton	1709
Joseph Addison	1708–10
Jonathan Swift	1711
John Gay	1714
John Arbuthnot	1714
Richard Steele	1716
Horace Walpole	1729
Philip Miller	1733–62
Elizabeth Blackwell	1736–9
Sir Hans Sloane	1741–53
Messenger Monsey	1743–98
Tobias Smollett	1749–59
John Martyn	1768
Charles & Fanny Burney	1783–1814
James Neild	1792–1814
Thomas Faulkner	1777–1855
Elizabeth Gaskell	1810
Letitia Elizabeth Landon	1802–38
Edgar Allan Poe	1816

Writer.	*At Chelsea.*
John Galt	1816
James Henry Leigh Hunt	1832–40
Thomas Carlyle	1834–81
Jane Welsh Carlyle	1834–66
Charles and Henry Kingsley	1836
John Goss	1826–38
John Mitford	1838
Dante Gabriel Rossetti	1862–81
Algernon Charles Swinburne	1862–4
George Meredith	1858 & 1862
William Rossetti	1862–
James M'Neil Whistler	1863–1903
William Bell Scott	1870–90
William De Morgan	1875–1917
Hugh Reginald Haweis	1885–99
" George Eliot "	1880
Leonard Courtney	1883–1918
" Mark Twain "	1896
" Michael Fairless "	1894–1901
John Westlake	189 –1913
Henry James	1913–15

(*This List does not pretend to be exhaustive.*)

APPENDIX III

MRS MONTAGU ON LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

IN an unpublished letter of Mrs Elizabeth Montagu to Mrs Carter, dated September 22, 1764, in my possession, there is an interesting criticism of Herbert's Autobiography:

"Lord Lyttelton left us the memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury which are just printed at Strawberry Hill, and I believe the book came out of the strawberry bed, it is not like anything one ever read, nor seems at all a natural or legitimate production. His Lordship sets out with assuring you he has an antipathy to a lye, and promises in the most solemn manner to tell you nothing that is not absolutely true. In the course of his narration he gives accounts of engagements in which he vanquishes and puts to flight great numbers of enemies by the prowess of his single arm, and lastly he concludes by a miracle.

"I never read his works, but have understood by Mr Leland and others that he is a great opposer of all revelation, yet in this work he seems very religious, and a most strict observer of the Sabbath, and he asserts, that praying to God to manifest by some sign whether he should publish his book *De Veritate*, etc., he heard a supernatural noise in the Heavens when the sky was clear and the weather perfectly calm. One learns from these memoirs that the spirit of Chivalry was not quite extinguished in the reign of the dastardly James; otherwise a man who had given near a score of challenges would not have been chosen for an Ambassador to France. Indeed the statesman, the scholar and conjuror seem strangely united in this man. He speaks like Seneca, he fights like Drawcansir, and he intrigues like a fine Gentleman. I wish that in every age some man of eminence had written his memoirs in the same manner Lord Herbert has done, for we should from thence have received great information of the manners of times past."

APPENDIX IV

A NOTE ON LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

To the letters of Mrs Carlyle to her "Carina," in justice to the memory of Carlyle, one other must be added, completing the small package, and referring to its contents, which had been sent him by his wife's little friend.

It will be remembered that when Carlyle, after his wife's death, collected and annotated her letters and memorials, he expressed, repeatedly and emphatically, his strong feeling that if they were ever to be given to the world, it should not be for a long period after his death, when those to whom allusion in them was made had passed from the scene. As to the precise time that should elapse, if it should finally be judged well to publish them, his feelings varied. At first he had named twenty years; ultimately he thought that a shorter period might perhaps suffice, but seven years was the lowest limit he ever named, though finally the decision was left to Froude.

Froude's decision, in face of Carlyle's repeated expression of his own view, was remarkable. He published the *Reminiscences* within a few months of Carlyle's death, and included in them, against Carlyle's express injunction, the paper on Jane Welsh Carlyle.

This injunction being made known by Carlyle's niece, Froude offered, in the *Times*, to restore at once to her the remaining papers. The offer, which was public and unconditional, was immediately accepted, and the papers were sent for in accordance with its terms. They were declined. A day had elapsed, and Froude had changed his mind. He gave reasons for doing so to Mrs Alexander Carlyle's solicitor, which can hardly be accepted as sufficient, in view of the undertakings she offered and her relinquishment of her right to the profits of the *Reminiscences*. But Froude was obdurate. The first two volumes of the *Life of Thomas Carlyle* were published in 1882, and the *Letters and Memorials* of his wife followed in 1883, within less than two and a half years of Carlyle's death. Of their sins of omission and commission, and of the fundamentally false view of those two lives which was thus given to the world, there is no need to speak here. But this letter of Carlyle's, coming now, after half a century, out of this little treasured packet of his wife's "notekins," reveals once again and unmistakably his own feeling and desire about their publication, written at the very time when he was just completing their collection and arrangement; "those dear letters are *saved*, thank God! lying legible to good eyes, with all the needful commentaries."

ADDISCOMBE FARM,
CROYDON, 4 *Sept.* 1869.

DEAR MRS SIMMONDS,

Those precious letters are all lying punctually locked up in Chelsea awaiting your return. I am greatly obliged by your loan of them; and beg (and believe) that you will not deny me a sight of any others you may still have or be able to discover.

Niece Mary has taken copies of those you sent, as was my object in asking for them; but you may trust me there is no wish or intention to *print* anything; on the contrary a strict *prohibition*,—at least and lowest till all whom it could personally concern are out of the scene.

On your return I will ask you further to help Mary whatever you can towards accurately *dating* these letters. Out of very piety you cannot refuse!

With best regards to Mr Simmonds and yourself,—Yours sincerely and much obliged,

T. CARLYLE.

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